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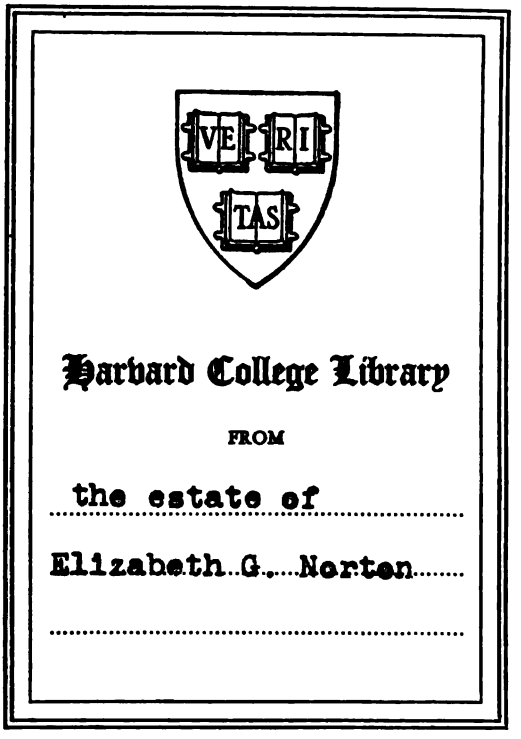

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

This is reproduced from an exact copy of the head of el bayuero. the figure believed to represent Cervantes in Pacheco's picture at Seville. H.E.W.

Miguel de Cervantes

HIS

LIFE & WORKS

BY

HENRY EDWARD WATTS

A NEW EDITION REVISED AND ENLARGED

WITH A COMPLETE BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1895

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PREFACE

In my first edition of *Don Quixote*, the Life of Cervantes, forming volume i., was written as an introduction to my translation, and specially with the object of marking the close connexion of the author with his work. It having been deemed advisable to issue the biography as a separate book, I have availed myself of the opportunity to amplify the life of Cervantes, adding much especially in the way of illustration of his character and of his relations with his contemporaries, with a larger survey of the condition of Spain and her literature, which, if not out of place in an introduction to *Don Quixote*, would have disturbed the harmony of my original scheme of publication.

In the present work, which has been entirely recast and almost wholly re-written, a far larger space has been devoted to Cervantes as the man of letters, whose many and various achievements as poet, pastoralist, playwright, and story-teller have been somewhat unduly be-clouded by the exceeding lustre of his one great masterpiece. A fuller account is given of those minor works, which, though not all worthy of the author of *Don Quixote*, are all deserving of study if we would understand his character and trace the development of his genius. Lastly, there has been added to this life of Cervantes, with a fuller notice of the condition of letters under the two Philips, a special chapter on the relations of the author of *Don Quixote* to his great rival and

contemporary, Lope de Vega. It is only in this direction that any new light can be expected on that which was the last mystery of Cervantes' life. But Lope de Vega's correspondence is jealously kept from curious eyes, and the patriotism if not the piety of the Spanish Academy of Letters may be expected to endure for a generation or two longer. Meanwhile the story of Cervantes' life—a life, beyond any lived by man of letters, stirring, changeful, and adventurous, is complete in every circumstance. We know more about the author of *Don Quixote* perhaps than about any great writer. Nothing can increase or diminish his interest. Whatever record may leap to light, the readers of *Don Quixote* are not likely to be disturbed by any fear that its author will be shamed.

I have nothing more to say than to thank those who have generously helped me in the attempt to make this book and my translation worthy of its object and my hero.

THE PRINCIPAL AUTHORITIES FOR THE LIFE OF CERVANTES

Nicolás Antonio (1617-84). *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova.* Rome, 1672.

A CATALOGUE of the Spanish writers from 1500 to 1684, in continuation of the *Bibliotheca Hispana Vetus*, of the same learned and painstaking author, who is the chief authority in early Spanish literature and bibliography. Nicolás Antonio was the first who admitted Cervantes to a place among the classical writers of his country. The space devoted to an account of the life of the author of *Don Quixote* occupies barely one quarto page of the dictionary, and the details given of Cervantes' career are very meagre. Antonio makes him a native of Seville (Hispalensis).

Gregorio Mayans y Siscar (1699-1781). *Vida de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*, Londres: J. R. Tonson, 1737. (vi. 103 pp.)

The first complete biography of Cervantes, written for the edition of *Don Quixote*, published at the cost of Lord Carteret, and printed at the beginning of Tonson's first volume. Mayans makes Cervantes to have been born in 1549, and his birthplace Madrid—not having had access to documents which testify to the year and place of Cervantes' birth.

Martin Sarmiento (1691-1770). *Noticia de la verdadera patria de Cervantes.* (MS.) 1761 (?).

Sarmiento, who was a most voluminous and versatile writer, of whose 3000 works (*Revista Contemporanea*, 1878) only *one*,

a History of Spanish Poetry, has been yet printed, was the first to make known, out of Hædo's *Topografia de Argel* and other printed works, the true birthplace of Cervantes. His correspondence with Yriarte, the King's librarian, and others, led to the investigation of the parish registers of Alcalá de Henares in 1752, and the discovery of the baptismal certificate of Cervantes, and also the record of his marriage. Sarmiento was one of the earliest to stir up his countrymen to a proper regard for *Don Quixote* and its author.

Juan Antonio Pellicer (1738-1806). *Noticias Literarias para la Vida de Cervantes.* Madrid, 1778.

Pellicer brought out an edition of *Don Quixote* in five volumes, 1798, to which was appended a Life incorporating the above work, with the results of fresh researches. Following up the clues given by Sarmiento, Pellicer was able to discover many details of Cervantes' early life, as well as of his residence at Seville and at Valladolid, with notices of his family and literary connexions. He was the first to broach the delicate question of the relations between Cervantes and Lope de Vega, and was able to unearth some curious facts bearing on their rivalry, with notices of the contemporary men of letters.

Vicente Gutierrez de Los Rios (1732-79). *Memorias de la vida y de los escritos de Cervantes* (appended to the three first editions of the Academy's *Don Quixote*).

Los Rios was a Colonel of Engineers, who gained more reputation in his profession than he did in letters. He worked with great zeal and abundant enthusiasm in the cause of Cervantes, taking him too seriously, and patriotically striving to make out *Don Quixote* to be an epic *Iliad* for the heroic style, and an *Æneid* for symmetry of construction, beauty of language, and a well-balanced fable. The Academy dropped the Life by Rios in its fourth edition of 1819, retaining only the ponderous *Juicio Critico, Analisis*, and chronological scheme.

Martin Fernandez de Navarrete (1765-1844). *Vida de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.* Madrid, 1819.

Published to correspond with the four volumes of the fourth and last edition of *Don Quixote*, edited by the Academy, Navarrete's biography is by far the fullest and best up to that date, and distinguished by much good sense, judgment, and acumen. The arrangement of the book, however, is awkward. The narrative occupies barely one-third of the volume, the remainder being filled with the *Ilustraciones y Documentos.* Navarrete gives for the first time the details of Cervantes' service in the Levant, with all the documents relating to his captivity in Algiers, together with the petition of Cervantes for employment in the King's service, in which is contained his own account of the leading passages in his life. These papers were discovered in 1808 by Cean Bermudez in the archives of the Indies at Seville, and are now at Simancas. At the end of Navarrete's Life are several genealogical tables of the family of Cervantes, with their relations to the royal house of Castile.

Buenaventura Carlos Aribau. *Vida de Cervantes*, appended to the collected edition of Cervantes' works, which forms the first volume of Rivadeneyra's *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles.* Madrid, 1846.

Aribau's Biography, though a mere compilation from previous sources, is one of the best for style and arrangement. It is a concise summary of the leading incidents of Cervantes' career, with a judicious and thoughtful appreciation of his works. The Life by Aribau was reproduced in the splendid Argamasilla edition of the complete works of Cervantes in twelve volumes, imperial 8vo, (1563-64), which was published under the direction of Rosell and Hartzenbusch, with some hundred and ten pages of *Nuevas Ilustraciones* and *Notas*, by Cayetano Alberto de la Barrera. In vol. vii., among the *Poesias Sueltas*, is printed the rhymed letter of Cervantes to Mateo Vasquez, one of Philip II.'s Secretaries, discovered in 1864, among the archives of the Conde de Altamira. In this are contained some curious details

of Cervantes' early life and service, nowhere else to be found. The fourth canto of the *Viaje del Parnaso* is also mainly autobiographical, while scattered throughout his works are many hints and references to his adventures and experiences, some of which have scarcely attracted sufficient attention, even among the Spanish biographers of Cervantes.

The later biographers of Cervantes, such as Moran and Mainez, do not need much consideration. They add nothing to our knowledge of Cervantes, devoting themselves mainly to the glorification of the man and the writer from the patriotic side.

The labours of Asensio, especially in the matter of the portrait of Cervantes, and in the investigation of some minor points connected with Cervantes' various places of residence, are worthy of all acknowledgment. And during the last thirty years there have appeared innumerable articles in reviews, magazines, and newspapers, which it would be tedious to specify, containing a few new aspects and illustrations of incidents in the life of Cervantes.

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Miguel de Cervantes

CHAPTER I

Birth and Early Years

On Sunday, the 9th day of October, in the year 1547, was baptized, in the parish church of Saint Mary the Greater, at Alcalá de Henares, Miguel, son of Rodrigo de Cervantes and his wife Leonor de Cortinas.[1]

It was the custom in Spain for the infant to be christened by the name of the Saint on whose day he was born, and hence, without any direct evidence of the fact, it has been decided that Miguel de Cervantes was born on the 29th of September, 1547. His father, Rodrigo de Cervantes, of whom nothing is recorded in history, was a native of Alcalá de Henares, which is an ancient town of New Castile. His mother, Leonor de Cortinas, was a native of the neighbouring village of Barajas. Both Rodrigo and his wife were of good old Castilian strain, and, though poor, entitled to be ranked among the *hidalgos*. They were married in 1540, and had four children—two sons and two daughters, of whom Miguel was the youngest. Rodrigo, the elder brother, was a soldier, who

[1] The registry of the baptism is still extant. The name is spelt *Cervantes* in the entry, though in the record of the baptism of the other members of the family it is correctly given as *Cervantes*. Miguel himself generally spelt his name *Cerbantes*—sometimes *Cerbante* and *Cervante*. The *v* and *b* in Castilian are interchangeable and have practically the same sound, which is softer than in English.

served in the Levant, in the Azores—where he greatly distinguished himself and got his promotion—and in the Low Countries, dying in Flanders, at a date unknown, some years before Miguel. Of the two sisters, the elder, Andrea, was twice married, and as a widow for the second time lived with her brother till the end of his life. The younger sister, Luisa, became a Carmelite nun in 1565.

The father of Rodrigo de Cervantes was Juan, who seems to have been of higher station than his immediate descendants, for he filled the office of *Corregidor* (answering to mayor or stipendiary magistrate) of the city of Osuna. He is mentioned as a friend and associate of the Conde de Ureña, of the great family of the Girons—the father of the illustrious Don Pedro Giron, the statesman and diplomatist, who filled various high places at home and abroad under Philip II. The family of Cervantes is said to have sprung originally from Galicia. The name is vulgarly supposed to be drawn from the ruined tower which stands near the end of the Alcántara bridge over the Tagus, opposite to Toledo, called the castle of San Cervantes—still a conspicuous object in the approach to the old Gothic capital. I agree with Ford in believing this to be an error. It is rather the family which gave name to the castle than the castle to the family. The name *San Cervantes* is admitted to be a corruption of San Servan, or Servando, a martyr of the early Spanish Church —a corruption which becomes more natural from the circumstance that this castle was once the property of an old member of the Cervantes family.[1] According to the genealogist Mendez de Silva, the first who took the name

[1] The ruin was called *San Cervantes* long before the time of Miguel. That there was an old connexion between the castle and his family is certain. The grandfather of Gónzalo de Cervantes assisted in the building of what was then the tower of San Servando in 1089, when Alfonso VI. took Toledo. Covarrubias makes the foundation still earlier, even of the time of the Goths (*Tesoro de la lengua Castellana*, art. *Castillejo*). The existing ruin is of the building erected by Archbishop Tenorio, who died in 1399.

of Cervantes was Gónzalo, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, to distinguish himself from his elder brother, Pedro Alfonso, who was called *Cervatos*. Both these names clearly sprang from the same root (*cervus*), and the arms of the two brothers were alike; their chief blazon being, of the one, two stags (*ciervos*) *or*, and of the other, two hinds *or*, in a field azure—in punning allusion to their surname. *Cervatos* is said to have been the name of the place in Galicia whence the founder of the family first took his appellative, so called probably because it was a haunt of stags. Juan de Mena, the chronicler of the King Juan II., is the earliest who speaks of the family of Cervantes, deriving their lineage from the ancient *ricos-hombres* of Leon and Castile, whose root was in Galicia.[1] In the genealogy of the famous Nuño Alfonso (*temp.* Alfonso VI.), the first Alcaide or Governor of Toledo, written by Rodrigo Mendez Silva in 1648, the pedigree of the Cervantes family is traced up to the early Gothic kings of Leon.[2] One of the five sons of the Alcaide was Alfonso Nuño, who is said to have taken the surname of Cervatos from the estate which he inherited from his father. His second son was Gónzalo de Cervantes, the first of that name, of whom we have before spoken. Both brothers figured conspicuously in the wars against the Moors and shared largely in the spoils of battle. The elder was present at the crowning victory of Las Navas de Tolosa, won over the Almohades in 1212, which drove the Moors for ever from the interior upland and confirmed Castile to the Christians. Gónzalo de Cervantes accompanied the Saint-King Fernando in the campaign which ended in the conquest of Seville, and got a rich share in

[1] See Navarrete, *Vida de Cervantes*, who cites the *Memorias de algunos linajes antiguos y nobles de Castilla*, by Juan Mena, as existing in manuscript in the Royal Library (p. 559).

[2] See the genealogical tree of the Cervantes family, as taken from Mendez Silva's *Ascendencia ilustre, gloriosos hechos, etc., del famoso Nuño Alfonso* (Madrid, 1648), in Appendix A.

the *repartimiento*—the apportionment of the lands recovered from the Moor. From him, if we are to believe the genealogists and chroniclers, there came in a direct line Juan de Cervantes, who, in the reign of Juan II. (1407-54), was a *veinticuatro*, or one of the Council of Twenty-four of Seville. Thence, the descent to Miguel de Cervantes, our hero, is clear and uninterrupted.

The family spread throughout Spain, and among the bearers of the name Cervantes were many of distinction in the Middle Ages. The first who was seated in Andalucia, in which kingdom the stock ramified and afterwards became most fruitful, was Diego Gomez de Cervantes, who is buried in the church of Lorca. One of his sons was the Grand Prior of the Order of San Juan, while another married the daughter of the Admiral of Castile, Ambrosio de Bocanegra. Their son was Juan de Cervantes, who was Archbishop of Seville and a Cardinal, dying in 1453, whose handsome tomb is in the chapel of San Hermenegildo in the Cathedral. His nephew Juan was the *veinticuatro* of Seville, and *guarda mayor* of the King Juan II., whose son Gónzalo was commissary-general of the royal fleet in 1501, and the first to pass over to America, where in Mexico, in Peru and in Chile, the name has spread, giving presidents and generals down to our own time.

The patriotic sentiment which slumbered for a hundred and fifty years—permitting the author of *Don Quixote* to fall into oblivion and his very birthplace to be forgotten, even while his name was ever green in the popular memory and his book a perennial delight—has found much solace and refreshment in these genealogical exercises. They may be regarded as a tardy atonement for the neglect with which the man was treated—rude offerings at the shrine of the genius whom, in his lifetime, not all the blood derived from the old kings nor the writing of *Don Quixote* could save from hunger and distress. Cervantes himself, though proud

of his pure Castilian stock and his untainted blood, was not one to boast of natural privileges which availed him so little —which were so common a pretension in that age. When taunted by his enemy Avellaneda in other years with being "as old as the Castle of San Cervantes"—a clumsy sarcasm directed doubtless at his high birth as well as his infirmities —he cared only to reply that "poverty might cloud but could not wholly obscure nobility." All allowance being made for the enthusiasm of genealogists, the fact remains that the family of Cervantes had undoubted claims to be ranked among the gentry or *hidalgos* of Alcalá de Henares, though, as the ruins of their house seem to indicate, they were poor in worldly possessions and made but a mean show among their neighbours.[1]

Alcalá de Henares, so called to distinguish it from other Alcalás—the name is simply the Arabic *al-kal'at*, "the castle"—is a dull, decayed town of New Castile, about twenty miles to the east of Madrid—in a dreary wind-tossed region, with nothing to attract the visitor but the great names with which it is linked. The Henares is a sullen, listless stream, with which it is difficult to associate the pastoral legends of which Cervantes fondly made it the centre. It feeds a more considerable river, the Jarama—famous for the bulls which are reared on its banks—which runs into the Tagus. The Henares, once beloved of shepherdesses, whose banks rang to the melody of the tuneful rebeck and lute—the classic stream of *Galatea*—is now suggestive of nothing more poetical than sheep-washing. The city by which it flows is but a shell, too roomy for its sparse population; yet it was once a place of great importance, which made a figure in the world. The walls and towers, colleges and chapels, still present an imposing appearance from outside, and bear witness to its former greatness. In the

[1] The local tradition points to an old wall and gateway of *tapia*, or beaten mud after the country fashion, as part of the house in which Cervantes was born.

Colégio Mayor de San Ildefonso is seen what survives of the famous university, which was second only to that of Salamanca in splendour and celebrity. The old city was called *Complutum* (*quasi confluvium*, Ford suggests), whence Cervantes' *la gran Compluto*, in the only mention he makes of his birthplace in *Don Quixote*. The University, founded in 1510, by Cardinal Ximenes, the famous Minister of Ferdinand and Isabella, once contained nineteen colleges and twice as many chapels, and was so amply endowed that Erasmus dubbed it *Panplouton*.[1] Cardinal Ximenes, who retired hither when he had lost the favour of the Catholic Kings, devoted all his great wealth, the plunder of Moordom, to its adornment and enrichment. Hither came, in the early half of the sixteenth century, most of the golden youth of Spain to be educated; here was printed, at the Cardinal's instigation and expense, the famous Complutensian Polyglott; here Francis the First, when Charles V.'s prisoner, was royally entertained; here Ximenes himself is buried in the Colégio Mayor, under a gorgeous monument with an arrogant epitaph. The once famous University has been removed to Madrid, and Alcalá is now, as Ford describes it, a shadow of the past, the echoes of whose deserted streets are scarce ever awakened but by the tread of pilgrims, chiefly English and American, to the birthplace of Miguel de Cervantes. A flaming inscription on a wall-plate distinguishes what remains of the house where the author of *Don Quixote* was born, though the house does not correspond with the description of the wall and the gateway of *tapia* which, according to Lardizábal, was all that remained of the house of Cervantes in 1804.[2]

[1] Also the *cumplimiento* of all learning. There are said to have been 11,000 students here in the reign of Charles V., the French King Francis remarking, when a visitor here in 1525, that "one Spanish monk had done what it would have taken a line of kings in France to accomplish."

[2] See Navarrete, *Vida de Cervantes*, p. 213.

1 Early Years

A signal proof of the carelessness and indifference with which Spaniards regarded their greatest countryman, is afforded by the fact that it was more than a century and a half after his death before they began to investigate a detail so considerable as the place of his birth. Although Fr. Diego de Hædo, in his *Topografia de Argel* (written before *Don Quixote* appeared, though not published till 1612), had given a long account of Cervantes as *un hidalgo principal* of Alcalá de Henares; and although Mendez de Silva, a leading genealogist of the seventeenth century, in one of his works[1] had repeated this statement, confirming it by particulars of Cervantes' lineage, no one in Spain seems to have taken any notice of these informations for a hundred and fifty years after Cervantes' death. The mystery in which Cervantes had deliberately wrapped the birthplace of his hero—*cuyo nombre no quisó acordarse*—to the end that "all the towns and villages of La Mancha might contend among themselves for the honour of giving him birth and adopting him for their own, as the Seven Cities of Greece contended for Homer," by a singular freak of destiny involved his own place of birth. The prediction was fulfilled to the letter, for Don Quixote as well as for his author. The contention among the towns of La Mancha for the honour of being Don Quixote's birthplace was no fiercer than the dispute which has raged among the towns of Spain for the glory of producing the most illustrious of her children. Seven cities have actually contended for the honour of being the cradle of Miguel de Cervantes—Madrid, Seville, Toledo, Lucena, Esquívias, Alcázar de San Juan, and Consuegra. Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar, Cervantes' first biographer, in the Life prefixed to the London edition of 1738, maintains that Cervantes was born at Madrid, which was also, apparently, Lope de Vega's opinion. Don Nicolás Antonio, in the scanty article on Cervantes in his *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova*,

[1] In his *Ascendéncia del Famoso Nuño Alfonso*, 1648.

makes him a native of Seville. The claims of Alcázar de San Juan are hotly advanced to this day, on the strength of a certain entry in the parish register recording the baptism of a certain "Miguel," son of Blas Cervantes Saavedra and Catalina Lopez, on the 9th of November, 1558. Opposite to the entry, in a comparatively modern hand, is written, *Este fué el autor de la história de Don Quixote* (this was the author of the history of Don Quixote). That such the said Miguel could not be is clearly proved by the date of his birth, a date which would make him take a conspicuous part in the battle of Lepanto before the age of thirteen. That there was another Miguel de Cervantes, who, strangely enough, had for a second surname Saavedra,[1] is certain, and I cannot help thinking that some of the incidents of his life (he seems to have been somewhat of a scapegrace) have got mixed up with the history of the true Miguel de Cervantes. He might have been some cousin, for the name is by no means uncommon in Spain, then as now; and the author of *Don Quixote* is known to have had an uncle and other relatives in La Mancha. The credit of having settled this controversy is shared between the learned and most industrious Benedictine Fr. Martin Sarmiento and Don Juan de Iriarte, the King's Librarian at Madrid, *temp.* Charles III. Iriarte discovered among the manuscripts of the Royal Library a document, dated 1581, giving a list of certain captives who had been redeemed from Algiers the year before, among whom is included "Miguel de Cervantes, of the age of thirty years, a native of Alcalá de Henares." Following up this clue, Father Sarmiento consulted Hædo's *Topography of Algiers*, and found there the notice of Cervantes to which

[1] The additional surname of Saavedra was assumed by Cervantes after his return from Algiers in 1580. It came into the family of Cervantes from his great-grandmother Doña Juana, daughter of Don Juan Arias de Saavedra, who became the mother of Juan de Cervantes, the *corregidor* of Osuna. That the other Miguel de Cervantes was also a Saavedra proves him to be a near relation of our hero.

I have referred above. Sarmiento seems to have hesitated for some time, strangely enough, between these evidences in favour of Alcalá and the entry in the parish register of Alcázar de San Juan. Finally he made up his mind, and wrote the tract, *Noticia sobre la Verdadera Patria de Cervantes*, in 1761, which has settled the question. That there should have been so long a doubt on the subject, with the abundant material, printed and in manuscript, extant for resolving it, is a striking proof of the indifference with which the Spanish men of letters and learning regarded Cervantes and *Don Quixote*, until foreign opinion had stirred them to an effusion of patriotism.[1] Even to this day, the authors of the once flaming dispute between Alcalá and Alcázar have not lost their heat,[2] in spite of the testimony afforded in Cervantes' own hand, in the papers discovered in 1804 by Cean Bermudez, in the archives of the Indies at Seville. Among these, which are printed in full length by Navarrete, is a memorial in Cervantes' own writing, demanding of Father Juan Gil, the official redeemer of captives in Algiers, an investigation into his life and conduct in captivity, in which he styles himself "*Miguel de Cervantes, natural de la villa de Alcalá de Henares.*"[3]

Of Cervantes' youth and early life at Alcalá we have no details, and only such slight traces as are to be found in his works. In one of those delightful bits of autobiography which he now and then (alas! too rarely) indulges us with in his prologues and dedications, he tells us of one of the favourite amusements of his early years. This was to

[1] See for further details of the story of how Cervantes' birthplace came to be discovered, Navarrete, p. 206, and following.

[2] One of the stoutest champions on the side of Alcázar is a respectable gentleman of that city, Don Juan Alvarez Guerra, who tried to impress me with his views by word of mouth in 1884, and who gave me his book, entitled *Sol de Cervantes Saavedra, su Verdadera Patria Alcázar de San Juan*—a quarto of 240 pages, of a credulity and unreason stupendous.

[3] See Navarrete, *Ilustraciones y Documentos*, pp. 311-49.

attend the representations given by the strolling company of players organised by Lope de Rueda, the first who gave form and order to the Spanish Drama. The passage occurs at the beginning of the Prologue to the collection of Cervantes' Comedies and Farces, published in September, 1615, a few months before his death: "In past days I once found myself in a conversation among friends in which we discussed Comedies and matters relating thereto. . . . And the question was raised: Who was the first who brought them out of their swaddling-clothes and gave them habitation, and attired them decently and handsomely? Said I, who was the oldest of them there, I remembered well seeing the great Lope de Rueda act, a man distinguished for his acting and for his intelligence. He was a native of Seville, and by trade a gold-beater, that is, one of those who make gold-leaf. He was admirable in Pastoral Poetry, and in that department neither then nor since till now has any one excelled him; and though from being then a boy I could not form any right judgment as to the goodness of his verses, from some which cling to my memory, examined now in mature age, I find that what I have said is true. . . . In the time of this celebrated Spaniard the whole apparatus of a manager of plays was contained in a sack, and consisted of four white sheep-skin dresses trimmed with gilt leather, and four beards, wigs, and crooks, more or less." As to the stage and the properties, they consisted, Cervantes says, the first, of "four benches arranged in a square, with five or six planks on top of them, raised but four hands'-breadth from the ground." The only decoration of the theatre was "an old blanket drawn aside by two ropes, which made what they call the green-room, behind which were the musicians singing some old ballad without a guitar."[1] The performances used to take place in some public square, as now with

[1] See Prologue in *Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses nuevos nunca representados.* Madrid, 1615: reprinted by Blas Nasarre, in 1749.

strollers at a country fair, and were given twice a day, in the forenoon and the afternoon. Lope de Rueda is known to have been present at Segovia with his company of players on the occasion of the festivities held in that city when the new Cathedral was consecrated in August, 1558,[1] and it is most likely that he proceeded thence to Madrid and perhaps to Alcalá. Cervantes was then in his eleventh year. Of any other pursuit or recreation than theatre-going in those early days we have no record. Grammar and the humanities Cervantes learnt under Lopez de Hoyos, a teacher of some celebrity in that age, a poet and a man of letters, who seems to have kept a school at Madrid.[2] From Lopez de Hoyos, who is praised by Nicolás Antonio as a man of "vast erudition," Cervantes probably acquired all the learning he ever possessed, which, though sneered at in after life by some of his contemporaries, was such as befitted a youth of his station at that period. There would have been no point in the sarcasm, launched at him by some of the envious wits of the Court when *Don Quixote* appeared, of *ingénio lego*—the lay or unlearned genius—had he received a regular university education. His early works show a large and varied acquaintance with the Latin classics. Though never a ripe or an exact scholar, he knew at least as much as a writer, who was not an ecclesiastic, was bound to know. In after life, amidst the turmoil and troubles of his adventurous and distressful career—without books and the means to buy them—he forgot much of what his good master had taught him, dropping much of the humanities while increasing his stock of humanity. He attributes to

[1] Navarrete, p. 257, who quotes from Diego de Colmenares, the historian of Segovia.

[2] The site of this school is said, in a book entitled *El Antiguo Madrid*, to be No. 2, in the Calle de la Villa, now occupied by a house inhabited by the Countess de la Vega del Pozo, which bears on its gate a marble slab with a commemorative inscription. (Mesonero Romanos, in the *Ilustracion*, 15th April, 1872.)

Cato a distich of Ovid's. He does not remember the names of the horses of the Sun. On the other hand, he will be found to surpass his stay-at-home contemporaries in general knowledge, both of books and of men. His books show a general acquaintance with foreign countries, especially of the East, which was unusual in a Spanish author. Like many other great writers, he is to be claimed as one of the condemned band of "desultory readers." According to his own account he read everything, even to the pieces of torn paper to be picked up in the streets.[1] Of romances and the romantic poetry, both of Spain and of Italy, he must have acquired a knowledge as profound as did Alonzo Quijano himself; nor did any one ever study with greater enthusiasm and relish those pernicious books of chivalries than he who lived to give them the death-stroke. With the literature of his own country he shows in all his works that he was well acquainted; and all that was romantic in the poetry of Italy must have been as familiar to him as *Amadis* or *Palmerin*.

Of any other education than that which Cervantes received from Lopez de Hoyos and gave himself, there exists no evidence. The tradition that he spent two years at the University of Salamanca, which is accepted by Navarrete and by Ticknor, rests upon no basis of fact. Considering the circumstances of his family, and that they had a University at their doors as celebrated as any in Spain, it is most unlikely that they should send him to Salamanca. Navarrete, indeed, quotes the statement of a certain ex-professor of rhetoric at Salamanca, to the effect that he had seen the name of Miguel de Cervantes in the University Registers as having matriculated and gone through a two years' course of philosophy; but this seems to have been an idle rumour, which no one has since been able to confirm.[2] Of the class

[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. ch. ix.

[2] The tradition that Cervantes studied at Salamanca is thought to be

to which Cervantes belonged very few went to the University, unless intended for the priestly profession. Cervantes, indeed, seems in various passages of his writings to ridicule the student life and system of training at Salamanca; and such familiarity as he shows with it might easily have been acquired by his residence at Alcalá. There was not much in that age which the Universities of Spain could teach beyond grammar and what was called philosophy—a philosophy which knew no science but that of Aristotle and Ptolemy, and rejected as false and immoral all that was contrary to the Catholic Faith and the teaching of the Church.

The relations between the young Cervantes and his tutor, Lopez de Hoyos, seem to have been most intimate and cordial. Hoyos may, indeed, claim the honour not only of having given a bent to the genius of the youth, but of being the first to detect in his literary productions the promise of greatness. When Isabel of Valois, the beautiful third wife of Philip II., died suddenly, as did so many of Philip's family and kin, her obsequies were celebrated at Madrid with great pomp and splendour, on the 24th of October, 1568. Among other offerings laid on her tomb were a number of encomiastic sonnets and elegies, composed by the pupils of Lopez de Hoyos. Cervantes could hardly be now reckoned a pupil, being nearly twenty-one years of age, yet some half-a-dozen of the poems were contributed by him "in the name of the whole establishment" (*de todo*

strengthened by the local belief that he lodged in the Calle de Moros, in which a house is shown as that of Cervantes. It is said also that in the novel *La Tia Fingida*, the author shows much familiarity with Salamanca, in which city the scene is laid, the story being taken from a real occurrence in 1575. But *La Tia Fingida* was never acknowledged by Cervantes, nor did he include it in the edition of the *Novelas* published in his lifetime. From internal evidence I do not believe it to be his work, nor could he have had any personal knowledge of what happened at Salamanca in 1575, being in that year either at sea in the Mediterranean or a captive at Algiers.

el estudio).[1] Of these Hoyos, in his introduction and notes, makes special mention, as of "elegant style," "rhetorical colours," and "delicate conceits," speaking of their author, with fond partiality, as his "dear and beloved pupil." These early pieces are still extant;[2] but, though interesting as the first-fruits of that intense love of poetry of which, in a well-known passage in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, he speaks,[3] they are of small merit.

Besides these early poems, written under the auspices of his tutor and under the influence of ceremonial woe, Cervantes seems at this early period to have written a pastoral poem called *Filena*, for so we must read the passage in the *Viaje del Parnaso*:—

> Tambien al par de Filis mi Filena
> Resonó por las selvas, que escucháron
> Mas de una y otra alegre cantilena;

which Mr. J. Y. Gibson, in his elegant version of the *Voyage to Parnassus*, has Englished thus:—

> To rival Phyllis my Phylena gay
> Hath carolled through the woods, whose leafy land
> Gave back the sound of many a merry lay.

Filena has been overtaken in the wave which has swept away to oblivion so many of Cervantes' early productions: ballads innumerable, sonnets, elegies, and plays, of whose fate he speaks, with a gay good-humour, as not undeserved. What survived was a certain reputation as a maker of poetry,

[1] I cannot help believing that Cervantes must have assisted Hoyos in the Madrid school.

[2] They are to be found in Aribau's edition of the works of Cervantes in Rivadeneyra's series of the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*; also in the sumptuous Argamasilla edition of Rosell and Hartzenbusch.

[3] Desde mis tiernos años amé el arte
Dulce de la agradable poesia
Y en ella procuré siempre agradarte.
—*Viaje del Parnaso*, canto iv.

which he had acquired even at this early period of his manhood,[1] and before he had entered upon the next stage of his busy and troubled life.

[1] Navarrete, with what seems to be a confidence scarcely warrantable, speaks of Cervantes as being already, at this early period, reckoned among "the most celebrated poets of the nation."

CHAPTER II

A Soldier at Lepanto

In the autumn of 1568, when Miguel de Cervantes was entering his twenty-second year, there came to Madrid a legate from the Pope Pius V., charged with a message of condolence to King Philip on the death of his son Don Carlos, whose sudden and mysterious decease a few months before had deprived the throne of an heir and plunged the Court in gloom. Julio Acquaviva, the youthful nuncio, was a man of high birth and graced with many endowments—*muy virtuoso y de muchas letras*—as his letter of credit from the King's ambassador at Rome described him. He had need of all his grace and all his tact for the mission with which he was charged, which is said to have been particularly disagreeable to Philip—all the more as the visit of condolence was used to cover a complaint from the Pope against the King's officers, for interfering with the Papal jurisdiction in the Milanese. The King is reported to have received Acquaviva with scant courtesy, rejecting the condolence and resenting the complaint. With all his zeal for the Church, Philip was most tenacious of his temporal rights even when they encroached, as they did in his Italian provinces, on the Pope's claims to ecclesiastical supremacy. Acquaviva stayed but a few months at the Court. He was made to feel that his visit was inopportune and unwelcome by the terms of the passport delivered to him, from Aranjuez, on the 2nd of December, 1568, in which he is ordered, under Philip's

own hand, to return to Italy by way of Aragon and Valencia "within the space of sixty days."

During the time spent by Acquaviva at Madrid the Pontifical envoy made himself very agreeable, we are told, to the men of letters and of learning at the Court—seeking their society with eagerness, receiving them at his table, driving them about in his carriage in public, and taking pleasure in discussing with them "divers curious questions of politics, the sciences, learning, and literature."[1] Among the other young men of genius whose society was sought by Acquaviva (himself but twenty-four years of age at this period) was Miguel de Cervantes, who was probably introduced to his Excellency by Cardinal Espinosa, then President of the Council and Inquisitor-General, to whom had been dedicated some of the poems written by Cervantes on the death of Queen Isabel. The introduction led to the engagement of Miguel de Cervantes as *camarero*—page or chamberlain—in the train of Acquaviva. In that age the office was reckoned no menial one, but was sought by young men of good birth as an apprenticeship to courtly life. The great Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, a scion of the proudest noble house in Spain, who rose to fill the highest offices in the State, began his career in the same humble capacity as *camarero* to a Cardinal. Cervantes' motive in taking service with Acquaviva has been represented by some of his biographers as springing from his singular affection and fidelity to the Church at this early period of his life; but it is more probable that he was actuated chiefly by a desire to see the great world. The service of the young Acquaviva, a scion of the noble Italian house of Atri, scarcely promised to be one of religious severity. A Cardinal of twenty-five (Acquaviva did not attain the *capelo* till after his return to Rome, in 1570) might fairly be expected to offer to a youth

[1] So writes Mateo Aleman, the author of *Guzman de Alfarache*, who saw his Excellency at Madrid. See Navarrete, pp. 285, 286.

of Cervantes' temperament a sphere of life in which the genial current of his soul might flow unchecked. Society at Rome in the train of one of the great princes of the Church was not in those days distinguished by the rigour of its asceticism. To the adventurous it offered adventures "up to the elbows."

Journeying by way of Valencia and Barcelona, according to the King's prescript, Acquaviva took the road to Rome in the last days of December, 1568, with Cervantes in his train. They travelled along the south coast of France, as we may fairly presume from Cervantes' description of the cities and scenes on this road in his *Galatea*, which was composed before he could have re-visited this part of Europe.

Cervantes must have arrived at Rome in the early spring of 1569. Of his stay in the Imperial city we have no record beyond the passing allusions he makes in his works to this period of his life. Rome, in 1569, was scarcely a foreign city to a Spaniard. The close of the long and obstinate duel with France had left Spain supreme in the Italian Peninsula. She was absolutely mistress of Lombardy and of Naples. The Tuscan states were her dependants. Spanish garrisons were in all the large cities. Sicily and Sardinia were subject islands. Even the Pope, in all his secular affairs, followed the counsel and direction of the Spanish King. The proud republic of Venice maintained a sullen partnership, soon to be exchanged for active rivalry, in the power of the sea. The age was one fertile of enterprise; and it is scarcely a wonder that Cervantes found the service of the Cardinal-elect not much to his taste. To a soul inflamed by visions of romance and of knight-errantry, to be chamberlain to a high ecclesiastic was hardly a congenial employment. Early in the spring of 1570 we find Cervantes, now in his twenty-fourth year, giving up his pageship to enlist as a soldier in the Spanish service, entering the regiment of Moncada in the company commanded by the famous captain Diego de

Urbina.[1] In those days it was not thought derogatory in a young man of good family to serve in the ranks, and many a youth of even higher birth than Cervantes had begun his military career as a common soldier. There has been much controversy on the question whether the military service which our hero first entered was that of the Pope or of his natural sovereign the King of Spain, some doubts being raised by certain words of Cervantes in the dedication of his *Galatea*[2] to Ascanio Colonna, to the effect that he had "followed for some years the conquering banners" of that celebrated Papal general (his father), Marco Antonio Colonna. Those solicitous to claim Cervantes in every act of his life as a true son of the Church triumphantly quote this passage as indicating his preference of the Pope's to the King's service. The question is one of small importance, and is very easily settled. The truth appears to be that a Spanish contingent was placed at the service of his Holiness by Philip II. at this time, which for a short period was under the command of Marco Antonio Colonna.[3] At this period the fame of that redoubtable Spanish infantry, who "made the earth tremble with their firelocks,"[4] was at the very

[1] In the Captive's Story in *Don Quixote* (Part I. ch. xxxix.) Diego de Urbina is called "a famous captain of Guadalajara," under whom Perez de Viedma (the Captive) served as *alferes* or ensign. According to the register of the men serving in the King's armada in 1571, which is preserved at Simancas, the total complement of the *tercio de Moncada* in Sicily and Italy was 1578 men.

[2] The words in the dedication of the *Galatea* are *por haber seguido algunos años las vencedoras banderas de aquel sol de la milicia que ayer nos quitó el cielo delante de los ojos.* In the prologue to his Novels Cervantes says, speaking of himself, that he "fought under the victorious banners of the son of that thunderbolt of war, Charles V. of happy memory" (*militando debajo de las muy vencedoras banderas del hijo del rayo de la guerra, Carlos Quinto de felice memória*).

[3] As Colonna was afterward second in command of the allied fleets at Lepanto and elsewhere, Cervantes might well speak of having followed his conquering banners without being guilty of inconsistency in saying, some thirty years afterwards, that he had fought under Don Juan.

[4] So Lorenzo Vanderhammen—the first biographer of Don Juan of Austria, and also historian of Philip II.

highest. A succession of skilful masters of war, from Gonsalvo de Cordova to the Duke of Alva, had brought the Spanish foot-soldier to a perfect state as a man-at-arms. As a fighting instrument, the *tercio*[1] was without an equal in the armies of Europe; and perhaps for solidity, for discipline, for the confidence bred by a long course of victory, was unsurpassed by the Macedonian Phalanx, the Roman Legion, or the unreformed British Regiment. None but picked men, of good character and decent birth, were eligible to the ranks; and to be a common soldier under so distinguished a captain as he who led the *tercio de Moncada* was in itself no mean distinction for a youth of good family. Under the Papal general Colonna the Spanish contingent in Rome was ordered, in the summer of 1570, to Naples, there to be amalgamated with the other forces of the King of Spain, and re-organised for the great enterprise which was then in contemplation, by the heads of the Church, for the advancement of Christendom.

The Holy League against the Turks, inspired and devised by Pope Pius V., a man whose zeal, energy, and sincerity of character did so much to re-kindle the fine old rage of Christendom against Islam, is an adventure which need not occupy us any more than as it is connected with the life and fortunes of Miguel de Cervantes. While Philip, with characteristic caution, was still hesitating whether or not to involve his forces in a struggle which he suspected to be less for the benefit of himself than of his maritime rivals the Venetians, the winter of 1570 saw the power of the Turk advanced to its very zenith. All Christendom had been alarmed and scandalised by the easy conquest of

[1] The normal strength of the *tercio* was 3000 men, divided into companies of from one hundred to a hundred and fifty each. In the case of such regiments as those of Moncada and Figueroa, the number of men serving in the ranks (or as *bisoños*, supernumeraries waiting for vacancies) would be considerably higher, from the greater attraction which those names had for recruits of good family, and the greater demand for their services in the extensive dominions of Spain.

Cyprus; though every Power thought the particular scandal and the first peril to belong to its neighbour. The Turkish fleet had no rival in the Mediterranean. The Turks, though of a race which belonged rather to the desert and the mountain than the sea, trained and led by those renegade Christians of whose abilities they have always been known to make good use, had come to be reckoned as the best of sailors in the narrow seas. In number, in strength, and in the perfectness of their equipment, the Turkish ships constituted a force such as no single Christian Power could then encounter with any hope of success. The siege and conquest of Cyprus by Selim II. proved that Venice, single-handed, was unequal to the task of resisting the Ottoman. The Pope might well begin to fear for his own temporal dominions. But Pius V. was a Pontiff of the antique mould, who looked beyond the aggrandisement of the Papal See, the strengthening of his own power, or the enrichment of his own family —the usual concerns of the successors of the Apostle. He invoked all Christendom to the aid of Venice, in language such as for centuries had not been heard from the chair of St. Peter. And though the Christian States could hardly have doubted the sincerity of a spiritual head who had declared his readiness to give his last shirt in aid of the good work of the assassination of Protestant Elizabeth, yet Christendom did not respond so cordially as might have been expected. The Powers, as in every age before and since, were jealous of each other. Some of them were not sorry at heart that the maritime pride of Venice had been lowered. The Most Christian King could not be got to hate the Sultan so much as he did the House of Austria. Charles IX. of France had hereditary friendly relations with the Turk, and was even suspected of giving secret aid to the Porte. The Emperor Maximilian had but lately made a treaty of peace with Turkey, and was not likely to be turned from it by any tender feeling for his kinsman of Spain, any more than for

his old rival the Pope. Only Spain could be got to give a reluctant and hesitating response to the prayer for aid to Christendom in its great fight with Islam. It was not, however, until after the year had passed which had witnessed the fall of Cyprus, and until late in the summer of 1571, that any active steps were taken to give effect to the Holy League, of which the three members were the Pope, Spain, and Venice. The treaty between these three Powers was signed on the 20th of May, 1571. The combined fleet, of which the primary object was the recovery of Cyprus, assembled in the harbour of Otranto on the 21st of August. The Spanish contingent was under the command of the Genoese admiral, Giovanni Andrea Doria—a seaman almost equal in reputation already, though only in his thirty-first year, to his uncle the famous Andrea Doria. The Venetians were led by the veteran Sebastian Veniero, and the Papal squadron by Marco Antonio Colonna, who was appointed Commander-in-Chief until the arrival of Don Juan of Austria. The very names of the leaders of the allied fleet seem to indicate the insincerity of the alliance, and were no good augury of its stability. The three admirals, though all Italians and all good Catholics, were known to be in mortal enmity one with another,—the Genoese and the Venetian, hereditary foes of many generations, being only prevented from flying at each other's throats by the presence and predominant influence of the Roman-Spaniard, who in his turn hated and distrusted his two associates.

During the winter of 1570 and until the arrival of the Spanish reinforcements, with the regiment of Lope de Figueroa and the main body of Moncada's, Miguel de Cervantes was at Naples, where he tells us that he "trod the streets for more than a year."[1] Don Juan of

[1] ——Nápoles la ilustre,
Que yo pisé sus ruas mas de un año.
—*Viaje del Parnaso*, canto viii.

Austria,[1] who had been appointed Generalissimo of the allied forces, arrived at Naples on the 9th of August; and on the 20th of that month,—the valuable interval being spent in high festivities,—put to sea again with thirty-five galleys. Of these the *Marquesa* was one, a private ship of Doria's, commanded by Francisco Sancto Pietro, on board of which was Miguel de Cervantes, with a detachment of the Moncada regiment. On the 23rd of August, Don Juan arrived at Messina, the appointed final rendezvous of the allied fleets, and took over the supreme command from Marco Antonio Colonna. A council was summoned of the chief naval and military commanders, in order to settle the plan of operations. Much time was spent in discussing various schemes and in arranging the disputes between the several commanders. The Venetians were all for immediate attack, though they are described by Don Juan himself, in a private letter, as being the worst provided and the least orderly of all his ships. The strength of the Spaniards consisted in their trained soldiers; that of their allies chiefly in seamen. Don Juan himself, who seems to have exercised very little authority over the Venetians, was at first for delaying the sailing of the fleet, but at last became enthusiastic for an immediate attack. The allied squadrons put to sea on the 16th of September, numbering, according to a letter of Don Juan himself, 208 galleys, 7 galleasses, and 24 sailing vessels.

The war galley of this period in build and appearance was not unlike those of the Romans except that it had only one tier of oars, and was from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty feet in length, with a beam of from fourteen to twenty feet. It was propelled by from twenty to twenty-six

[1] He was the natural son of the Emperor Charles V. by Barbara Blomberg, a singer of Ratisbon. That is the accepted story of his birth, but there is much reason to doubt whether Barbara Blomberg was his mother. The historian Strada believes, on the authority of the Archduchess Isabella, the favourite daughter of Philip II., that Don Juan's mother was a high lady of the Court.

pairs of oars, each worked by from three to six men, sitting close together on benches set athwart or at a right angle to the side—the strongest rower taking the inside place. The oars were thirty to forty feet long, worked through thwart-holes, one-third within and two-thirds without, the rowers being protected while at work by a row of iron shields running along the outside, as well as by the high bulwarks. There was a high poop and a forecastle where the guns were placed, on traversing platforms, which could only be fired fore and aft. From stem to stern there ran a gangway, on a level with the shoulders of the rowers, on which the officers walked to give their orders and to direct the oarsmen. The galley carried sometimes two, sometimes three masts, according to its size, with fore and aft sails,—the masts low and the yards high-peaked, in the Mediterranean fashion. The galleass was a larger and more powerful galley, with longer oars, set wider apart, requiring seven men to each. Besides the forecastle and poop guns, the galleass carried smaller broadside pieces, placed on platforms between the benches of oarsmen, with loop-holed bulwarks for the musketeers. Sailing ships were rarely used in the Mediterranean in the sixteenth century except for trade, and of their employment in battle in the narrow seas this, I think, is the first instance. The oarsmen in the galleys, it is perhaps needless to say, were all criminals under sentence. In the Turkish galleys they were Christian slaves—prisoners of war.

The total number of soldiers on board the fleet was 26,000. The line of battle, as arranged on the advice of the most expert captains, was in three divisions. The first division or right wing, consisting of the Spanish vessels and those in the immediate service of Spain, 54 in number, was under the command of Doria. The centre was composed of 64 galleys, Spanish and Roman, under Don Juan himself. The left wing, of 53 galleys, comprising the

Venetian ships, was under the command of Agostino Barbarigo. There was a rear or reserve squadron of 30 galleys, under the Marquess of Santa Cruz; while the six galleasses were distributed in pairs among the three divisions of the line. Besides the galleys and galleasses were the 24 sailing ships, chiefly used as transports and as depôts of the soldiery, under the command of Gutierre de Arguello, whose orders were to employ them wherever he could inflict most damage on the enemy.

The allied fleet, which was the largest up to this time ever seen under the Christian flag, sailed at once in search of the enemy, who was not found till the 7th of October,—the interval being chiefly passed in quarrels between the Spaniards and the Venetians, which at one time rose to such a pitch that Don Juan threatened to put the Venetian admiral under arrest, who had hanged some Spanish soldiers for disobedience of orders almost in his sight. The sight of the enemy at length brought the Christian commanders to reason if not to harmony. The Turkish fleet was discovered in order of battle within the Gulf of Lepanto, at the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth, in waters which have been reddened with the blood of more than one great sea-fight.[1] The Turks were commanded by Ali Pasha, who had under him the most skilful corsair of the time, Aluch Ali—a Calabrian renegade.[2] Their galleys, though more numerous,

[1] The promontory of Actium, where just sixteen hundred years before had been decided the fate of the Roman world, was within a short distance to the north-west, and nearer still was the scene of Navarino, the "untoward event" which for ever closed the record of the Turks as a great naval power.

[2] Aluch Ali, variously called Uluch Ali, Ouloudg Ali, L'Ochiali, Luchali, and in the English State papers of the time Ochali, was a very conspicuous figure in the chronicles of that period—the most famous commander at sea, perhaps, whom the Turks ever possessed. He was given the name of *Khilidg*, or the Sword, by the grateful Sultan, for his good conduct at Lepanto. He died of poison in 1580, at a good old age. In the Story of the Captive, in chapters xxxix. and xl. of *Don Quixote*, Part I., this eminent naval hero is spoken of with respect for his bravery and comparative clemency—a kind of magnanimity

were smaller than those of the Christians; inferior in the number and calibre of their guns, and rowed by Christian slaves, who could have had no great stomach for the fight under such masters. The two fleets advanced towards each other both animated by the desire of battle, the Turks at first having the weather-gauge, though the wind shifted suddenly to the west, by a special interposition of Providence, at the very crisis of the shock, with a smooth sea —and so the allies had the advantage.

The battle of Lepanto, the greatest of sea-actions in modern history up to that date, and perhaps, for the number of men engaged and the issues at stake, the greatest ever fought in any age, has been so often described, and recently with such elaborate minuteness in the animated pages of the biographer[1] of Don Juan of Austria, that it will scarcely be expected of me to tell the story afresh. Suffice it to say, that the allied fleets won a victory which, if not so decisive as it should have been, was very creditable to their Commander-in-Chief, and especially to the soldiers who fought on board his ships. But of all who distinguished themselves in that memorable fight—though the names of the leaders of the Christian host included half the Golden Books of Venice and of Genoa and the most famous of the proud nobility of Spain, with Don Juan himself, who fought on that day like a hero of romance—the one who is best remembered by posterity for his share in the battle is Miguel de Cervantes, the private soldier of the regiment of Moncada. And as a common soldier, his

which, alone among the writers of the period, Cervantes was wont to show to all his enemies.

[1] The late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, whose *Life of Don John of Austria*, in two beautiful volumes, is, whether in the larger or in the smaller edition, so splendid a monument to that perhaps a little over-praised hero. I have followed Sir William Stirling Maxwell generally as my guide in the account of the battle of Lepanto. The best Spanish history of the battle is Don Cayetano Rosell's *História de la Combate Naval de Lepanto*. Madrid, 1853.

conduct would have made him famous, had he not survived that glorious day to be the author of *Don Quixote*. Cervantes' ship, the *Marquesa*, though belonging to Doria, was placed in the left wing, which was under the immediate command of the Venetian *provedditore general*, Agostino Barbarigo. There has been fortunately preserved for posterity a minute and exact account of Cervantes' behaviour in the battle. Being ill and weak through a fever he had contracted at Naples, he was entreated by his captain and his comrades to remain below in the cabin. But he replied that he preferred to die fighting for his God and for his King to betaking himself to cover and preserving his health; and he besought the captain to station him in the post of greatest danger.[1] In accordance with his desire, he was placed in command of twelve soldiers on the quarter-deck, by the side of the long-boat (*esquife*)—a station where he was necessarily exposed to the hottest fire from the enemy's arquebusiers and bowmen.[2] The *Marquesa*, judging by the loss she suffered and the trophies she secured, must have been in the very thick of the fight, and contributed at least her full share to the signal victory achieved by the left division. Our hero was among the foremost who boarded the galley

[1] See the sworn testimony given by Mateo de Santisteban before the Alcalde, in support of Rodrigo de Cervantes' (the father's) petition for aid in raising the money for Cervantes' ransom, on the 17th of March, 1578 (Navarrete, p. 317). Santisteban was one of Cervantes' fellow-soldiers in Diego de Urbina's company, who fought by his side on the deck of the *Marquesa*. After quoting the words of Cervantes as I have given them above, Santisteban declares that he saw him fight as a valiant soldier at the post to which he was appointed by the captain. Gabriel de Castañeda, an *alférez* or ensign in the same company, gives the same testimony, repeating Cervantes' words, adding that he knew that Don Juan had raised his pay by five or six *escudos*. Others of his comrades speak in equal high terms of Cervantes' conduct in the battle.

[2] Bows and arrows were used by the Turks at Lepanto, and apparently with great effect when at close quarters—perhaps for the last time in a sea-battle, though we hear of them being among the furniture of the English ships which fought the Armada seventeen years afterwards. The inferior quality of the Turks' artillery was doubtless one of the chief causes of their defeat.

of the Pasha of Alexandria, which was captured with the royal standard of Egypt, more than five hundred Turks being slain, with the Pasha himself. Cervantes suffered severely in his own person for the active part he took in the fight. He received three gun-shot wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, which maimed it for ever. Yet were these hurts cherished by him in after-life as the most glorious of his honours, having been got, as he says himself, on "the greatest occasion that past or present ages have witnessed, or that the future can hope to witness,"—preferring to have endured his losses and his sufferings to be whole and taking no share in the glory of that day. That the conduct of Cervantes in the battle of Lepanto earned the applause of all his comrades and won for him, as a private soldier, the especial notice of his leaders, we have ample evidence to prove—evidence which is beyond the suspicion of having been manufactured after he had become celebrated as a writer.

The honour of the victory must be said to be due, in an unusual measure, to the skill, intrepidity, and moral influence of the Generalissimo himself—a youth of the same age as Miguel de Cervantes—who gave promise in this brilliant achievement of a future which fate and the envious Philip did not permit him to reach. Beginning the day by dancing a *galliard* on the poop of the flagship, with some of his noble companions, to the music of the kettle-drums and recorders,[1] Don Juan performed his part throughout with admirable coolness and judgment, distinguishing himself no less by his modesty in speaking of his brilliant exploit, his clemency to the vanquished, and his magnanimity to the sulky and stubborn Venetians; on whom, however, to

[1] See the curious account of Don Juan's behaviour, quoted in Stirling Maxwell's book (vol. i. p. 411) from Caracciolo's *Commentaries*. Mass had been celebrated on board of every ship on the morning of the day of battle, which was a Sunday.

judge by the tale of the killed and wounded, the hardest part of the fighting had fallen. But though the centre and the left wing had been signally victorious, the right wing, under Doria, which was opposed to the Turkish left, under the astute and daring Aluch Ali, came out of the battle with less honour. Doria made the mistake, so common in naval warfare, of extending his line with a view to envelop his adversary. After much manœuvring between the rival leaders, both renowned in that age for seamanship, Aluch Ali found an opening in Doria's line through which he bore down with 30 of his swiftest galleys; and, getting in the rear of the main body of the allies, was able to inflict much damage and rescue several of his own captured vessels, finally making his escape to sea in good order with the remnant of the Ottoman fleet. The battle of Lepanto, though it did not tend greatly to Christian unity and did not destroy the Ottoman power at sea, "arrested," as Bacon said, "the power of the Turk." The victory of the Holy League, though dearly purchased, was, in a material sense, more decisive than naval engagements are wont to be. Over 20,000 of the Turks were calculated to have perished, including all the principal commanders; 5000 were taken prisoners, including Ali Pasha's two youthful sons; 170 galleys were captured, most of them useless from the wear of battle, and more than 100 were supposed to be sunk or wrecked. The Holy Standard of Mecca, the Sultan's Imperial flag, and the sword of the Turkish Admiral-in-Chief, were among the trophies of the victors. From 12,000 to 15,000 Christian captives obtained their freedom from slavery. The loss of the allies is reckoned at between 5000 and 7000 killed, and 8 or 10 galleys sunk or burnt.[1] All Christendom rang with the fame of the victory. Pope

[1] These figures make out the total number engaged on both sides to be no less than 70,000 men,—soldiers, seamen, and oarsmen,—a host more numerous perhaps than any that ever fought in a naval battle in modern history.

Pius, to whom the news had been already revealed by special miracle,[1] burst out when the actual message came from the young conqueror, in the Evangelist's words:—*Fuit homo missus a Deo cui nomen erat Johannes.*[2] To Marco Antonio Colonna, when he entered his native city, there was given an ovation after the antique pattern. The Blessed Virgin received a new title from the grateful Pope. Painters, sculptors, poets vied with each other in commemorating the deeds of that glorious day. Philip II., the Spanish King and half-brother of the victor, was, of all, the least moved by the event, receiving the joyful news at vespers "without a change of countenance." When Christians slew Christians two years afterwards, at the Feast of St. Bartholomew, the grim monarch was able to smile.[3]

[1] The legend, as preserved in Rome to this day, is that the Pope was on his knees in prayer before the image of the Madonna, painted by Fra Angelico da Fiesole, in the afternoon of 7th October, which was a Sunday, when the Virgin revealed to him, in the usual manner, that the Christians had beaten the Turks. This image, which now belongs to the Church of the Magdalen near the Pantheon, is still held in special honour by the Romans; and on the tercentenary of Lepanto was carried in procession through the streets, clad in a new frock and enriched with a new garniture of gold and gems.

[2] The same words are said to have been uttered by the Emperor Leopold I., when the news came to him of the defeat of the Turks at Vienna by the Polish King John Sobieski, in 1683.

[3] It must in fairness be acknowledged that Philip afterwards wrote a tolerably gracious letter to Don Juan, and received his messenger, Don Lope de Figueroa, who brought him the formal news of the victory, with the captured sacred standard of the Prophet, very cordially, bestowing honours on him and on some of his chief captains, with a liberality unwonted.

CHAPTER III

Service Afloat and Ashore

THE victory of Lepanto was a supreme effort of the new Christian unity and Allied enterprise, which could not be repeated. The season of the year, with the condition of the fleet, rendered it imperative on Don Juan to seek the shelter of a friendly port. The day of the battle had been followed by a severe storm, which had damaged many of the ships. There were about 14,000 wounded to be cared for, and provisions were running short. So after dividing the booty, which was immense, and making a half-hearted attempt on Santa Maura, where there was a Turkish garrison, Don Juan sailed away for Messina, arriving there on the last day of October. Here the sick and wounded were landed. The Commander-in-Chief showed what in that age was most unusual interest in his invalids, appointing his own household physician, Gregório Lopez, to the duty of attending the wounded, devoting a sum of 30,000 crowns which had been presented to him by the municipality to their use, and personally visiting the hospital and seeing that his orders were carried out. Among those under treatment was Cervantes, with two wounds in the breast and one through the hand. That these wounds must have been severe is shown by his long detention in the hospital, and by the fact that when, two years afterwards, he shared in the expedition against Tunis, they were still unhealed.

"My wound yet dripping with blood" (*vertiendo sangre aun la herida*), he says, in his epistle to Mateo Vasquez. The arquebuse ball which pierced his left hand rendered it useless for the rest of his life.[1] Yet never was any token of valour or prize of victory more dearly cherished by a soldier than were his wounds by Cervantes; who ever esteemed them, though they added to his infirmities and contributed to render severer for him the struggle of life, as among the most fortunate accidents of his career. When, many years afterwards, he was taunted by his enemy Avellaneda, by a thrust not more malicious than maladroit, with this among other personal defects that he had "more tongue than hands" (*mas lengua que manos*), Cervantes' retort was, that to charge him with the loss of his hand was to impute to him the greatest honour to which a soldier could aspire. In several of his works he speaks with a simple yet proud complacency of his wounds, holding them as his chief titles to honour, the left hand being maimed "for the greater glory of the right." That his services and suffering in the battle attracted an unusual degree of notice, we know from contemporary records and from official documents.[2] In the

[1] Of this wound in the hand the popular belief—fostered by the forged and lying portraits and effigies of Cervantes—that it led to the loss, that is, the amputation, of the hand at the wrist, appears to be contrary to all that Cervantes himself says of the matter. In the epistle to Mateo Vasquez he says:—

——la siniestra mano
Estava por mil partes ya rompida—

"the left hand was shattered in a thousand places." In the *Viaje del Parnaso*, he says that he lost *el movimiento de la mano izquierda*, meaning the use of it, the hand remaining *manca y estropeada*, "maimed and mangled." There is much reason to doubt that he lost his hand altogether, by a shot or a surgical operation; and the fact that he was able to serve as an infantry soldier for four years afterwards, and was employed actively in more than one campaign, seems to be a conclusive proof that he must have retained some power in the wounded member.

[2] See the *Ilustraciones* and *Documentos* collected by the faithful and judicious Navarrete and appended to his *Life of Cervantes*.

archives of Simancas are preserved the accounts, secret and extraordinary, of Don Juan's expenditure in the campaign of the Levant. Among these is an entry by the Treasurer of the Fleet to the effect that, on the 23rd of January, 1572, at Messina, various sums were distributed among those who had been wounded at Lepanto, the name of Miguel de Cervantes being down in the list for 20 ducats. There is another entry on 17th March of the same year, of payments made to those who had deserved well in the battle of the 7th of October, and among these is Miguel de Cervantes, who receives 22 ducats. On the 29th of April of the same year an addition was made to the pay of Miguel de Cervantes, by a special order, of three *escudos* a month—these being, we may conclude, silver *escudos* or crowns, of the value of ten *reals* apiece.

On the 29th of April, 1572, being convalescent, though, as we learn from himself, not yet cured of his wounds, Cervantes left the hospital of Messina, being a *soldado aventajado*, to join, by command of Don Juan, the regiment of Lope de Figueroa. As a *soldado aventajado* or select soldier, to whom a special gratuity had been given for distinguished service, he was now an officer elect, on the list for promotion.[1] The company in which Cervantes was enrolled was that which was soon afterwards commanded by Don Manuel Ponce de Leon, and was regarded as the leading company of what then was a *corps d'élite*. The *tercio de Figueroa*, of which we hear so much in the wars of that period, both by sea and land, was the most famous of all the regiments of Spanish infantry. In 1567 it was composed of 40 companies and 6446 men. From its designation of *tercio de la armada del mar Oceano* it seems to have been specially reserved for expeditions beyond the sea, resembling in its

[1] To be a captain in the *tercio de Figueroa* it was necessary to have been at least six years a soldier and three an ensign (*alférez*), or ten years a *soldado aventajado*.

constitution the French *Infanterie de la Marine.* Under the name of the Regiment of Cordova it survived to a late date, fighting at Trafalgar under Admiral Gravina against the English. Don Lope de Figueroa, who gave his name to this distinguished regiment, was himself one of the most illustrious of the Spanish captains of the age. He had been Don Juan's right-hand man in the suppression of the insurgent Moriscoes, in the year before Lepanto. In the great naval battle he had his place, with others of the *élite* of Don Juan's captains, on the forecastle of the Spanish flagship. He was sent with the news of the victory to the King, bearing the captured standard of Ali Pasha, the Turkish Admiral. After a long life of service in many parts of the world, in the Levant, in Italy, in Flanders, in Portugal, Don Lope,—the pattern of a Spanish man-at-arms of the sixteenth century,—closed his career in 1585, worn out by his much toil and many wounds.[1]

The allied fleets had by this time completed their refitting; and though the enthusiasm of the Leaguers had considerably abated, through internal dissensions fomented by the outside Christian states and by Turkey, it was resolved that Don Juan should lead another armament against the Turks in the Levant. The death of the energetic old Pope, in April, was a great blow to the cause; for although his successor, Gregory XIII., began his pontificate by urging the Confederates to action, there was much difficulty in getting them to move. The truth is that from this time the allies began to perceive that their objects were by no means identical. Each, as in every Christian alliance since, had his own policy to serve in the East. The Venetians were intent solely upon recovering their lost

[1] He was a favourite hero with the playwrights, and frequent glimpses of him appear in the comedies,—one of the most vivid of which is in Calderon's *Alcalde de Zalamea*, where the war-worn veteran appears as a grumbling valetudinarian.

colonies in the Levant. The King of Spain was jealous of his victorious and popular half-brother; and, though bent upon schemes of African conquest, was not over eager to entrust them to the execution of Don Juan, who was himself suspected of visions of an independent empire in Africa. Meanwhile, the Turks were busily employed in recruiting their shattered forces and in building a new fleet. By June Aluch Ali was at sea again with 170 galleys, laying waste the shores of Greece and re-conquering many of the fortresses which had been lost in the year before. In July the Turkish fleet, relatively as strong as it had been before Lepanto, was once more threatening the Adriatic. Don Juan being still delayed at Messina through the difficulties placed in his way by the King, the allied fleet, reduced by many individual secessions, was under the command of Colonna, who had joined with the Venetians at Corfu. Some skirmishing ensued between the two fleets on the western coast of the Morea, but to no effect—Colonna's endeavours to force on a battle, of which he might have all the glory, before the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief, being frustrated by Aluch Ali. At length Don Juan was enabled to take command of the fleet, which was now, by the accession of the Spanish ships, increased to a total of nearly 200 galleys, besides 40 large sailing ships and 8 galleasses,—a force actually larger than that which had won at Lepanto, and perhaps more highly organised and in better discipline. Nothing, however, came of this grand expedition, which, partly through the unaccountable hesitation of the leaders, but more perhaps through their divisions and mutual jealousies, utterly failed of its object; though at one time the entire Turkish fleet was blockaded within the narrow port of Modon, and might have been easily destroyed. Every attempt to bring on a general engagement was foiled by the superior skill and seamanship of the Turks, and at last the allied fleet had to retire,

through stress of weather, to Corfu,—abandoning all the fruits of the victorious campaign of Lepanto, and leaving Aluch Ali master of the sea. On the 25th of October, Don Juan re-entered the harbour of Messina, this time not as a conqueror; while the Turks hailed with acclaim their own admiral, who, without hazarding a battle, had restored to them all their old power and prestige at sea.

That Cervantes was on board the fleet during this inglorious second campaign in the Levant is clear, if only from the minute and accurate account of the futile operations in the Bay of Navarino which he gives in the Story of the Captive in *Don Quixote*.[1] The winter and spring following, the regiment of Figueroa was quartered mainly in Sicily, though from an entry in the Treasurer's account-books Cervantes seems to have been left with his company at Naples. On the 11th of February, 1573, there is an order on the officials of the fleet, dated from Naples, to pay Miguel de Cervantes, "a soldier in the company of Don Manuel Ponce de Leon," ten *escudos* of what is due to him; another sum of twenty *escudos* being paid him in the month following. The beginning of March saw the Holy League dissolved, through the secession of the Venetians, who had been enabled, by the good offices of France, to make a separate peace with the Sultan. The Pope urging King Philip to a war of conquest on his own account against the Turks, an expedition was resolved upon, under the conduct of Don Juan, against Tunis. Nothing, however, was done until the autumn. On the 8th of October the expedition appeared off the Goletta, the harbour of Tunis, in the fort at the entrance of which, since the time of its conquest by Charles V. in 1535, there had been a Spanish garrison. Driving the Turks out of Tunis, Don Juan took possession of the city, and an attempt was made, by setting up a Moorish prince of the old reigning family as ruler, to create

[1] *Don Quixote*, Part I. ch. xxxix.

a division between the natives and the Turks. Leaving a small reinforcement with the Spanish garrison at the Goletta, Don Juan returned to Naples. That Cervantes served in the Tunisian campaign we know from his own words.[1] From the end of 1573 to the beginning of May of 1574, Cervantes was in garrison with his regiment in the island of Sardinia. In that month he was sent to Genoa in the galleys of Marcelo Doria in order to be stationed in Lombardy, under the orders of Don Juan. On the 27th of July there was held at Piacenza, with all antique pomp and ceremony, a grand tournament under the auspices of the Farnese, in honour of their illustrious kinsman, "the most valiant of Knights Errant," "the only hope of an oppressed and afflicted religion," the puissant conqueror of the Turk. Cervantes might have been present as a spectator. At least he would have heard news of these chivalric doings, and many things of "tilting furniture and emblazoned shields," such as could not but be stored up in the memory of one by nature already well inclined to dream of—

> Le donne, i cavallier, l'arme, gli amori,
> Le cortesie, l'audaci impresi—

the singing of which by the great romantic poet of Italy was then fresh in the minds of men. There were gallant

[1] In the rhymed epistle to Mateo Vasquez, the King's secretary, he says:—

> Y al reino antiguo y celebrado,
> A do la hermosa Dido fué vendida
> Al querer del Troyano desterrado,
> Tambien, vertiendo sangre aun la herida,
> Mayor con otras dos, quisé ir y hallarme,
> Por ver ir la Morisma de vencida.
>
> (Then to the kingdom, ancient and renowned,
> Where beauteous Dido, by love betrayed,
> Her doom in Troy's illustrious exile found,
> Though yet my stricken hand distilled its gore,
> With other hurts still green, I fain would go
> To see the unbelievers trounced once more.)

doings at Piacenza on this occasion—pageants, processions, defiances—such as recalled the proud days of the old chivalry. The circumstantial, matter-of-fact way in which the business is recorded, as though it were a fitting and necessary end to the sterner work to which it was to do homage, proves how deeply the minds of the noble youths of the period were still impressed with the spirit of the extinct chivalry,—how green were its memories and recent its glories. A challenge was sent by the Count Alberto Scotti, in due knightly form, to all the world, inviting the entire universe to testify to the superior loveliness and virtue of the lady whom the said Knight, defender of the lists, had made mistress of his affections, and declaring that he is prepared, with sword and lance and other necessary furniture, to do battle against any Knight so daring as to decline to comply with that simple proposal, and to "make him feel how greatly he has deceived himself."[1] The hero in whose honour the tournament was held was one to whom on every account such an offering was most fitting and congenial. There was much of the Errant about Don Juan, in his character and in his genius, as in his career; much that was calculated to arouse the golden youth of Spain and of Italy to the emulation of the deeds of "fabled knights in battles feigned."[2]

On the 7th of August, Don Juan, sated as he must have been with the incense offered him by the best blood of Italy, embarked at Spezzia, taking with him the regiment of Figueroa, in which, doubtless, Cervantes was still serving.

[1] See the account of this quaint proceeding, with all the ceremonial of the tournament, in Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's *Life of Don John of Austria*. The gravity and the business-like air with which the proceedings were conducted are curious, as affording evidence that up to this date at least (1574) the practices, the language, and the apparatus of knight-errantry had by no means become extinct.

[2] At the tournament which took place in connexion with Count Alberto Scotti's challenge, Don Juan himself, "being the honourable and unconquered Knight for which the world knows him, could not restrain himself from appearing," says the chronicler. And to Don Juan was awarded the prize of the lance, as having been the most expert in the use of that weapon.

He was called to the affairs of Tunis, now, through the weakness of the Spanish garrison and the increasing audacity of the Moors and their Turkish allies, growing daily more desperate. A shifty and equivocal letter from Philip had thrown upon Don Juan the whole responsibility of deciding upon the fate of Tunis, while refusing the material aid he required in order to restore the Spanish dominion in Africa. There were reasons, independent of his jealousy of his brilliant half-brother, which at that time might well make the Spanish monarch hesitate to support Don Juan in any vigorous attempt to stave off the coming disaster at Tunis. The Low Countries were in open rebellion, encouraged both by France and by England. The war with Turkey was still raging, and a powerful Ottoman fleet had sailed for the African coast. Italy itself was in a troubled state, with the Pope irritated at the continued occupation of his territory by Spanish troops. In the midst of the conflicting instructions which he received from Madrid, whose real purpose seems to have been to spare the King any further expense in Africa, while involving Don Juan personally in the dishonour of retreating before the Turks, there came a series of furious storms which detained the Spanish fleet, with the troops intended for the succour of Tunis, in the Sicilian ports. Before the fleet could sail, news came of the fall of Tunis and of the Goletta, after a desperate resistance to an overwhelming military and naval Turkish armament. This ignoble end to the chapter of warlike enterprise and glorious adventure which had seemed to open for Spanish manhood by the great day of Lepanto, must have filled the bosom of the ardent young soldier of Figueroa's regiment with a sense of deep disappointment and disgust, which, in his *Don Quixote*, in the chapters referring to this shameful Tunis episode, he does not care to conceal. The vision of chivalry was dissolved. The age of knightly deeds, which seemed to have come again to this eager student of romance, he must

have felt to be a mockery of the past. The glimmer of Lepanto was but the departing light of a day which was gone for ever. And now the sick and maimed soldier, fretting out his heart for want of action, must have felt that

> ——the true old times were dead,
> When every morning brought a noble chance,
> And every chance brought out a noble knight.

In August, 1575, when there appeared to be no further prospect of active work with the army, Cervantes, being then at Naples, besought and obtained leave to visit Spain, having been absent from home nearly six years. Don Juan himself gave him letters to the King, strongly recommending him, as "a man of valour, of merit, and of many signal services" done to his Majesty, for the command of a company of the troops being raised for Italy.[1] The Duke of Sessa and Viceroy of Sicily also wrote to the King and to his Council, in very flattering terms, in favour of "a soldier as deserving as he was unfortunate, who, by his noble virtue and gentle disposition, had won the esteem of his comrades and chiefs." Furnished with these,—which proved, alas! to be "letters of Bellerophon" to him, tending, as we shall see, rather to the aggravation of his state than the bettering of his fortunes,—Cervantes embarked at Naples for Spain on board the galley *El Sol*, in company with his brother Rodrigo—who had also served in the campaigns of the previous years—of Don Pero Diaz Carillo de Quesada, ex-Governor of the Goletta, and several other distinguished gentlemen, chiefly soldiers on leave returning to their native country.

[1] See the memorial presented by Cervantes to the King in 1590 (Appendix C).

CHAPTER IV[1]

The Captivity in Algiers

On the voyage to Spain there befell Cervantes that great and cruel calamity which, while it altered the whole current of his fortunes and spoilt his career, brought out into stronger relief the nobility of his character, and perhaps determined the course of his genius. The vessel in which he had taken his passage home—the galley *El Sol*—when almost in sight of the Spanish coast, was met, on the 26th of September, 1575, by a squadron of Algerine corsairs under the command of the redoubtable Arnaut Mamí, one of those renegade sea-captains who were then the terror of the Mediterranean.[2]

[1] The chief authority for the facts of Cervantes' captivity in Algiers is Hædo's *Topografia e Historia General de Argel*, published at Valladolid in 1612. Fray Diego Hædo, a Benedictine monk, was Abbot of Fromesta, and nephew of a prelate of the same name, Archbishop of Palermo, who died in 1608. The book seems to have been the joint composition of uncle and nephew, and bears internal evidence of truthfulness in its minuteness, elaboration, and candour. The latter part, giving an account of the sufferings of the captives in Algiers, is based on the information of certain well-known persons who had been released from slavery, especially of Dr. Antonio de Sosa, the Captain Gerónimo Ramirez, and Don Antonio Gonzalez de Torres, Knight of the Order of Saint John, who are introduced as interlocutors in the story, and evidently speak of their personal knowledge of Cervantes. Although the book was not published till 1612, the licence for printing it is dated 1604. Father Hædo, therefore, must have written before the publication of the First Part of *Don Quixote*; nor is there any evidence in his book to show that he had any other knowledge of Cervantes through his informants except as *un hidalgo principal de Alcalá de Henares*.

[2] Arnaut Mamí, as his name indicates, was an Albanian renegade, chief of the Algerine corsairs, and a very celebrated sea-rover of that age. He is mentioned

After a fruitless attempt at escape, there ensued a desperate fight between the *El Sol* and three of the foremost of the pirate galleys, in which Cervantes is reported to have borne a conspicuous part. The unequal combat ended in the surrender of the Spaniards, who were divided among the corsairs, according to their custom,—the captives being prized according to their supposed rank and ransom-yielding capacity. Cervantes himself fell to the lot of one Déli Mamí, a renegade Greek, a man noted even amongst that ungodly brood for his wild ferocity—a *raez*, or corsair captain.[1] The letters of Don Juan of Austria and of the Duke of Sessa, found upon Cervantes, led his captor to believe that he was a prize of exceptional value, upon whom a large ransom might be set. He was, therefore, brought to Algiers, loaded with chains and treated with especial severity, in accordance with the corsair policy, in order that he might be the more solicitous of freedom.

The kingdom and city of Algiers were then a dependency of the Turkish Empire, having been conquered from the Moors by Aruch Barbarossa, the elder brother of the more celebrated Khayreddin Barbarossa, in 1516. The government was administered by a Viceroy from Constantinople, frequently changed, who was usually a successful soldier or seaman, Turk or renegade. In 1575 the Viceroy, or Dey, who was the twenty-first in succession from Barbarossa, according to Father Hædo, was Rabadan Pasha, a Sardinian renegade—a pupil, like his successor, of the famous Aluch Ali, who had then exchanged Algiers for Tunis.[2] The whole business and *raison d'être* of Algiers was piracy. The corsair captains were the rulers of the State, and their

in several of Cervantes' works, and figures in two of the ballads in Duran's *Romancero General* (vol. i. p. 147).

[1] Déli Mamí, Cervantes' first master, should not be confounded, as sometimes he has been, with Arnaut Mamí. The one was but a *raez*, or owner and captain of a corsair galley; the other held the supreme command of the corsair fleet.

[2] Hædo, p. 84. Rabadan was succeeded in June, 1577, by Hassan.

prizes at sea the whole public revenue. The Dey was but the chief of the corsairs, who administered the affairs of his truculent little kingdom upon a system the most methodically ruthless and regularly savage perhaps ever known within so short a distance of civilisation. The barbarities practised upon the unfortunate Christians who fell within their power have been the theme of innumerable pens; nor can we refrain from a feeling of wonder how so insignificant a band of adventurers was able for so long a period to defy all the naval powers of Christendom. The total population of the city of Algiers, which really contained the whole Algerine State and strength, according to the careful estimate of Father Hædo, did not amount to 100,000, about the year 1575.[1] Of these the Turks proper,—the ruling caste,—were in an insignificant minority. The renegades,[2] who were of every Christian nation in the world, including English, Scotch, Irish, Russian, must have numbered nearly one-third of the entire people, and seem to have done more than a proportionate share of the pirating and plundering. The captives who still retained their name of Christian are reckoned at nearly 25,000, among whom were noblemen and officers of the highest quality, especially Spaniards and Italians. Except when they gave offence to their masters by attempting to escape, and thus trying to rob them of what was supposed to be their lawful perquisites, namely, their ransoms,—the captives who were in the ransomable class seem to have been treated with tolerable liberality. They

[1] There were 12,200 houses within the city walls in Hædo's time, which, giving a larger allowance than usual to each house, in consideration of the polygamous establishments of the great, would still bring the total number within 100,000.

[2] Of the 35 corsair captains whose names are given in Hædo (p. 18), 24 were renegades or sons of renegades, 10 Turks, and one a Jew. Though dubbed corsairs and pirates by their Christian neighbours, these gentlemen rovers probably no more deserved the epithet than did the privateers in the last great war, and not so much as the buccaneers of the New World in that and subsequent ages.

were not debarred from commerce among themselves. They led their own life, were allowed (as Mahomedans in Spain or in Italy certainly were not) the free exercise of their religion, and were even permitted their own recreations.[1] The number of renegades of every race and tongue among them was, perhaps, regarded by their masters as sufficient security for their slaves' good behaviour.

Among all those in the power of Hassan Pasha no captive earned so much distinction as Cervantes, by the courage and fortitude with which he bore his terrible ordeal as well as by the daring and ingenuity of his unceasing attempts to break away from his chains. He had not been long at Algiers before he began to plot schemes of escape. In company with several other of his fellow-captives, he made an attempt to reach Oran by land,—Oran being then in Spanish hands; but the party was deserted by the Moor whom they had engaged as their guide after the first day's march, and were compelled to return to Algiers, there to be loaded with heavier chains and kept in stricter confinement. Two or three other ineffectual attempts were made by him to recover his freedom, as he mentions himself in his comedy of *El Trato de Argel;* but in every case, though he displayed extraordinary courage and craft in planning what could not have been other than a very desperate enterprise, and was invariably the first to take the blame when the attempt miscarried, he met with his usual bad luck, being foiled by the timidity or the treachery of some one amongst his companions.

[1] Plays were allowed to be acted and poems to be recited,—the authorities, with that scornful tolerance ever characteristic of the Turk, refraining from interfering with these amusements; see Cervantes' comedy of *Los Baños de Argel.* Cervantes himself is said to have composed poems and dramas, profane and religious, to keep up the spirits and to cheer the faith of his brethren in captivity. *La Virgen de Guadelupe,* supposed to be one of these, has been printed by the Seville Society of Bibliophiles; but it is of a quality such as would scarcely amuse even an Algerine slave, and bears no trace of Cervantes' hand.

Captivity in Algiers

In the second year of his captivity, some of his personal friends having been rescued, Cervantes wrote home by one of them—Gabriel Castañeda[1]—to his parents, describing his own and his brother's deplorable state. The father, Rodrigo Cervantes, responded to this appeal by remitting to Algiers a certain sum, being all that he was able to raise by the pledging of his estate and the dowries of his two daughters. The money was rejected by Déli Mamí as not enough for the redemption of so illustrious a captive as he deemed Miguel de Cervantes to be. It was a common trick for the corsairs, says Hædo, to pretend, out of malice or cupidity, that their slaves were of exalted condition, though pleading poverty, as doubtless such was a common plea. Of some poor fisherman or shepherd they would say that he was a man of quality, that it was useless for him to deny it, they being informed that he was a cousin or a nephew of the Duke of Alva. So the poor wretch would be loaded with a heavier chain to make him confess. Should any slave, out of his charity, give his cloak, or his cap, or a pair of good shoes to another Christian, he would be immediately accused by some miscreant Moor or malicious Christian (and there were some of the latter class in Algiers, as Cervantes' history shows) of being a great man in disguise, who concealed his rank for the sake of reducing his ransom. Then the corsair would assert with many oaths, and call upon Allah to confirm him, that the slave was a great man, the son of a Count, the cousin of a Marquess, or a Duke, or a Prince. If he was an ecclesiastic, and had a good appearance, they would at once proclaim him for a Cardinal, or at the least an Archbishop or a Patriarch. So testifies the good Doctor Sosa,

[1] Gabriel de Castañeda was with Cervantes in the attempt to escape to Oran. He was an *alférez*, or ensign, in Cervantes' regiment, and had fought in the *Marquesa* at Lepanto. He was one of those who bore witness to Cervantes' behaviour in that battle, and testified, in his deposition in support of Rodrigo Cervantes' petition (to be mentioned hereafter), that he had read the commendatory letters which Cervantes was bearing when taken captive.

who was a captive himself for four years, and knew Cervantes in Algiers,—doubtless from painful experience of over-appraisement in his own person.[1]

Miguel de Cervantes, who was of a free and open disposition, ready to share all he possessed with his brothers in affliction, was sure to be an object of suspicion to his masters as one of more worth in *piastres* than he claimed to be. The corsairs knew a good man's value, if his countrymen did not. Therefore they set him at a high figure. The ransom sent by the father, however, was sufficient to obtain the release of his elder brother, Rodrigo, with whom Cervantes concerted a scheme for the deliverance of himself and certain of his friends through the agency of an armed Spanish ship, which was to appear off the shore on a stipulated day. Rodrigo Cervantes returned to Spain in August, 1577, furnished with letters from two captives of high rank—Don Antonio de Toledo, of the family of Alva, and Don Francisco de Valencia—directed to the Viceroys of Valencia and the Balearic Islands, praying them to help this design by the despatch of a war-vessel, as agreed upon between Cervantes and his brother.

In preparation for this, the most daring of his attempts at escape, Cervantes had already taken the preliminary steps. About six miles from the town of Algiers, to the eastward, a certain Greek regenade Hassan, one of the alcaldes of the city, had a country-house, with a garden, by the sea-shore, under charge of a slave called Juan, a native of Navarre. In this garden was a cavern in which Cervantes, with the connivance of Juan, had concealed several Christian captives. Others were from time to time introduced, until, at the date of Rodrigo's departure, there were hidden away in this place of refuge, in anticipation of the relief to come from seaward, forty or fifty escaped slaves, most of them Spaniards and gentlemen of quality. It is a proof at once of Cervantes'

[1] See Hædo, pp. 227, 228.

resources of invention and dexterity, as well as of the ascendency acquired by him over all with whom he came into contact,—a proof also, perhaps, of the comparative liberty enjoyed by the Christian captives, in certain cases,—that he was able to support the members of this subterraneous republic with food for more than six months without incurring the suspicions of his jealous master, Déli Mamí. His plans being completed at last, and the day drawing near which had been arranged for the coming of the Spanish vessel in aid, Cervantes himself took refuge in the cavern, about the 20th of September. Everything seemed to promise well for the success of his hardy enterprise. A frigate was despatched from Majorca, under the command of a tried and expert seaman acquainted with the coast, which came off Hassan's garden on the night of the 28th of September, and was able to communicate with the inmates of the cavern. Some Moorish fishermen, however, having given the alarm, the vessel was obliged to put out to sea again. Meanwhile, treachery was at work among those who knew of the secret of the cave. A certain renegade called El Dorador ("the Gilder"), who had been entrusted by Cervantes with the duty of conveying provisions to the people in the cavern, repented of his resolution to return to the land and the faith of his fathers, and went before the Viceroy, Hassan Pasha,[1] to reveal the scheme of Cervantes. The Viceroy, who appears to have had an extraordinary and inexplicable dread, mingled with no less strange a respect, for Cervantes, was all the more eager to profit by El Dorador's disclosure as it would give him the property in all these would-be fugitive slaves, according to the law and custom of Algiers. A strong force of armed Turks was sent

[1] So I have Englished, according to my rule in such cases, the name which appears in all the Spanish histories as Azan or Asan Baxá or Bají. There is no sound of *sh* in modern Spanish—the harsh, guttural aspirate *x* or *j* being used to express it in all words of Eastern origin.

to the Alcalde's garden to search for the captives in the cavern. Cervantes, perceiving the failure of his scheme, was the first to come forward, and, presenting himself at the entrance of the cavern, to declare before the Viceroy's soldiers that none of his companions had any part or blame in that business; that he alone had persuaded them to fly and to conceal themselves there, and that he had arranged and managed the whole affair. The Turks, surprised at a confession so extraordinary and magnanimous, sent off one of their number to the Viceroy to inform him of what Cervantes had said, with the result that Hassan Pasha ordered all the other captives to be incarcerated in his bagnio, but Cervantes to be conducted to his presence.

In this crisis of his fate, Miguel de Cervantes owed his escape from a cruel death to his undaunted bearing,—with some aid, perhaps, from the Viceroy's cupidity and jealousy.[1] Of all those who had held rule in Algiers under the Turk, Hassan Pasha, the renegade Venetian, was the most noted for his extravagant and inhuman cruelty. Father Hædo's testimony, which is based on that of eye-witnesses, describes his reign as one of the bloodiest in the annals of Algiers. Cervantes himself, who is rarely betrayed into speaking ill of an enemy, has drawn a graphic picture of this monster whom, by a pardonable pleonasm, he styles "the homicide of all human kind."[1] Speaking through the mouth of the captive Captain Viedma, in the fortieth chapter of the First Part of *Don Quixote*,—"nothing distressed me so much," he says, "as to hear and see at every turn the till then unheard-of and unseen cruelties which my master practised on the Christians. Every day he hanged a slave; impaled one; cut off the ears of another; and this upon so little occasion, or so entirely without cause, that the Turks would own he did it merely for the sake of doing it, and because it was his nature." Over this tyrant Cervantes seems to have exercised

[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. ch. xl.

some extraordinary influence, which can be attributed only to his undaunted spirit and the singular respect in which he was held by his companions, many of whom were superior to him in rank and in condition. According to the remarkable testimony of Father Hædo, Hassan Pasha was wont to say that, "if he had this maimed Spaniard in safe keeping, he would reckon as secure his Christians, his ships, and his city."[1] Threatened with torture and instant death, with the spectacle of many of his companions hanged or mutilated before his eyes, Cervantes refused to implicate any one in his scheme of flight. The Viceroy, who was as greedy as he was cruel, was eager to find some pretext for laying hold of the Redemptorist Father Jorge Olivar, who, in the character of official ransomer for the kingdom of Aragon, was protected by Algerine custom. Could Olivar be proved to have been cognisant of the cavern scheme, there would be a tangible pretext for squeezing out of him a large ransom. But nothing could be got from Cervantes, whom the Viceroy,—whether for greater safety or in the belief that so resolute a slave must be a man of great mark in his own country, and therefore likely to be redeemed at a high price,—purchased from his master, Delí Mamí, for 500 gold crowns.

About this period it must have been, in the autumn of 1577, that Cervantes wrote his rhymed epistle to Mateo Vasquez, the Secretary to Philip II. It consists of 81 tercets, beginning with a biographical sketch of the author, in which his acts and services by sea and land are recited, and concluding with a proposal for a general rising of the Christian slaves in Algiers, to be seconded by an armament from Spain. King Philip was entreated to conclude the work begun with so much daring and valour by his beloved father; to quell the pride of that pirates'

[1] *Decia Azan Baxá, Rey de Argel, que como el tuviesse guardado al estropeado Español tenia seguros sus Christianos, baxeles, y aun toda la ciudad.* Hædo, p. 185.

nest; to take pity on the Christians who, with straining eyes, watch for the coming of the Spanish fleet to unlock their prison doors. Nor does the poet doubt that the "benign Royal bosom" feels the misery of the poor wretches who pine in chains, almost within sight of the sacred invincible shores of their native land. The adventure, though bold and romantic, was by no means impracticable, and, had there been any chivalry extant in Spain, would have been attempted. The captives in Algiers were strong in numbers. The land was weak; the city ill-fortified; and its defenders, divided by blood and race, united only by a common faith and lust of gain. The enterprise was far easier than that which, at this time, tempted the madcap Dom Sebastian, last of the Portugal Knights Errant, into the neighbouring realm of Morocco. But Philip the Prudent had other designs in view. That benign bosom was occupied just then with his Christian neighbour's heritage, and in weaving his nets for the entanglement of his brother Don Juan in Flanders. The epistle of Cervantes to Mateo Vasquez probably never got beyond the desk of the Secretary.[1]

Never weary of seeking for a means of breaking out of his abhorred prison, Cervantes, about the end of 1577, made another attempt at evasion. He sent a secret message by a Moor to Don Martin de Córdova, the Governor of Oran, praying him to send some safe Christian men to the frontier to meet himself and some other captives. The unfortunate messenger was intercepted and taken before the Viceroy, with his letters, which bore Cervantes' seal and signature.

[1] The epistle to Mateo Vasquez, of surpassing interest for its details of Cervantes' life as well as a sample of his early poetry, was unknown to his biographers before 1863. In that year it was found among the archives of the family of Altamira by Don Tomás Muñoz y Romero, and has been reprinted in the two editions of Argamasilla edited by Hartzenbusch. The last sixty-seven lines of the poem are repeated almost verbatim in Cervantes' play of *El Trato de Argel*. It has been translated into English by Mr. Gibson.

The Moor was ordered to be impaled, and Cervantes to receive two thousand blows with the stick. The captives and others interceded for him, and once more he gave an opportunity to Hassan Pasha to exercise the unfamiliar virtue of clemency. But neither the terrible risks he had run, nor the persistent misfortune which seemed to dog his steps, could keep Cervantes from meditating fresh schemes of escape. In September, 1579, there was a Spanish renegade, known when in grace as the Licentiate Giron of Granada, but, since his backsliding, as Abderrahman. This renegade, pining to return to his faith and his country, sought out Cervantes and plotted with him a plan of escape. Two Valencian merchants resident in Algiers — Onofre Exarque and Baltasar de Torres—were to provide an armed vessel at their cost, in which sixty of the principal captives were to embark at some favourable moment, under the secret direction of Cervantes. Once again the scheme was frustrated by treachery. One Blanco de Paz, an Aragonese and Dominican monk, who had conceived a bitter enmity against Cervantes, revealed the plot to the Viceroy. Cervantes, we are told, might have escaped himself had he accepted the offer of one of the Valencian merchants to fly with him at once and abandon his companions. But he refused his liberty on these conditions. Meanwhile, the Viceroy, having learnt of the scheme through the information of Blanco de Paz, made public proclamation through the city that any one harbouring Cervantes (who had fled from his house and sought refuge with one of his friends) should be punished with death. In order that no Christian might suffer on his behalf, Cervantes came forward voluntarily and presented himself before the Viceroy. He was seized and bound hands and feet, with a rope round his neck, and threatened with instant death. Cervantes, preserving the utmost serenity, not only refused to inculpate any one in this design, but, by his ingenious and witty

answers, so tempered the wrath of Hassan that for his only punishment he was ordered to be confined in the Moors' prison, which was in the Viceroy's palace, where he was kept for five months, laden with chains and fetters and guarded with the utmost rigour, acquiring, as one of the witnesses of his conduct—Luis de Pedrosa—says, "great fame, praise, honour, and glory among the Christians."[1] Not less wonderful than the constancy and the fortitude displayed by Cervantes through all these trials, was the singular forbearance displayed towards him by those to whom generosity to a Christian slave must have been a virtue very little practised. In recalling the memory of this cruel time afterwards in *Don Quixote*, Cervantes speaks with a certain complacency of the immunities which his character among the Algerines had won for him. Captain de Viedma, the captive whose story forms an episode in the First Part of *Don Quixote*, after reciting some of Hassan Pasha's cruelties, says:—"The only one who held his own with him was a Spanish soldier, called De Saavedra,[2] to whom, though he did things which will dwell in the memory of those people for many years, and all for the recovery of his freedom, his master never gave a blow, nor bade any one to do so, nor even spoke to him an ill word, though for the least of the many things he did we all feared he would be impaled, as he himself feared more than once."[3] There is a mystery about this treatment of Cervantes in Algiers which is not explained by the fact that his captors took him

[1] Navarrete, pp. 41 and 358. It seems, by the deposition of some of the witnesses at the enquiry afterwards held on Cervantes' conduct, that he was befriended in this, perhaps his worst strait, by one Morato (Murad), called Maltrapillo (the Sloven), a Murcian renegade and corsair captain, who was one of Hassan's principal favourites. This man is mentioned by Hædo as one of the thirty-five owners and masters of galleys. There is a Hadji Murad who figures conspicuously in the Captive's Story in *Don Quixote* (Part I. ch. xl.); but he can hardly be the same as the above.

[2] *i.e.* Cervantes.

[3] *Don Quixote*, Part I. ch. xl.

to be a person of more importance than he really was. Christian noblemen and gentlemen of high rank and condition were almost daily the victims of Hassan Pasha's inordinate lust for blood; it being one of the favourite amusements of the tyrant to cut off the noses and ears of those who offended him, especially those who were caught trying to escape. What was the nature of the spell which Cervantes only, of all who fell into his power, was able to exercise over this monster? That Cervantes was known to be the ringleader of the malcontent slaves and suspected of plotting a general rising of the Christian captives, were but reasons the more why the Algerines, having him in their power, should do to him as they had done to thousands of his companions. But though they loaded him with irons, and kept him in a duress so strict that Father Hædo says of his captivity it was "one of the worst ever known in Algiers,"[1] he was never beaten or hurt or abused in his person. Fear alone could hardly account for this immunity; still less can we believe, after the emphatic testimony borne by his comrades to his unswerving loyalty to creed and country, that his captors treated him with indulgence through any hope of his turning renegade. May we not suppose that there was really more of human nature among those wild corsairs,—that collection of adventurers from all parts of the earth who held their own so boldly in their pirates' den against all maritime Christendom,—than the Spanish annalists and monkish chroniclers have been willing to allow; that the mingled genius and greatness of Miguel de Cervantes were enough to account for even that miracle, the clemency of Hassan Pasha?

Towards the end of 1579 this cruel episode in the life

[1] *Con ser de los peores que en Argel avia.* Hædo says, moreover, that "had his fortune corresponded to his intrepidity, his industry, and his projects, this day Algiers would belong to the Christians; for to no other end did his intents aspire." Hædo, p. 185.

of Cervantes was drawing to its term. In that year the great preparations made by Philip II. for the conquest of Portugal, the throne of which country was left vacant by the tragic end made by the King Sebastian at Alcázarquivir, in the year preceding,[1] spread terror along all the coasts of Barbary; it being supposed that Philip's object was to make a descent on Algiers. The strenuous efforts made by the Algerines to add to the defences of their port were the occasion of fresh suffering and hardship to their captives, who were worked day and night on the fortifications. It may be also that the prospect of danger from without made the masters more eager to realise their property in slaves. A ransom had been placed upon Cervantes, as we have said, far larger than his friends could afford to pay. Meanwhile, his father and mother, with other relatives, had never ceased in their efforts to raise sufficient funds for the redemption of their younger son. Among the documents found by Cean Bermudez, in 1808, in the archives of the Indies at Seville, is the petition presented to the Royal Council, on the 17th of March, 1578, by Rodrigo Cervantes, the father, reciting his son's services and praying for assistance to free him from his captivity.[2] The Duke of Sessa backed up this petition, writing strongly in Cervantes' favour,—speaking of him as a good soldier who had fought for his Majesty; whom he had himself recommended for promotion; who was deserving of all favour and aid to free him from captivity.[3] It does not appear that this appeal met with any direct response. The father, Rodrigo Cervantes, died in 1579,

[1] The battle of Alcázarquivir, where Sebastian, King of Portugal, and all his army were overthrown and destroyed by the Moors under their dying Sultan Muley Muloch, was fought on the 4th of August, 1578.

[2] Navarrete, p. 315.

[3] Navarrete, p. 314. The Duke of Sessa and Terranova, grandson and heir of the Great Captain, and lately Viceroy of Sicily, had already borne flattering testimony to Cervantes' services at the battle of Lepanto. His son was afterwards the great friend and patron of Lope de Vega.

leaving the burden of Miguel's liberation to fall upon the mother, Leonor de Cortinas, and the widowed sister, Andrea de Cervantes. These two women managed to raise between them a sum of 300 ducats, equivalent to 3300 *reals*.[1] A sum about equal to this was got from various other sources, chiefly by way of loan; and the money was entrusted to Father Juan Gil—*stet nomen in æternum!*—of the holy order of the Redemptorists, and official Redeemer of Castile.[2] Father Gil arrived at Algiers on his mission of mercy on the 29th of May, 1580. The offer of 600 ducats was refused by Hassan, who demanded 1000—that being double the sum he had paid for this slave to Delí Mamí. Hassan Pasha had now been recalled from his government, and was on the point of giving up the Viceroyalty to his successor, Jaffier. He had completed his arrangements for the voyage

[1] There is so much confusion in the Spanish coinage of this period, through the same denominations serving for gold and for silver pieces, that it is difficult to arrive at an exact estimate of the value of the sums raised for Cervantes' ransom in our money. The *ducado*, or ducat, used throughout Italy, Spain, and the Mediterranean, was fixed by a decree of Philip II., in 1566, to be of the value of 400 *maravedis*. As 34 *maravedis* went to a *real*, the ducat (of gold) was worth a little less than 12 *reals*, which would be about equal to our half-a-crown. The *escudo*, so called from bearing the royal escutcheon, was always half a *doblon*, though what a *doblon* was,—the familiar *doubloon* of our buccaneers, so called from bearing the two effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella,—is not so certain. The *escudo* of gold was worth 10 *reals*,—a little less than the ducat. The coinage of Spain, especially the gold, was in that age at a premium throughout the Mahomedan countries; and in all bargains about ransom in Algiers, says Hædo, it was stipulated that the price should be paid in Spanish gold. The sum contributed by the widow Cervantes for the release of her son would be equal to about £35 in English money, without allowing for the difference of value in money between that time and this.

[2] To the character and services of this eminent servant of God Cervantes bears grateful and emphatic testimony in his *Trato de Argel*, calling him "a most Christian man, known to be friendly to the doing of good, who set an example of great Christianity and great wisdom" (Act v.). In the novel of *La Española Inglesa*, there is also a graceful tribute to the zeal, courage, and humanity of this most useful and blessed order of Redemptorists, who devoted their lives to the rescuing of poor Christian captives from slavery, and often were known to give their own persons in pledge to redeem poor captives unable to raise a ransom.

to Constantinople, and Cervantes, with the rest of his slaves, was already on board one of his galleys, chained and fettered. At the last moment, moved by compassion and fearing to let slip the opportunity, Father Gil, by his earnest supplications and efforts among the local merchants and others, was enabled to raise a further sum of 500 *escudos* in Spanish gold, with which Hassan was satisfied.[1] Cervantes disembarked from the slave galley on the 19th of September, once more a free man—having completed just five years of captivity.

There took place a delay of a few weeks longer before he was enabled once more to set foot on his native soil, through an incident highly characteristic of our hero. His malignant enemy, the Dominican Blanco de Paz, the same who had denounced him to Hassan for his last attempt at escape, had circulated certain calumnies in Spain respecting Cervantes' behaviour at Algiers during his captivity. In order to obtain greater credit for these inventions, Blanco de Paz had given himself out to be a familiar of the Holy Office, with a mandate and commission from the King to exercise his functions in Algiers. Whether Blanco de Paz really possessed this character or whether he was an impostor, is not very clear from the scanty lights we have on this, not the least mysterious passage in Cervantes' history. Considering the malevolence with which he pursued Cervantes, and the strange, inexplicable rancour with which he followed up the feud, apparently for some time after the Algerine episode,—a rancour totally irreconcilable with his being a charlatan or having only a personal quarrel with Cervantes,—I cannot help thinking that there was something more than a private grudge at the bottom of Blanco de Paz

[1] Thus the total sum paid for Cervantes to his captors, after five years of incessant striving among his relatives and friends, supplemented largely by the charity of the Redemptorists and of those who knew him in Algiers, was a little more than £100 of English money—which would be equal in these days, at the usual reckoning, to about £500.

and his enmity. That he was a Dominican is certain; and the Dominicans were but slaves of the Holy Office. In after years it was a Dominican who tried to do Cervantes a mortal injury by disfiguring *Don Quixote*, and robbing him of the credit and the fruit of his genius.[1] Why should Cervantes have taken such pains formally to combat Blanco de Paz, and to contradict his calumnies? That he did so we may be thankful; for it is through the investigation held before Father Juan Gil, for want of any judge or commissary qualified to administer justice in Algiers, that we obtain a most minute, vivid, and pathetic picture of Cervantes' life during his Algerine captivity. Had there survived no other record than this of the life of Cervantes, —had he not written a line of the books which have made him famous—the proofs we have here of his greatness of soul, constancy, and cheerfulness under the severest of trials which a man could endure, would be sufficient to ensure him lasting fame. The enthusiasm, the alacrity, and the unanimity with which all the witnesses,—including the captives of the highest rank and character in Algiers,— give their testimony in favour of their beloved comrade, are quite remarkable and without precedent. They speak of him in terms such as no Knight of romance ever deserved; of his courage in danger; his resolution under suffering; his patience in trouble; his daring and fertility of resource in action. He seems to have won the hearts of all the captives, both laymen and clerics, by his good humour, unselfish devotion, and kindliness of heart. Finally, the elaborate process, with its twenty-five articles and the individual depositions to each, which lasted over twelve days, was concluded on the 22nd of October, by an affirma-

[1] The so-called Fernandez Avellaneda, author of the spurious Second Part of *Don Quixote*, is demonstrated to have been of the religious profession and a Dominican. Some have supposed that he was Blanco de Paz himself; but more of this hereafter.

tion under the hand of Father Juan Gil himself, that he knew the parties to the process and all the deponents of personal knowledge; that Blanco de Paz was a notorious liar and calumniator, hated of all; and that Miguel de Cervantes was deserving, for his conduct in captivity, of all the praises which he had received.[1] Cervantes' acquittal was complete. The process which he had challenged seems, in that age, to have been regarded as unusual, and there have not been wanting in recent times critics who have deduced from it theories reflecting on his conduct, or at least on his orthodoxy. But looking to the unexampled persecution of which he had been the object at the hands of those pretending to be the official representatives of the Faith in Algiers, Cervantes showed equal boldness and sagacity in courting an enquiry. He had every reason to believe himself still in the King's service. He had every right to hope for advancement in his profession. It was necessary to him, therefore, to return to Spain with a clean bill of good conduct and orthodoxy. And we shall be able to see in his subsequent career, that this triumph over Blanco de Paz, though it did not blunt the edge of his enemy's rancour nor lead to our hero's material betterment, was of some value to him as a man of letters.

This affair ended, Cervantes left Algiers, landing in Spain with some of his ransomed companions on one of the last days of 1580.[2]

[1] See Appendix C, at the end of this volume, for an abstract of all the proceedings at this curious and interesting enquiry, with the depositions of the principal witnesses, taken from Navarrete, who quotes the documents in full, from the copy made by Señor Cean Bermudez of the papers found in the archives of the Indies at Seville.

[2] Cervantes made frequent mention and great use of his Algerian experiences in all his works. The story of the Captive in *Don Quixote* is evidently a real passage in the life of one of his fellow-prisoners, in which allusion is made to himself and to some of his own adventures. In several of the novels, as *El Amante Liberal* and *La Española Inglesa*, are introduced Algerine corsairs and their captives. In the comedy of *El Trato de Argel* (Life in Algiers), which

was thirty years afterwards incorporated in another called *Los Baños de Argel*, the scene is laid in Algiers, and Hassan Pasha and other real personages are brought upon the scene. In *El Gallardo Español*, the hero, Saavedra, turns renegade for love, but returns to the true faith and retrieves his honour. In *La Gran Sultana*, the heroine is a Spanish lady captured by the Algerines, who is taken to Constantinople and captivates the Grand Señor,—founded on the real story of one Doña Catalina de Oviedo. In *Persiles and Sigismunda*, there are also captives and corsairs. In all his works Cervantes shows what, for that age, was an unusual familiarity with the Moors, the Mahomedan faith and customs, and the language and idioms of the East, having probably acquired a competent knowledge of colloquial Arabic, as well as of the *Lingua Franca*, a mixed language then commonly spoken throughout the Levant and the courts of Barbary,—making use of his knowledge in *Don Quixote*, in which words of Eastern origin and Eastern ideas are of frequent occurrence.

CHAPTER V

The Return to Spain

CERVANTES returned to Spain to experience that which he has declared to be the greatest pleasure which can be enjoyed in this life, which is "to arrive, after a long captivity, safe and sound to one's native country." Little other cause had he for joy on the termination of his long and cruel slavery. He was now in his thirty-third year, with a courage unbroken and a heart and temper over which fortune seemed to have no power. Yet his condition was desperate enough, in a worldly sense, to need all the resources of his gay and sanguine nature to preserve him from despair. He had come back to Spain, after ten years' absence, disappointed in the promise of his life, without a profession, without a career, neither a soldier nor a civilian, not knowing whether he was in the King's service or out of it. To begin the world afresh he was even less favourably equipped than he had been as a young man before Lepanto. His wounds must have been a serious impediment to him in the profession of arms which he had adopted. His chief patron, Don Juan, was now dead; and such interest as his past services and good character had won him could scarcely avail him much among the multitude of competitors for preferment. That which was his chief title to fame, his conduct and service at Lepanto, was precisely that which recommended him the least to his King, who hated the

memory as he had grudged the glory of his brother's victory. The family of Cervantes were reduced to poverty through their efforts for his release. He himself was encumbered with a portion of the debt which had been incurred for the raising of his ransom, which, small as it was, took him four years to discharge.[1] What was there to do in the Spain of Philip II. for the poor maimed soldier, who had not yet discovered the treasure of his own genius?

Spain in 1580, to all outward seeming, was at the very height of her power and greatness. During the hundred years preceding she had risen, amidst the wonder and envy of her neighbours, from a cluster of petty states to the foremost place among the nations of the earth. The extinction of the Moorish dominion in the Peninsula; the conquests of her valiant soldiers, under a succession of able native generals, in Italy and in Flanders; the distracted condition of France through internal religious wars; and the lucky marriage with the House of Austria, had contributed to advance a State hitherto almost a stranger—a *quantité négligeable*—in the policy of Europe, to be the greatest, the strongest, and the wealthiest empire on earth. The heir of the Emperor Charles V., although he succeeded to but a portion of his father's dominion, was the master of two continents. No monarch since Charlemagne had exercised so wide a rule. In 1580 he had acquired, by the easy conquest of Portugal, the sovereignty of the entire Peninsula. He was lord of more than half of Italy, including Lombardy and Naples, with the islands of Sicily and Sardinia.

[1] By a document found among the archives of the Indies in Valencia, being a *cedula* or deed in the name of the King Philip II., dated the 11th of August, 1584, extending the time during which a certain privilege was granted to Doña Leonor de Cortinas (the mother of Cervantes) for sending merchandise for sale from Valencia to Algiers, it appears that up to this date some of Cervantes' ransom-money was still unpaid to those who had helped his family to raise it; nor was it until the December following that the debt was finally discharged, out of the profits of the cargo for which the King's licence was given.

The states of Tuscany and of Genoa were his vassals. The Duke of Savoy was his son-in-law and dependent. The Low Countries he still held military possession of, in spite of all the genius and craft of Orange and all the valour and obstinacy of the Dutch. Of the new world Spain held the fairest portion. From Chile to Florida, three-fourths of the known continent was hers. All the wealth of the Indies, then not merely a figure of speech but a substantial yearly tribute, of which the Spanish King was the sole dispenser, was poured into the Spanish ports. Seville had been raised to be the rival of Venice as the emporium of commerce, the mart of the world. By sea and by land Spain was predominant. Her navy was by far the greatest ever seen in Europe, and, in spite of the English adventurers, still held the command of the seas. Her soldiers were acknowledged to be the best, for trained valour and skill, in the world. She was the mingled envy, admiration, and terror of her neighbours. She was at the head of European civilisation, and aspired to give law and fashion to all Christendom. Her native art was still in its infancy; but in literature her golden age had dawned with extraordinary splendour. No nation seemed to exhibit the promise of a more exuberant harvest in poetry and in the drama. The age was pregnant with greatness—the soil bursting with the long pent-up life of centuries. Never before had there been such a prospect opened to the national genius. Never had Spain filled so large a space in the eyes of the world.

At this epoch, when all her greatness was at the highest, the decay of Spain had already begun. The fruit was rotting before it was ripe. Under the rule of Philip II. it was impossible but that the true health and strength of the nation should decline. This puny Atlas had, in 1580, borne the burden of the two worlds now for five-and-twenty years. The patriotic historians trace the decadence of Spain from the degenerate successors of "Philip the Prudent,"

who himself is always spared from criticism by reason of his orthodoxy, his very Spanish character, and his active repression of heresy, abroad and at home. But there can be no doubt that the mortification in this overgrown carcase of empire had commenced with Philip II. At heart a monk rather than a king, a meaner creature never held dominion over the sons of men. With none of the impulses which contribute to a nation's greatness had Philip the smallest sympathy. He had no taste either for war or for letters. He was splendid only in *autos de fé*. He preferred burning his subjects to any other pastime or exercise. In him the national tendency to intolerance, begotten of the long duel with the Moslem, during which to be a Christian was to be a patriot and a good Spaniard, reached its culmination and found its purest expression. He hated poetry, and tried to put down the drama. He was jealous of all intellectual eminence. He had no idea but to strengthen the Church, and conceived of no duty higher than of extirpating freedom of thought throughout his dominions. Under this sour and gloomy despot, who boasted of governing two worlds from his solitary desk, what could ensure the health and prosperity of a great empire? Nothing is more certain than that the decay of Spain had begun even from the very moment when she was crowned arbitress of the destinies of Europe. There was no real life in the members of this giant body, which lay like a huge polype across two hemispheres. The heart fulfilled none of its functions. The energy which had sustained the people against the Moors seemed to die out suddenly, as a national force, after the conquest of Granada. The discovery of America rather precipitated than retarded the ruin of Spain. All the enterprise, all the chivalry, all the enthusiasm inherited from her Gothic blood seemed to flow in one ceaseless stream across the Atlantic. Cortez and Pizarro—the last of the true Knights Errant—sought their adventures in the New World; and their companions

practised in Mexico and in Peru the lessons they had learnt in their romances. There is ample testimony, even in the pages of the native writers, to prove that the discovery of America, instead of being a source of riches, was really a cause of impoverishment to the mother-country. The best blood of Castile was poured out into Mexico and Peru. The lust for gold—the rage for dominion—absorbed every other wholesome passion, drained every other feeling. There is much reason to doubt whether Spain derived even any material benefit from her American colonies. The ten or twelve millions of gold which were computed, in the most prosperous period, barring accidents and the English buccaneers, to come in every year, were more than counterbalanced by what went out in the shape of men, their industry, and their enterprise. It is certain that Philip's revenue, never estimated at more than sixteen or seventeen millions of dollars, was never equal to his wants. In his correspondence with Don Juan in Flanders, and with his Viceroys in Italy, the one constant burden of the King is the inadequacy of the Royal income to supply their demands; and yet Philip had the one virtue of frugality. The foreign wars had exhausted his treasury. Flanders was an ever open sore—the support of the Catholic League a running issue—the garrisons in Italy a perpetual drain. Of the total revenue of Spain, nearly two-thirds were unavailable for the current expenses of the State, being already pledged to the bankers of Venice or of Genoa. Indeed, the whole realm of Spain was "leased out, Like to a tenement or a pelting-farm." Every great office was sold for the benefit of the King. The few rich were becoming richer, while the mass of the people were steeped in poverty —a poverty year by year becoming straiter through the increase of the cost of living, caused by the influx of American gold. There was much splendour at Court, and much show of wealth among the grandees and the great

ecclesiastics, but we have ample evidence to prove that the nation at large was poor. There was a certain activity of commerce, and a movement in industry, greater, perhaps, than there has been since; but the country, as then administered, was a losing business. All public life under Philip II. had been extinguished. Aragon still claimed, indeed, to exercise her *fueros*, and sometimes, as in the affair of Antonio Perez, used them to thwart the King's humour.[1] But there was very little left of the old provincial constitutions and privileges. All power was centred in the Sovereign,—more completely, perhaps, than in any state in Christendom. Philip was absolute master, in fact if not in name, of the lives and liberties of his people. The Cortes still met occasionally, indeed, and it was a part of the tyrant's policy to pretend to consult them when he desired to divide his responsibilities; but, except to vote supplies or to pass resolutions in restraint of vice or luxury, the Cortes had ceased to be a living power in the State.

There may be another side to the picture, as it is inevitable that there should be. This does not claim to be the last word on Philip II. I am writing, not the history of Philip, but the life of Cervantes—treating of Philip only as he had to do with my hero. There are apologists for Philip II., of course. Henry VIII. has been shown to be a gentle and noble prince, zealous for his country's good. Charles II. was no worse than he should be—even too good for his dull and over-virtuous country. Pedro the Cruel was remarkable for his love of justice. Ivan of Russia was a stern represser of evil-doers. Nero's amiable character brought him to ruin; and of Tiberius the worst to be said, it has been proved, is that he was too fond of seclu-

[1] Aragon had, from a remote date, her own especial laws and privileges, *fueros*, to which she clung with great tenacity, and always possessed a greater share of individual liberty than any of the kingdoms which, under Ferdinand and Isabella, became provinces.

sion. It is enough for me, here, to say that the rule of Philip II. was out of harmony with the spirit and unfavourable to the genius of at least one good Spaniard, who is more to the world than he who governed Spain for nearly half a century. That Philip was steadfast in his devotion to his own conception of duty, nor without a certain dignity in his kingly office, it is impossible to deny. He was free from some of the commoner vices of kings. He was frugal, temperate, and fairly continent. He had a pride in himself and in his cause. The prudence for which his countrymen give him chief praise was rather caution—a caution which sprang rather from a general suspicion of men's motives than from confidence in his own. He trusted no one. His own agents he was always trying to deceive to their ruin or to circumvent for their confusion. His frugality was practised at the expense of his officers. He was as penurious as Elizabeth herself, and starved the soldiers who bled for him. His caution was often rashness, and his economy extravagance. What is there more to say which is pertinent to this history, which proposes to tell of a romance and its begetter?

Amidst the general decay of all the natural forces of the country one power only throve and grew, with a vigour and vitality which were the sure forerunners, as they were among the chief causes, of the fast-hastening decrepitude of Spain. Under Philip II., if nothing else flourished, the Church was in rude and rampant health. To quote the words of the English Ambassador, Sir Charles Cornwallis (written in the next reign, but as true of the state of things under Philip II.), "the riches of the Temporall hath in a manner all fallen into the mouthes and devouring throates of the Spirituall." Under Philip commenced that rage for religion,—at least, that enthusiasm for the idle and luxurious life led by the monks and nuns,—which attained to such prodigious and almost incredible lengths within the next

generation. While everything else withered, the Church alone remained green and luxuriant. So vast an establishment for the service of God was, perhaps, never maintained in any other country on earth, with so beggarly a return in the shape of good morals. All virtue, all enthusiasm, all intellect—whatever was spared from America—went in the direction of the Church. There is something appalling in the rush which was made towards the religious life and the religious endowments in that age and in the succeeding one. The Spanish writers, in their pious exultation, help us to ample evidence. In a petition to the King, only a few years after Philip II.'s death, the Cortes—even the Cortes—express their alarm at the multiplication of churches and convents. They say that there were in Spain 9088 monasteries, not reckoning the nunneries, which "little by little, with dotations, confraternities, chapelries, or purchases, are getting the whole kingdom into their power."[1] In the beginning of the reign of Philip's son, the two orders of Dominicans and Franciscans alone numbered 32,000 members. In two bishoprics, Calahorra and Pamplona, Dávila reckons that there were 24,000 of clergy. In the diocese of Seville there were 14,000 ministers of religion, the cathedral alone engaging the services of a hundred priests.[2] Within the whole dominions of Philip, with a population, excluding the wild Indians of South America, which could not have exceeded 50,000,000,[3] there were 58 archbishops, 684 bishops,

[1] See the authorities quoted by Buckle in his famous chapter on the history of the Spanish intellect, in his *History of Civilisation*, vol. ii. p. 476. I have never found Buckle wrong in his citations, though often hasty in his conclusions.

[2] See Dávila and Yañez, in their histories of Philip III., Gerónimo de Cevallos, *Discurso de los Remones*, etc., and a cloud of other witnesses, lay and ecclesiastic.

[3] Ticknor and others make it 100,000,000; but this is surely an exaggeration, unless we include all the unreclaimed Indians of Mexico and South America. In Spain, the population, which under the Romans used to be reckoned at 14,000,000 (probably an exaggeration), and in the time of Ferdinand and

11,400 abbeys, 936 chapters, 127,000 parishes, 7000 religious hospitals, 23,000 religious orders and confraternities, 46,000 monasteries, 13,500 nunneries, 312,000 secular priests, 400,000 monks, 200,000 friars and other ecclesiastics.[1] About 1,000,000 human beings cut off from natural and wholesome life, and dedicated to a life of idleness, whether in mortification or in luxury! To crown all, there hung over the land the black shadow of the Inquisition. The age of most abundance and fruitfulness in Spain,—the seed-time, if not the harvest, of the national genius,—was also unhappily the age of the greatest oppression. The crop, debarred from free growth, shut out from wholesome light and air, chilled and stunted by the cold breath of the Holy Office, produced little but sickly and distorted weeds. The period of activity in art and in letters coincided with the renewed vigour of the Church against heresy and free thought. What Bossuet called "the holy severity of the Church of Rome, which will not tolerate error," was never more conspicuous than in the reign of Philip II. The Inquisition, which had been comparatively idle during the tolerant age of Charles, had broken out into new heat under his son. From 1556 to 1597 the tale of heretics roasted gives a total of 3990, or about 140 a year. Besides, there were 18,450 imprisoned for various terms and sent to the galleys. Not

Isabella at 15,000,000, had declined at the end of Philip's reign to 12,000,000. The Milanese, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and the other Italian dominions of Spain might have contained a third more. The Low Countries could not have numbered more than 4,000,000. This leaves 18,000,000 for America and the colonies.

[1] The Rev. Dr. Dunham, in his *History of Spain*, on the whole an honest piece of work, though with a strong bent towards absolutism and ecclesiasticism, quotes these figures not only without wonder but actually with a certain complacency, defending them as "not so outrageous," and as evidencing a state of things over which good Churchmen should rejoice, following up this glorious list of good things belonging to the Church with the remark that "at this time the state of the Peninsular population was one of comparative comfort."

even the Primate of all Spain was spared, for Archbishop Carranza of Toledo suffered seventeen years of torture in prison for maintaining in print that "works done without charity are sins and offend God."[1] With the fear of this dread tribunal, with its secret purposes, its mysterious agents, and its invisible spies, darkening every act of life, invading every home and shadowing all communion of man with man—what nation, however powerful and wealthy, vigorous of spirit and ripe of genius, could hope to retain greatness?

Such a world as this it was into which Miguel de Cervantes, with his gifts, his experiences, and his yearnings, was launched at the close of the year 1580. The records of his life are extremely scanty, and such as are furnished chiefly out of his own works. Despairing of other employment and waiting for the preferment he believed to be his due, Cervantes was driven to take service again as a soldier, resuming his place in the ranks of his old regiment of Figueroa, which was now on the frontier, forming part of the army destined for the subjugation of Portugal. In this regiment was also carrying a musket (if we can believe his own story) a youth called Lope de Vega, destined to be a lifelong competitor with Cervantes.[2] The *Tercio de Figueroa*,

[1] *Opera quæcunque sine caritate facta sunt peccata et Deum offendunt*—which is precisely the sentiment put by Cervantes in the Duchess' mouth in respect of Sancho's penance (*Don Quixote*, Part II. ch. xxxvi.), in the passage which was expurgated by the Holy Office.

[2] We have only Lope's own authority for it in rhyme, which, though accepted by all the biographers, I hold to be worthless. The dates do not square with each other, or with the known facts of Lope's life. He says, or sings, that at *fifteen* he was brandishing "a naked sword" against the Portuguese in Terceira. But the first expedition to the Azores was not until 1582, and Lope was born in 1562. It follows that, either he did not go to Terceira, or that he was not fifteen but twenty when he went there. But in 1582 Lope was in the service of the young Duke of Alva as secretary, having just left the University of Alcalá. Lope was much given to lying, and it may be that this particular invention about wielding the naked sword in Terceira was needed to cover some less heroic passage in his stormy youth—which was sufficiently rich in

since last Cervantes served in it, had become famous by its exploits in the Low Countries under Don Juan and his successors, and was now generally known as the *tercio de Flándes*. It was still commanded by the veteran Lope de Figueroa, who at this date,—according to Calderon's play of the *Alcalde de Zalamea*, the scene of which is laid on the road to Portugal,—was old and gouty. The regiment itself, though retaining its ancient renown in arms, seems not to have improved, if we are to believe Calderon, in discipline or in morals since its service abroad. The soldiers, ill paid and worse cared for, had acquired an evil name throughout the country-side for their misdeeds, and are said to have been more dreaded by the people than any enemy.

In the beginning of 1580 King Philip's preparations for the invasion of Portugal had been suspended through his illness, caused as it was said through fever brought on by grief for the loss of his fourth wife, Anne of Austria. His claims on Portugal were founded on his being the son of the Infanta Isabel, sister of Joam III., who left no legitimate male issue—the last of the old line of Portuguese kings. But there was another claimant in the person of Antonio, who figures in history as the Prior of Ocrato. He was the bastard son of Luis, the brother of Joam III. France supported his claim out of jealousy of the aggrandisement of Spain. Elizabeth gave him fair words but poor succour in her usual fashion, not caring to risk much in his enterprise, yet willing to hurt Philip, in accordance with her policy of war with Spain at all points.

On land there was very little opposition to the march of the Spanish army. By the spring of 1581 the Duke of Alva had completed the conquest of Portugal. But Don Antonio, aided by France, continued to maintain the contest at sea,

scandalous episodes, if we may trust what is believed to be the story of his own life in *Dorothea*.

having his centre in the Azores, the inhabitants of which were in his favour. Contrary to what the Spanish historians assert, England gave the Prior of Ocrato no help, though Elizabeth would not—perhaps could not—prevent some of her ardent sea-adventurers from sharing in the enterprise, through the eternal hatred of Spain and probably the hope of plunder. A fleet of 60 French ships, under the command of Philippo Strozzi, a distinguished military captain, of much experience on land though unversed in affairs of the sea, was despatched to the Azores in support of Don Antonio's cause. They were joined by 6 English privateers from Plymouth. An expedition was organised at Lisbon against him, under the veteran admiral Alvaro de Bazan, Marquess of Santa Cruz, in which Cervantes and his brother Rodrigo took part. The headquarters of the regiment of Figueroa were at Lisbon. Some disputes between the naval and the military commanders frustrated the first expedition prepared against Don Antonio, and it was not until the summer of 1582 that the Spanish fleet under Santa Cruz appeared off the island of Terceira, the largest of the Azores. Serving on board of the ships were 3000 infantry of the Figueroa regiment, "chosen men," says the chronicler, "well-trained old veterans, able and well-disciplined."[1] The Spanish fleet was to have been reinforced by a squadron from Cadiz under Aguirre, but Aguirre did not join in time to take part in the operations. According to Herrera[2] the Spaniards had 27 ships, with 3000 soldiers on board. Opposed to them, under the command of Strozzi and Le Brissac, were 60 French vessels, smaller in size, but with 6000 soldiers, including those on shore. A fierce battle was fought off Angra, which ended in a complete victory for Santa Cruz. Miguel de Cervantes

[1] Mosquera de Figueroa, *Comentário de la Jornada de las Islas de los Azores* (1596).

[2] Antonio de Herrera, *História de Portugal*, 1591.

and his brother Rodrigo were on board the galleon *San Mateo*, one of the two flagships, which bore the brunt of the fighting and suffered very heavily, having been surrounded and assailed by three of the enemy. The Marquess of Santa Cruz is charged by the French writers who treat of this battle with a deed of savage brutality. He is said to have ordered Philippo Strozzi, when brought before him, bleeding of his wounds, to be flung into the sea. But Herrera, from the Spanish side,—a contemporary historian of these events,—says that Strozzi was dead of his wounds when taken on board the Spanish flagship. Of the prisoners taken the officers and gentlemen were beheaded, and the common men hanged to the number of over 300.[1] But it was a cruel age, when war had lost much of its civility. The old chivalry was dead; the new humanity was not yet born. The Spaniards excuse Santa Cruz, who in other passages of his life had not been wanting in generosity, on the ground that the French partisans of Don Antonio were pirates, there being at that time peace between Spain and France. The Marquess of Santa Cruz returned to Lisbon on the 25th of September. His work, however, was not yet done, for a third expedition was despatched in the following year against the refractory Don Antonio, whose adherents had made head again, leaving Lisbon on the 23rd of June. Terceira was again the scene of an obstinate struggle, in which Rodrigo Cervantes so greatly distinguished

[1] The historians have taken very little note of this sea-fight, in which England is generally made to play a part. Mr. Froude has a page about it in his great history, but it is, as usual, full of blunders. Strozzi is called "a veteran" and "the old admiral,"—but he was neither an admiral nor old. He was only in his forty-second year, and had never been at sea before. It was Santa Cruz, born in 1510, who was the old admiral. Mr. Froude gives the Spanish force as double that of the French, but the Spaniards quote the figures, showing the French were superior in numbers of ships and men, though their ships were smaller. Mr. Froude's story about Santa Cruz intending to have had Strozzi, if taken alive, pulled to pieces between four boats, is beyond credence as past proof.

himself by his personal valour as to obtain the notice of his commander and promotion to the rank of an *alférez*, or subaltern officer.[1] Whether Miguel also was in this expedition is not certain. We know from his own memorial to the King, some years afterwards, petitioning for employment, that he served under the Marquess of Santa Cruz in the Azores, but it was probably in no very active or prominent capacity. In a contemporary record of the campaign in the Azores appears an eulogistic sonnet by Miguel de Cervantes, in which "the great Marquess" (the same whose beard was singed by Drake at the entrance of the Tagus in 1585) is exalted for his great deeds in the usual hyperbolical style of the period.[2] After the completion of the work in the Azores and the suppression of Don Antonio, the Spanish fleet returned to port,—on this occasion to Cadiz, there to receive, says the historian, the applause of all good Spaniards.

With this ended the military career of Miguel de Cervantes. The precise date of his leaving the regiment of Figueroa is not recorded. During his stay in Lisbon, he conceived a favourable opinion of the Portuguese and of their city, lavishing on them much praise for their agreeable, courteous, and liberal manners; commending their language as sweet and pleasant, and especially admiring the beauty and lovable qualities of their women[3]—praise rarely earned by

[1] Rodrigo de Cervantes was one of three who jumped into the surf at the attack on the forts which defended the Puerto de las Muelas near the city of Angra in Terceira, and led the party of soldiers against the French under Bourguignon, by whom the place was defended; *Comentário de la Jornada de las Islas de los Azores.* It does not appear that on either this or the former occasion the English took any part in the fighting.

[2] This was he whose deeds "neither oblivion, nor time, nor death can consume,"—the greatest of Spain's sea-captains, who was nominated to the command of the Invincible Armada, but died suddenly just before it sailed, and was succeeded by the incapable Duke of Medina Sidonia,—a change very much to the benefit of England.

[3] How deeply imprinted on the heart of Cervantes was the memory of this

the Portuguese from their neighbours, and in that age especially most uncommon. Cervantes had room in his large heart for every one—Moors, Portuguese, even Englishmen—in days when the English Queen was looked upon by Spanish patriots as a monster outside of humanity, and when Lope de Vega could write his *Dragontea*, foaming with wrath and spite, over the dead Sir Francis Drake. Of the Portuguese ladies Cervantes' good opinion was not without return. He had an amour with one unknown, by tradition a lady of high quality, the fruit of which was a daughter, Isabel, his only child,—her father's constant companion till his death.[1]

At some period which his biographers have not been able to fix with any certainty, but probably subsequent to his return from the last expedition under the Marquess of Santa Cruz, Cervantes was at Mostagan, on the coast of Barbary, then a Spanish possession,—whence he was sent to Spain by the Governor with despatches for the King, by whom he was ordered on some service, most likely in connexion with the provisioning of the troops, to Oran, where also was a Spanish garrison.[2] This employment, which may have flattered Cervantes' hopes of civil preferment, seems to have led to no immediate results.

Meanwhile Cervantes was engaged in preparing for the press his first acknowledged book, a mixed prose and poetical romance, upon the model of the pastorals then in fashion, entitled *Galatea*. He had also in contemplation

pleasant time in Portugal, is proved by the singular enthusiasm with which he speaks of the country and of the people thirty years afterwards in his *Persiles y Sigismunda* (bk. iii. ch. vii.). This was in an age when, as Byron says in *Childe Harold*—

> Well did the Spanish hind the difference know
> 'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

[1] Called Doña Isabel de Saavedra, who after her father's death took the veil, and entered a convent of bare-footed Trinitarian nuns at Madrid.

[2] The sole authority for these facts is Cervantes' memorial to the King in 1590, in which they are recited. See Appendix C.

about this time another important step in his life, which was his marriage.[1]

[1] Sir Richard Burton, in one of his notes to the translation of the *Lusiads* (vol. iii. p. 67), remarks that, "seeing they must often have heard of one another, curious to say, Camoens never mentions Cervantes." It would have been curious if he had. Camoens was born in 1524,—twenty-three years before Cervantes. *The Lusiads* was published in 1572. Its author died in 1579,—six years before Cervantes published his first book. Cervantes mentions Camoens once in *Don Quixote* (Part II. ch. lviii.).

CHAPTER VI

The Author of 'Galatea'

A NEW epoch in the life of Cervantes opens in 1584. In that year he printed his first book, and married a wife—these two momentous steps being, in more than one way, connected. He was now in his thirty-seventh year; and perhaps there could be no more fitting time to describe his personal appearance. There is no curiosity so natural or reasonable as that which seeks to know how the great men of the past, whose names are eternal, looked to the world when alive. Few men there are whose features we should more gladly call up than that of the author of *Don Quixote*. Unhappily, the creations of his fancy have a more real presence than is retained by their creator. The images of Don Quixote and of Sancho Panza we can recall with a sufficient distinctness, in spite of all that several generations of painters and engravers have done to distort and disfigure Cervantes' ideals. But of Cervantes himself we have not, alas! any pictured memorial. The Stratford bust and the Droeshout portrait have done something, if not very much, to enable us to realise the features of Shakspeare. But the country of Cervantes has preserved no true effigy or picture which can be safely accepted as the portrait of the author of *Don Quixote*. Spain, ever *incuriosa suorum*—careless in every point and circumstance of her greatest genius, neglectful of him when he lived, not knowing where he was born, and

still indifferent to where he was buried,—by a supreme and almost incredible piece of apathy has allowed all trace of at least two portraits of Cervantes, which were painted in his lifetime by well-known artists, to be lost, or, if extant, to be past identification. More fortunate than his contemporary, Shakspeare, Cervantes lived in an age when art was in the full vigour of its spring. He is known to have been intimate with two of the best of the early Spanish painters—Francisco Pacheco, the master and father-in-law of Velasquez, and Juan Jáureguy, poet as well as artist, whom our author extols in several of his writings. There is no reason for doubting the statement,—in itself most credible and confirmed by what Cervantes himself says, at least in regard to one of them,[1]—that by both Cervantes' portrait was painted. Pacheco is known to have made a collection of a hundred and seventy portraits, in black and red chalk, of all the most eminent men of his time; and that Cervantes' portrait was among them cannot be doubted.[2] That a portrait by Jáureguy

[1] See the opening sentences of the address to the reader in the Prologue to *Novelas Exemplares*. Cervantes is apologising for some friend who, like many others in the course of his life, has dealt with him rather according to his worldly state than his genius, "which friend might well have engraved and sculpt me on the first leaf, since the famous D. Juan de Jáureguy gave him my portrait." I cannot understand any one reading the words and concluding, as a recent English translator has done (who seems to think that Cervantes got no more than his deserts in his treatment by his countrymen), that "they imply nothing more than that Jáureguy could or would paint a portrait of him if asked to do so." Surely they imply that there was such a picture, but that the friend who might have engraved it for the book failed to do so, as Cervantes hints, because he was not sure of being paid for his work. It is not the picture but the print from it, the absence of which Cervantes so good-humouredly bewails, in the reader's interest.

[2] See Navarrete, pp. 92, 196, and 537. Navarrete, who in matters of fact may be entirely trusted, quotes from the *Grandezas de España* of Pedro de Medina, published in 1590, in which, speaking of Seville, the author says it was the centre of men of learning and letters. In that year Cervantes was residing at Seville, now well known by his poems and plays; and Pacheco, a great lover of literary company and a poet himself, was one of his friends. It is Pacheco himself who tells us, in his *Arte de la Pintura* (bk. iii. ch. viii.), that he had

existed, from which an engraving was to have been made, to be affixed to the first edition of the *Novelas Exemplares*, we know by the opening words of the author's preface, apologising to his readers for its non-appearance. What has become of these two portraits? For more than a hundred years,—since Spain awoke to discover the merit of the author of *Don Quixote*,—they have been lost. If they exist at all, they are hidden away in some old museum or private gallery, doing duty, perhaps, for ancestors of the family or kinsmen. But what, then, it will be said, of that stately and ultra-Spanish face, which looks out upon us in all the modern editions of *Don Quixote*,—that "portrait of a gentleman," in a dress of surprising splendour and newness such as Cervantes never wore in his life—he who had not even a cloak in his old age to clothe him before Apollo[1]—all starched and frilled, in a collar of the period, in a close-

drawn more than a hundred and seventy portraits in black and red chalk. Rodrigo Caro, in his *Claros Varones de Sevilla*, confirms Pacheco's statement, adding that to every portrait was appended an eulogy, and that of the whole collection a volume was made which Pacheco sent to the Conde-Duque de Olivares, the celebrated favourite of Philip IV. Pacheco, born in 1568, lived to 1654. After his death his collection of portraits was broken up, some of them being engraved in various books of that and the following century. In 1830 the book, with a reduced number of drawings, was in the possession of one Don Vicente Avilés. From him or his successors it passed, in 1864, after various fortunes, into the hands of Señor Asensio, one of the most devoted, persevering, and enlightened of all modern Cervantists, who has done so much by his own labours to atone for the past ill-treatment of Cervantes by his countrymen. The precious volume, which has been carefully reproduced by photo-lithography (Seville, 1869), now contains only fifty-six portraits, among which, unhappily, that of Cervantes is not to be found. See for a very full account of Pacheco's work and its history Asensio's *Francisco Pacheco, sus Obras Artísticas y Literarias*. Seville, 1886.

[1] See his reply when advised by Apollo to show no resentment at unkind Fortune, but to "fold up his cloak and sit thereon":—

—Bien parece, señor, que no se advierte,
Le respondí, que yo no tengo capa.

("It seems, my Lord, then that you have not noted,"
I answered him, "that I possess no cloak.")

buttoned doublet of the fashionable cut, who so long has decorated our frontispieces, to the confusion of all physiognomy? Unhappily for those who insist upon a portrait of the real man,—perhaps happily for Cervantes and his character,—this is an impostor, who is easily exposed. The story of how this head came to delude the world as the *vera effigies* of the great Spaniard is a singular one. When, in 1738, Lord Carteret, to please Queen Caroline, brought out his fine edition of *Don Quixote* in four large quarto volumes —the first in which the text received due honour as a classic and still one of the handsomest which has ever appeared, printed in all the luxury of Tonson's type and adorned with gorgeous and ghastly sculptures by Vanderbank and Vandergutch—all possible efforts were made, through the British Ambassador in Spain, to discover a portrait of Cervantes, to be engraved in the frontispiece. According to the opening sentence in Dr. Oldfield's preface, no portrait of Miguel de Cervantes could be found, in spite of all the enquiries made at Lord Carteret's instance through the British Ambassador at Madrid.[1] In this extremity William Kent, the well-known English artist, was set to make a figure of the author of *Don Quixote* which should be appropriate to his great design in writing that book. This task William Kent executed in all good faith and with perfect honesty, taking for his guidance the minute and particular account of his person and features which Cervantes himself drew in the prologue to the *Novelas Exemplares*, in lieu of the print, after Jáureguy, of which he was disappointed—which, perhaps, he could not afford to have engraved. That there was no attempt at deception, by palming off an imaginary for a true portrait, is proved by

[1] *No aviendo hallado (por mas solicitud que se aya puesto) retrato alguno de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, ha parecido conveniente poner en el frontispício de su Historia de Don Quixote de la Mancha una representacion que figure el gran designio que tuvo tan ingenioso Autor*—says Dr. Oldfield. (*Advertencias sobre las estampas desta Historia*, in the first page of vol. i. of the *Don Quixote* of 1738.)

the lettering—*Retrato de Miguel de Cervantes per el Mismo* (Portrait of Miguel de Cervantes by Himself). The figure is a three-quarter length, representing a man in the prime of life, elegantly attired, with the well-known ruff and frills, seated on a chair, with a pen in his hand. The left arm ends at the wrist in a stump. In the background is a picture of Don Quixote on horseback, fully armed, with Sancho on his ass behind. In the margin is the painter's name and legend—"G. Kent invent. et delint." The design is wholly conventional, precisely such as any foreign artist might have drawn out of his own imagination after reading Cervantes' description of himself and hearing a little about *Don Quixote*. That this could be no true portrait, and that the print could not have been copied out of any contemporary picture or engraving, is proved by the left hand being represented as mutilated, and by the introduction of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Cervantes' left hand, as we have shown in a previous chapter, had not been lopped off but only disabled; nor is he known to have been painted by any one after the publication of *Don Quixote*, when he was nearly sixty years of age.

This fanciful picture drawn by the English artist, William Kent, to decorate the first great English edition of *Don Quixote*, has served as the basis of all the existing portraits of Cervantes. The invention proved an entire success—that highly-typical Spaniard, with the hooked nose, the large moustache, the round eyes, and the baby mouth, in the portentous collar, having achieved a triumph such as few works of English art ever won outside of England. The after-history of this child of William Kent's fancy is very curious. When, some forty years afterwards, the Spanish Academy, shamed by the homage paid to Cervantes by foreigners, brought out their own first classical edition of *Don Quixote*, more fortunate than the English editors they were able to give what claimed to be a true portrait of the

author. The narrative of its discovery, as told by the Spanish editors in their preface, is as romantic as the story told by the author himself of the finding of the missing portion of *Don Quixote*[1]—fitting into its place, at the head of the first Spanish edition, with a neatness and felicity none the less admirable for being wholly undesigned. The editors begin by ingenuously confessing that all trace of the two portraits of Cervantes known to have been painted in his lifetime were at that date (1780) lost beyond recovery. But by great good luck, precisely when they most wanted a portrait with which to deck their edition, the Conde del Aguila, a patriotic nobleman of Seville, was found to possess one. The Conde del Aguila had purchased it some years before of a picture-dealer in Madrid, who sold it as the work of Alonso del Arco. But here was a little difficulty, as the Academy naïvely suggest. Alonso del Arco, the deaf and dumb painter, was born in 1625, nine years after the death of Cervantes, so that he could not have painted his picture from the life. The Academy, however, wanted a portrait of Cervantes badly, in order to be on a level with their English rivals. They seem to have pursued their investigations in a spirit of thrifty research resembling that in which Don Quixote tested his helmet, which, on the first trial, we learn that he demolished with ease; "and so, without caring to make a fresh trial of it, he constituted and accepted it for a very perfect good helmet." The Academy, fearing to prove too much and to lose their prize if they persevered with their enquiries, pronounced the Conde del Aguila's picture a very good and proper portrait—if not an original, probably the copy of some original by Jáureguy, or Pacheco, or some one else, executed in Cervantes' lifetime.[2] It was

[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. ch. ix.

[2] There is a portrait, said to be by Velasquez, several times engraved—last in Paris, 1853, by Leissner, with a dedication to the Empress—of which little need be said, as it is on the face of it apocryphal. It represents a man of between

accordingly engraved and prefixed to the great edition of *Don Quixote* printed by Ibarra in 1780, with copper-plates by native artists, which were at least as grotesque and even worse drawn than the rival Dutch embellishments. But now a strange thing appeared. The portrait in the Academy's edition, which was a bust only, was found to be identical in feature, in look, and in *pose* with Kent's ideal portrait of 1738. It was in an oval frame, bordered with appropriate emblematical devices, showing only the face and the upper part of the body, but with the same dress, the same starched and enormous ruff, the same pronounced aquiline nose, and smug, well-contented expression, with the eyes a size larger and rounder,—the mouth even smaller, and the moustache more trim and pointed. The Academy's own explanation of this mystery (of which the true solution is, of course, that the Conde del Aguila, or the dealer who sold him the picture, had copied the English print) can scarcely be said to be satisfactory, as, indeed, it has not satisfied even Spaniards themselves. They submitted, they say, Conde del Aguila's picture to two professional painters, who, comparing it with Kent's print, came to the conclusion that it was the older of the two; that the style was of the schools of Vincenzo Carducho and Eugénio Cajes, who flourished in the reign of Philip IV.; and that, though not a contemporary portrait, it must have been copied from an older picture, probably of the time of Cervantes. These conclusions, which to an unprejudiced judgment appear to be self-contradictory and mutually destructive, were accepted by the Academy as decisive. While admitting that the one portrait must have

forty and fifty years, with a dull repulsive countenance, habited in a costume certainly not of a fashion earlier than 1640. This could not have been painted from the life by Velasquez, for, born in June, 1599, the painter was only in his seventeenth year when Cervantes died. Nor is Velasquez known to have left any picture painted from a life-sketch of Cervantes. Had such existed, we may be sure that it would have been discovered by the Academy when in quest of a genuine portrait to adorn their first edition.

been a copy of the other, they tried to make the world believe, as several generations of good Spaniards have believed, that it was the earlier one which was the copy, the later the true original. This absurd theory cannot deceive any but those who desire to be deceived. Putting aside the palpable internal evidences of falsity in the picture itself,—the features, which could never have belonged to Cervantes; the costume, which he never could have worn; the accessories, which openly proclaim the cheat—the idea that the English editors, having a true and accredited portrait before them wherewith for the first time to adorn an edition of *Don Quixote* and give it value, should deliberately prefer to call it an invention, is too preposterous to need a word in its refutation. If Lord Carteret's editor had a real portrait of Cervantes before him, is it likely that he should lie and tell his readers he could not find one? What could have been the motive for any such deception? Lord Carteret's edition of 1738 was clearly not designed for the trade or intended for commerce. It was carried through in a pure spirit of courtesy for the queen of George II. and of reverence for Cervantes. Is it credible that the fact of a genuine portrait being in existence should be concealed? Why should it be concealed? Surely, if there was such a portrait, as the Spanish Academicians pretend to believe, it was rather Lord Carteret's interest to exhibit a print of it to the world than to have an imaginary portrait made for his frontispiece. The whole story as told by the Spanish Royal Academy of Letters is too absurd, and little creditable to their acumen, good taste, or candour. But it is of a piece with all the rest of the history of the treatment of Cervantes by his countrymen.[1]

[1] Navarrete, like a good Spaniard, accepts the decision of the Academy, which Ticknor also seems to support, on the ground that "the old picture," meaning Conde del Aguila's, is "*conforme en todo*" with the author's own description of himself. But it must be evident that this can be no proof of its genuineness; for, of course, the painter, whoever he was, would take care to keep as close to

To the long story of the quest of Cervantes' portrait there yet belongs another chapter. Not content with the effigy which had done duty for so many years among Spaniards as the true image of Miguel de Cervantes, a gentleman of Seville, Don José Maria Asensio y Toledo,—one of the most ardent and enlightened of the modern race of Cervantophiles, who has done knight's service in the cause of the author of *Don Quixote*,—following up a clue contained in a certain anonymous manuscript relating to the history of his native city, was led to search among certain pictures known to have been painted by Pacheco (about 1600) for a convent at Seville. In the manuscript was a note to the effect that in one of six pictures was a portrait of Miguel de Cervantes. The pictures were a series intended to celebrate the good deeds of the brethren of the Redemptorist Order, in the release of captives from Algiers. Pacheco was known to be a friend of Cervantes; and Cervantes was certainly among the most famous of the captives redeemed from Algiers. Furnished with these lights, Señor Asensio, aided by some artist friends, made a careful search among Pacheco's six pictures now in the Provincial Museum of Seville, late the convent of *La Merced*. Among them was one numbered and described: "No. 19. *San Pedro de Nolasco en uno de los pasos de su vida*" (St. Peter of Nola in one of the passages of his life). It represents a boat putting off from the Algerian shore, in and about which are seven figures, one of which is the saint himself, apparently in the act of embarking. Among the other six, which Señor Asensio has satisfied himself are all portraits, is a man standing on the stern of the boat, pushing her off from shore with

the written description as he could. By the majority of Spanish Cervantists in the present day, the puerile fable of the Conde del Aguila's picture is rejected; the fancy portrait by Kent being admitted to be the original. Yet to this day the national artists go on repeating the same well-worn face on canvas, in stone, and in brass; and the national poets continue to write sonnets on that forged nose and those artificial eyes.

a pole—with his left hand, which is obscurely painted, as though to hide its disfigurement—attired like a sailor, with bare legs and feet, and a wide, low-crowned hat. He has his face turned to the spectator, as though the artist intended him to be fully seen. This is Miguel de Cervantes, according to Señor Asensio. Unfortunately, the conclusion is but the last step in a long process of conjectures. There is no proof whatever that Señor Asensio is right; nor can there be any proof until the missing sketch of Cervantes in black and red, known to have been included in Pacheco's contemporary book of portraits, is discovered. All we can say in favour of Señor Asensio's hypothesis is that it is a very ingenious and plausible one. That it may prove to be true, should be the prayer of every lover of Cervantes. For this might be, if it is not, the portrait of the author of *Don Quixote*; and, at least, it is vastly better than the cheat which has long imposed on the world—the terrible creature of Kent's fancy. The figure in the boat represents a man in the prime of early manhood, such as Cervantes was when he was released from captivity. The face, though badly modelled and ill drawn, is a singularly fine one, and such as might well belong to Miguel de Cervantes. The broad forehead, the beautiful eyes, the well-defined and prominent nose, the shapely head set upon a manly neck and shoulders, are somewhat marred by a weak chin and jaw; but the physiognomist will discover in all these features nothing but what is characteristic of the genius and temperament of Cervantes. Señor Asensio rather spoils his own case by saying, as a climax to his reasoning in favour of the truth of his discovery, that the face of *el barquero* resembles that in the Conde del Aguila's picture. But that which is a forgery can lend no confirmation to that which claims to be true. The two portraits are really quite distinct, and could never have been painted of one and the same man.[1]

[1] See Asensio's *Nuevos Documentos para ilustrar la vida de Miguel de Cervantes*,

A far better testimony in favour of *el barquero* is that his features tally exactly with the portrait of himself which Cervantes has painted in words.[1] In the prologue to his Novels, written when he was in his sixty-sixth year, after asking his readers to excuse him for not giving them an engraving from Jáureguy's picture in the frontispiece, the author thus paints himself:—"He whom you see here, of aquiline feature, with chestnut hair, a smooth, unruffled forehead, with sparkling eyes, and a nose arched, though well proportioned,—a beard of silver which, not twenty years since, was of gold,—great moustaches, a small mouth, the teeth of no account, for he has but six of them, and they in bad condition and worse arranged, for they do not hold correspondence one with another; the body, between two extremes, neither great nor little; the complexion bright, rather white than brown; somewhat heavy in the shoulders —this, I say, is the aspect of the author of *Don Quixote of La Mancha*."[2] With this, which presents to us a sufficiently

etc. Seville, 1864. I write with an exact copy of the head and bust of *el barquero* in colours before me, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Señor Asensio. The head has been engraved in Sir William Stirling Maxwell's *Life of Don John of Austria*, who takes it unreservedly as a genuine portrait of Cervantes. It also appears in the frontispiece to Mr. Gibson's translation of the *Viaje del Parnaso*. In neither of these etchings is the expression of the original well conveyed. The eyes, especially, are of a wonderful softness and brilliancy in the original, and the chin and jaw are not quite so feeble as in the reproductions. The autotype, made from a copy taken directly from Pacheco's picture, which is given in the frontispiece to this volume, gives a very good idea of the original.

[1] Here I must differ from Ticknor, who, in a note to Asensio's book, printed in the catalogue of his library at Boston, says that "the handsome boatman is very unlike the description Cervantes gives of himself." Ticknor could not have seen the original picture at Seville, and is evidently speaking of the print given in Asensio's book, which is by no means a satisfactory reproduction of Pacheco's figure.

[2] *Prologo al Lector*, in the introduction to the *Novelas Exemplares*. The colour of the boatman's hair and beard is a ruddy chestnut in the original; and one touch at least of the verbal description—the shoulders *algo cargados*—is strikingly evident in Pacheco's picture. Cervantes belonged by blood to the old Gothic light-haired type of Spaniards, now fast dying out before the black-haired

striking and attractive personality, the world must be content. To enable us still further to call up the image of the man before our mind's eye, let it be added that he had a hesitation in his speech, of which he himself makes a jest, and to which his veiled adversary, Avellaneda, seems to allude; and that he was near-sighted.[1]

The *Galatea*, Cervantes' first book, appears to have been completed before the end of the year 1583.[2] It was approved for publication on the 1st of February, 1584, but, for some reason not explained, it was not published till the beginning of the year following.[3] The dedication, in which Cervantes speaks of his early life at Rome, is to Ascanio Colonna, Abbot of St. Sophia, the son of Marco Antonio, his old admiral at Lepanto. *Galatea* is a pastoral romance, or, as Cervantes calls it, an Eclogue, of the kind which the Portuguese poet, Jorge Montemayor, in his *Diana* had brought into fashion from Italy. A Valencian poet before Cervantes—Gil Polo—had improved upon Montemayor's model in his *Diana Enamorada*, which Cervantes praises

swarthy Iberian, more or less mixed—the type to which Camoens also belonged, as Sir Richard Burton remarks in his translation of *The Lusiads*,—the type of the conquering race,—of the Cid, of Don Enrique, the sailor prince of Portugal,—and of the best manhood of the Peninsula.

[1] In the Prologue to the *Novelas* he alludes to his infirmity of speech. Also in the *Viaje del Parnaso*, cap. iii. Also in the letter to Mateo Vasques, where he speaks of—

Mi lengua balbuziente y quasi muda.

Avellaneda, in his bitter, envenomed prologue to his parody of *Don Quixote*, which is a long personal attack on Cervantes, with an incredible malignity speaks of the author's having *mas lengua que manos*—"more tongue than hands."

[2] Cervantes speaks of it in his dedication as *las primicias de mi corto ingenio*—"the first-fruits of my poor wit." This must not be understood literally, and is not reconcilable with the evidences quoted by Navarrete in proof of the fact that even before the publication of *Galatea*, as early as 1581, Cervantes had been classed by Gálvez de Montalvo and by Pedro de Padilla among "the most famous poets of Castile."

[3] Navarrete and Ticknor, following all the older authorities, make the place of publication Madrid and the date 1584. But Salvá has proved in his Bibliography that the *Galatea* was first published at Alcalá, the author's birthplace, at the beginning of 1585.

somewhat extravagantly in the sixth chapter of the First Part of *Don Quixote*. The *Galatea* is, perhaps, the best in that kind, which, perhaps, is no great praise. That Cervantes' contemporaries thought so is proved by the fact that seven editions were called for in the author's lifetime, and by the praises which were lavished on the book, not only at home but abroad. That, judged by our modern standard of taste, the *Galatea* is tedious, feeble, and diffuse, is to condemn not so much the work of Cervantes as the taste and temper of the age in which he lived. Not much can be done with shepherds and shepherdesses in fable. They sing, they love, they talk. One asks another (not without cause) why he is dull; the other answers, because some girl whom he loves does not love him. Then, perhaps, the lady enters and gives many long reasons why she should love somebody else. No genius can invest such themes, whether in prose or in poetry, with any human interest. The life is unreal; the passions false; the loves and the occupations equally artificial. The best that can be said for the *Galatea* is that it is at least as good as any of its models. The taste for these things is now lost, but in that age the pastoral was highly popular. We know from the story told by Marquez Torres in his Approbation of the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, that even so late as 1614 gentlemen from France affected to letters had their *Galatea* by heart—prizing it, perhaps, even higher than *Don Quixote*. Who shall account for the caprices of taste in literature? Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* was once held in high esteem as a work of entertainment, and went through many editions. The Spanish *Galatea*, in its prose and verse, is at least as good as the English *Arcadia*. There is something in its gracefulness of style, its *naïveté*, its tender allusions to our "own agreeable Henares," by the verdant banks of which the well-clad shepherdesses were wont to sing their loves, or the shepherds, with pipe and rebeck,

to bewail their mistresses' cruelty—which makes this simple piece of affectation still live, if it is only for the sake of the author. In after years no one ridiculed this class of composition more happily than did Cervantes himself—preserving for it, as I have no doubt he did, a tender sentiment even while he ridiculed it, as for the books of chivalries. In the *Galatea* the absurdity inherent in such pastorals is heightened by the device, common to pastoralists of that age, of introducing real personages in the scene under romantic names. His future wife, in whose honour and for whose delectation the tradition runs that Cervantes composed the story, appears disguised as *Galatea*, while Cervantes himself masquerades as her lover, the shepherd *Elicio*. *Damon*, *Tirsi* (Thyrsis), *Timbrio*, *Erastro*, and all the rest are friends of the author, with, perhaps, their own stories told. Even the grave and reverend Hurtado de Mendoza is introduced as the shepherd *Meliso* lately deceased.[1] The opening scene has a peculiar interest as bearing on the circumstances of Cervantes' own love, rehearsed for the benefit of his mistress. The shepherd Elicio is enamoured of the peerless Galatea, who, though reared amidst pastoral and rustic parents, was of so lofty and exalted an understanding that the wittiest ladies of the court would have esteemed themselves happy to be like her not only in beauty but in wit, so rich and infinite were the gifts with which Heaven had adorned Galatea. She was adored by many shepherds of quality, among whom the gallant Elicio, to whom nature had been more bountiful than fortune or love, dared to love her, with as pure and sincere a love as the virtue and discretion of Galatea permitted. Of Galatea it is not understood that she abhorred Elicio, any more than she loved him, for sometimes as though conquered and compelled by his attentions she lifted him to heaven with

[1] Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, the author of *La Guerra de Granada*, died in 1575.

some chaste favour, and at other times, without taking thought of him, she would disdain him in such fashion that the love-lorn shepherd hardly knew what was to be his doom. In short, while Galatea did not wholly desire Elicio, Elicio could not and would not forget Galatea. And so on, in a strain which doubtless was not unfamiliar nor disagreeable to the fair Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano.

Introduced into the body of the romance, without much pertinency to what is doing, is a long poem called the *Canto de Calíope*, which is a catalogue of all the leading poets of Spain,—an enormous tribe, whose very names and obscurity are sufficient to deaden any attempt to preserve them alive. Some of the occasional stories and the episodes, though they have little to do with shepherding, are prettily told, with all Cervantes' grace and skill as a *raconteur*. The style throughout is pure, harmonious, and flexible, more correct than in the author's more famous later work. But, apart from the romantic circumstances of its birth, *Galatea*, though it brought our author fame, even beyond his own country, must be pronounced unworthy of his powers, as it was out of keeping with his genius. He himself, in the famous inquisition on Don Quixote's library, has pronounced a very fair verdict on the book (of which it must be remembered that he had promised a second part, which never came), by saying that "it contains a little of good invention: it proposes something but concludes nothing."[1]

A few days before the publication of *Galatea*, Cervantes was married at Esquívias, a small town of New Castile, between Madrid and Toledo, to Doña Catalina de Palacios Salazar[2]—a young lady of respectable family, perhaps a

[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. ch. vi.

[2] The lady's full name, as given in her deed of marriage settlement, is Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, the daughter of Hernando de Salazar y Vozmediano and Catalina de Palacios.

little higher than his own in worldly position. The 12th of December, 1584, was the date of the ceremony. There is a tradition that a kinsman of the bride's opposed the match, on the ground that the aspirant to the hand of Doña Catalina was not sufficiently endowed with the gifts of fortune; and that Cervantes, in revenge, made him the hero of *Don Quixote*.[1] This legend belongs to the foolish family of the inventions based on the theory that *Don Quixote* was a satire, intended to have a personal application. Very little is known about Cervantes' wife except that she was much younger than himself, that she bore him no children, and survived him more than ten years, requesting in her will to be buried by his side.[2] Cervantes settled upon her a dowry of a hundred ducats, which was estimated at that time to be a tenth of his fortune. By a subsequent deed, of which a copy is preserved with all the items, all the goods of Doña Catalina at the time of her marriage are secured to her by her husband. There is a curious inventory of the young lady's effects given by Pellicer, which proves that in worldly substance she must have been superior to her husband. The goods of Doña Catalina, the enumeration of which is not without a certain pathos, as showing what was held at that time to be more than equivalent to the fortune with which Cervantes was endowed, include several plantations of young vines in the district of Esquívias; six *fanegas* of meal and one of wheat at eight *reals*;[3] various articles of household furniture; two linen sheets, three of cotton; a cushion stuffed

[1] The story as told by Jimenez Serrano, in his article *Un Paseo á la Patria de Don Quixote* in the *Seminario Pintoresco*, 1848, is that it was a cousin of Cervantes' wife who opposed the match—one Don Rodrigo Pacheco, who was a *hidalgo* of Argamasilla, of whom and his picture in the parish church of that town I shall have more to say hereafter. Others say his name was Quesada.

[2] Doña Catalina died at Madrid on the 31st of October, 1626, and was buried in the convent of the Trinitarian nuns, in her husband's grave, of which the site is now forgotten.

[3] The *fanega* was a measure of grain about equal to an English bushel; eight *reals* would be one shilling and eightpence.

with wool, two pillows of the same, one good blanket and one worn; tables, chairs, pots and pans; a brasier, a grater, several jars, sacred images in alabaster and silver gilt; a crucifix, two little images of the baby Jesus, *con sus ropitas y camisitas*—with his little garments and body linen; four bee-hives, and forty-five hens and pullets, with one cock.[1] These details of household wealth seem to justify the opinion of those neighbours of Doña Catalina at Esquívias who held that in marrying the old maimed soldier she threw herself away.

Cervantes seems to have been resident in his wife's town of Esquívias for some months after his marriage. We find him at Madrid soon after, occupied in his first efforts to make a living by his pen.

[1] See the inventory in full as given by Pellicer in the Appendix to his Life of Cervantes, in his edition of *Don Quixote*, vol. i. p. 205.

CHAPTER VII

Literary Life in Madrid

In 1585 Cervantes moved from his wife's town of Esquívias to take up his residence for a time in Madrid. He had now finally adopted literature as a profession, having no other means than by his pen to support himself and those dependent upon him. These included at this time, and for some years afterwards, not only his wife and his little daughter, Isabel, but his widowed sister, Andrea, with one daughter, Costanza, now eight years of age. His other sister, Luisa, three years older than himself, had become a nun in 1565.[1] The household must have been a poor one, for, beyond some small income derived by the wife from her little estate in vines, and the earning of the sister by needlework, there was no other provision than such as Cervantes was able to make by his writings. This was a resource sufficiently precarious in that age, before letters had become recognised either as a calling or as a trade; when those who

[1] Of the other members of the family, the brother, Rodrigo, was serving with his company of the Figueroa regiment in Flanders. The mother, Doña Leonor de Cortinas, seems to have been living on her own small means; but that Cervantes still preserved the due filial relations with her is proved by her becoming one of his securities, in 1595, on account of his debt to the Crown. Pellicer, upon no other foundation than that one Doña Magdalena de Sotomayor, a *beata*, is named as a sister of Miguel de Cervantes, in a deposition made at Valladolid some years afterwards, makes Doña Leonor to have taken a second husband, one Nicolás de Sotomayor. But Navarrete proves that this could not be (*Vida de Cervantes*, p. 249).

wrote were many, and those who read were few; when authors were poorly paid, if paid at all, and publishers, in the modern sense, did not exist.

Cervantes was probably the first man of genius since the revival of learning who made an attempt to earn a livelihood by his pen, unaided by any other resource. The attempt was all the more desperate from the peculiar condition of Spain in the latter years of Philip's reign,—a condition which made the struggle for existence almost hopeless for a writer of original genius, who was also of independent mind. It was a period of extraordinary growth, combined with a season of sternest repression. Never was the Spanish intellect so fruitful or so busy; never was the popular taste so corrupt, or the restraints upon free thought so numerous and so degrading. The blight fell precisely when the ground was richest and the promise of a crop most hopeful. At that date no country in civilisation could boast of an intellectual energy so great as Spain. Her renown in arms, her supremacy in empire, seems to have acted as a spur to the national genius. The season of glory was the season of growth. In spite of all external checks, there was a spring of life in the nation such as Spain had never experienced. There was a tumult in the veins of the people such as even Philip could not repress, which the Church vainly attempted to stem or to guide. It was the dawn of the Golden Age in letters and in art. In one direction the outburst was phenomenal. The Spanish nation went into poetry with a vigour and unanimity such as could be nothing less than appalling to a man intending to enter the profession of letters. The easy Castilian tongue which, with its double resource of consonant and assonant, lends itself naturally to rhyme, grew poets at an alarming rate. The multitude of versifiers in Cervantes' time was so great as to be a standing joke with the wits. All Spain was a grove of singing-birds. Men in every station of life turned to verse-

making. Those who could not spell yet dared to rhyme. A theme was never wanting so long as fortune was unkind, Ministers forgetful, or hunger pressing. The struggle for existence brought out poets in shoals. "In every street four thousand poets," writes one, as the last news from Madrid.[1] There were tailor poets and cobbler poets, who rhymed when they should be sewing and heeling. Cervantes himself, in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, though the most tolerant of critics, who praised more bad writers than any good writer ever did, makes immense fun of the *poetambre*, the poetastery—the deluge of bards from the clouds—"the vulgar squadron of seven-month poets, twenty thousand strong, whose being is a mystery,"—"the useless rabble who attempt to storm the mount when they are not worthy to stand under its shade."[2]

Among the men of letters in that day, the very prime of the Golden Age of Spain, who out of the herd of small rhymesters and cultured ecclesiastics are distinguished (the man of letters in Philip's reign if not a soldier was always a priest), are some who, if mutual commendatory sonnets are to be believed, were the personal friends and associates of Cervantes. The Court of Madrid in 1585, under Philip II., was not very favourable to the cultivation of literature. Góngora, who had winged his way with the rest of the singing-birds from his loved Cordova to Madrid, vented his spleen "against the brutes of Circe's crew, who hunted for place with famished maw, suing for the great Ministers' favour," in more than one satirical sonnet,—railing at the Court and courtiers, their lies and flatteries. Among them, resident at Madrid, more fortunate than the rest as always, was the youthful Lope de Vega, then newly married to his first wife. The Phœnix of Spain, now in his twenty-

[1] *En cada calle quatro mil poetas*, says Tomé de Burguillos,—that is, Lope de Vega himself, who took that name to cover some of his more sportive effusions.

[2] See especially the second chapter of the *Viaje del Parnaso*. The whole poem is a good-natured satire on the poetasters of the day.

third year, and already famous as a poet, was mewing his wings for a new flight, in an interval between one scandalous adventure and another. As his wife's mother was a Cortinas from Barajas, the native village of Cervantes' mother, we may presume that the connexion led to some intercourse between the two households. But Lope was already happier in his fortunes than his rival, for he had attracted the notice of the young Duke of Alva (grandson of the famous general, of the Low Countries and of Portugal), to whom he was acting as confidential secretary.

In 1585, having written many eclogues (he commenced to rhyme before he could speak, and was an expert Latiner at five, according to his own story), he wrote his *Dorotea*, a dramatic romance, in which he introduced his own loves —already numerous, lawful and otherwise. Soon after he got into a quarrel with a gentleman of the Court, rehearsed a scene in one of his own plays of the Sword and Cloak, wounded his adversary after lampooning him, and was cast into prison, whence after release he was exiled to Valencia, then as a centre of letters the second city in Spain. Losing his wife within a year after his return to Madrid—there had been a *Filis* to share his ample store of love before her death—he made desperate suit to another, was rejected, and went for a soldier—this time apparently in earnest—out of devotion if not for glory, embarking in one of the ships of the Invincible Armada. Before this happened there had been some interchange of compliments between him and Cervantes. The older poet had praised the younger in the *Canto de Calíope*, which would be a striking proof of Cervantes' discrimination were it not for the fact that he had praised others equally heartily, who remained obscure. Lope did not return the compliment, though he mentioned Cervantes' name in his romance of *Dorothea* (not published till many years afterwards). There is no reason to believe, in spite of what the Spanish biographers assert, that there was at any time a close

intimacy between two men of tempers so opposite, but at this early period at least Cervantes had given Lope no cause for jealousy. They are said to have been members of a literary club in Madrid, to which all the leading wits belonged. Among these was Vicente Espinel, twelve years older than Cervantes, of whom the younger man spoke with singular warmth many years afterwards, as "one of my oldest and truest friends"; who was of a mordant and envious spirit, however, and wrote disparagingly of *Don Quixote* after the author's death. Espinel, first soldier then priest, like so many others of that time, became famous as a lyric poet, added a fifth string to the guitar, translated Horace, and in his old age wrote *El Escudero Marcos de Obregon*, a story of semi-picaresque life which the author thought better than *Don Quixote*. He lived to be ninety, and became a pensioner on the bounty of Cervantes' patron the Archbishop of Toledo. Juan Rufo, who is praised so warmly by the Priest in the famous inquisition on Don Quixote's books, was the author of *La Austriada*, which is a chronicle in verse of the deeds of Don Juan of Austria, published in 1583, of which the subject was certain to recommend both itself and the author to Cervantes. Cristóbal de Virués was another epic poet, whose *Monserrate* is praised in *Don Quixote*—a Valencian and one of the men of Lepanto, who was one of the earliest to practise the dramatic art. Alonso de Ercilla was a soldier-poet who sang of the conquest of the Araucos, the heroic natives of south Chile, after taking part in the campaign. Besides being lauded in *Don Quixote*, he figures as one of the shepherds in *Galatea*, and may therefore be presumed to be among Cervantes' intimates. Barahona de Soto, an Andalucian who wrote of the *Tears of Angelica*, was also of the pastoral company in *Galatea*. Lopez Maldonado, whose *Cancionero* was published in 1586, is another who was excessively praised by the critic of Don Quixote's library, who calls him "a great friend of mine," and preserves his book from the fire. Luis de

Montalvo, whose *Shepherd of Filida* was a pastoral of the same kind as *Galatea*, ordered by the Priest to be "guarded like a precious jewel," clearly belongs to the circle of Cervantes' familiar friends. Another of them was Pedro de Padilla, whose *Treasure of Various Poems* is gently reproved in *Don Quixote* for including some low, rustical verses. Padilla, who professed religion in his old age, wrote a duller and more decorous series of odes in praise of saints, called *El Jardin Espiritual*, in which are no less than three sets of verse in praise of the author by Cervantes, in one of which he is called the "seraphic father." Another very particular friend of Cervantes was Pedro Lainez, who figures as *Damon* in *Galatea*—a poet of repute, whose widow afterwards lived at Valladolid in the same house with the family of Cervantes. All these had sonneted each other's works after the fashion of the time—a fashion into which Cervantes fell like the rest, though he ridiculed it in his famous Prologue to the First Part of *Don Quixote*. Then as now there were mutual admirers. They exchanged the politest epithets, grinding sonnets and *quintillas* in each other's favour. He who was dubbed "great" gave back "illustrious"—"divine" responded to "angelic." These amœbæan strains, however, did not reach far. They hurt no one and helped a few, only a very little. When Bavius lauded Mævius it was not that his friend might find a publisher or an editor. When Mævius was penetrated by wonder at the excellence of Bavius it was without any eye to the circulating library. No one then made anything out of a book unless it was in the shape of a gratuity from a patron or other great man. The exchange of sonnets was for honour not profit, and being commercially null may be said to have been ethically harmless. Literature, in that fortunate age, had not become a trade.

Outside the circle of Cervantes' immediate friends there were great men in letters, some passing away and others not yet arrived, who helped to make that the Golden Age of Spain.

Luis de Leon, the greatest master of Castilian eloquence and the last great poet in the old style, whose merit as a lyrist, unspoilt by Italian taste, has hardly been sufficiently estimated, lived all his life in retirement and died unnoticed in 1591—one of the truly devout spirits of the age, who narrowly escaped torture by the Holy Office for his version of the Song of Solomon—"whom I revere, adore, and follow," said Cervantes. He belonged to a former generation, who wrote in the great simple native style, then falling out of fashion. There are many who doubt whether the newer mode, with its artificial graces and more elaborate forms, first imported from Italy by Boscan and carried to its highest perfection by Garcilaso de la Vega—who died before Cervantes was born—was any gain to Spanish literature. One of the greatest of its professors—a consummate master of the *Arte Mayor*, was Fernando de Herrera, priest at Seville, whom Cervantes might have known in after years, when a resident in that city. Herrera is placed by the native critics at the side of Luis de Leon—they two being still reckoned among the masters of pure Castilian verse, who became classic in their lifetime. Herrera wrote a magnificent sonnet on Lepanto, which earned for him from Cervantes the epithet of "the Divine." Luis de Góngora, born in 1561, also a priest, was of the new order, and a very different character—an arrogant, self-asserting, restless man, who rose to be leader of the new *Culteranismo*, which is a kind of prefigurement of modern Symbolism. In his younger days, when praised by Cervantes, he was natural, simple, and tender. Then he grew conceited and began to Góngorise—setting that pestilent fashion of Euphuism which so many followed to their detriment, from which Cervantes himself hardly escaped—the fashion of making style do for sense, using words to express every meaning but the natural one, with false images decked in foreign clothes —the *Latiniparla*, which Quevedo so mercilessly ridiculed.

In those early days, however, the *cultos* had scarcely ventured upon serious literature. Their master Góngora, if we may judge from a certain passage in after life (to be spoken of by and by), was no friend of Miguel de Cervantes. Neither were the brothers Argénsola, Lupercio and Bartolomé — Aragonese, of sour and selfish temper, although included among the crew so profusely praised in the *Canto de Calíope*. The elder brother was, in 1585, secretary to the Duke of Villahermosa, the supposed original of the Duke in the Second Part of *Don Quixote*; and some believe that he is the ecclesiastic whom Cervantes handles with such unusual acrimony in Chapter Thirty-one. The younger Argénsola is one of those suspected of taking a base revenge on Cervantes in after years, as will be told in the course of this story. Both he and his brother came more than once between Cervantes and his fortune. Of a more pleasant character were our hero's relations with one Francisco de Quevedo—a genius of all those of the time most akin to his own—who, though of a bitter tongue against all the world, had ever a good word and a high respect for the author of *Don Quixote*. Quevedo belongs to a generation later, who though he wrote many things in verse, printed nothing in Cervantes' lifetime. He is mentioned, however, in the *Adjunta al Parnaso* in terms which prove that he was a favourite with Miguel de Cervantes. These are among the poets, great or to be great, who rose above the multitude of versifiers and made of that time the Golden Age of Spain.

To strive against the vast herd of writers then springing into life for a living—to win his bread in the struggle, with his gifts so ill fitted for the sordid game, the chase for the patron—was a task for which the good-natured genius of Cervantes was unequal. Verse in those days was but a poor victual and poetry a scant provision. Of the two realms of gold, the newspaper and the novel, the one was non-existent, the other still to be discovered by Cervantes

himself. Though he had won much fame by his *Galatea*, it was such fame as availed him little in the severe competition with his higher-placed rivals. He had not yet found the secret of the treasure which lay within his bosom; nor is there anything more pathetic in literature than his desperate efforts to earn his fortune by doing with his pen as others did. Of poems and ballads he says himself that he wrote, about this time, an infinite number,[1] all of which have perished, so far as we know—perhaps without any great loss to himself or the world.[2]

A few commendatory sonnets which, with his usual good nature, he lent to his poet friends to help their dull productions, are all that survive of his works which belong to this period. They are distinguished rather by their subtlety in discovering the merits of others than by any merit of their own. Despairing of success in any other line, Cervantes now turned, as did so many of his friends, to the stage—his early predilection.

[1] Yo he compuesto romances infinitos
Y el de los *Zelos* es aquel que estimo,
Entre otros que los tengo por malditos.

(Of ballads I've writ many, and the best
I hold to be on *Jealousy*, the rest
I fear are gone unto the place unblest.)

[2] Some of Cervantes' ballads may be still extant, if no longer to be identified as his. Clemencin starts the very reasonable conjecture that the ballads about Uchali (Aluch Ali), of which there are several in the collections, may have been among those composed by Cervantes. (See Clemencin's *Don Quixote*, vol. iii. p. 157.) In Duran's *Romancero* are five anonymous ballads, in which a slave of Aluch Ali is introduced, the first of which represents him as sighing for his mistress *Talinca*, which is an anagram of *Catalina*, the name of Cervantes' wife. This can hardly be accidental. (Duran, vol. i. p. 145.) The ballad of *Los Zelos* is included among Cervantes' smaller poems in Aribau's edition of his works in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*. The best of Cervantes' known ballads are those in his charming novel of *La Gitanilla*, which are full of grace and tenderness.

CHAPTER VIII

Cervantes a Playwright

AT what period Cervantes began to write plays for the stage we are not told; but it was at least a year or two before Lope de Vega turned his versatile genius in the same direction. Under the successors of Lope de Rueda, the drama had begun to take form and to increase rapidly in popularity. Cervantes, as he tells us himself, had witnessed its beginnings,[1] and takes credit to himself for various improvements in the construction of the plays and in the character of the performances. He is entitled to be called the pioneer of that new intellectual movement in Europe, when the genius of poetry descended on the stage and found its noblest voice in the drama; the first to give artistic form to Spanish comedy. The birth of the regular drama was almost simultaneous in Spain, in France, and in England; but Spain may fairly claim to have led the way in giving shape and substance to the dramatic performance. Naharro, Rueda's successor, had made many improvements in the stage business. He brought the orchestra to the front, which before had been hidden. He did away with the false beards which all the players wore, whatever were their characters. He invented machinery, clouds, thunder and lightning, duels and battles. These were chiefly improvements in the material and in the *mise-en-scène*. Among the things for which Cervantes takes credit is the having reduced the acts

[1] See the Prologue to his *Comedies and Interludes*, published at Madrid in 1614.

from five to three, and in the introduction of moral and allegorical figures on the stage, which speak and move like the other persons of the drama. In neither of these claims is he strictly correct. If there is any merit in investing with corporeal substance creatures of the imagination—abstractions, the virtues and the vices—to mingle on the boards with flesh and blood men and women of the piece, the credit of the invention belongs to the primitive dramatist; this being a common device, as Ticknor has pointed out, in the old miracle plays. As to the change in the number of acts, it had been made long before Cervantes' time by Avendaño.[1] These are points, however, of small importance, on which it is excusable that Cervantes should err—writing as he did in his old age, thirty years afterwards. What is certain, and the one thing material to this history, is that he was for some time successful in his career of a playwright. According to Pellicer he received payment for each play at the full rate of 800 *reals*, which was as much as was given to Lope de Vega in the height of his fame. According to Montalvan Lope usually got no more than 550 *reals* for each representation. However this may be, so much is certain that before Lope's appearance Cervantes was the greatest of the playwrights in popular favour, making as pure dramatist (the profession before his days was usually coupled with that of actor and manager) what may be presumed to be a greater success, with what was essential to him, a larger income, than any writer ever did in Spain up to that time.

What we know about the comedies (it is to be understood that all plays are in Spanish *comedias*, whether comic or tragic) written by Cervantes for representation is almost entirely derived from himself, in the interesting prologue to his *Eight Comedies and Eight Interludes*, published in 1614. These last do not include such as were acted, being either

[1] See Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*, vol. ii. p. 192.

written at a subsequent period, or among those that were rejected, or what is most likely, composed without any idea of the stage. Speaking of the "twenty or thirty" plays of his which were acted, Cervantes declares that they were all received with favour. "They ran their course without hisses, cries, or disturbances. They were all repeated without their receiving tribute of cucumbers or of any other missile."[1] If it was a modest triumph, it must be confessed that it is recorded in sufficiently modest phrase. Elsewhere, in his delightful Appendix to the *Voyage to Parnassus*, Cervantes mentions the names of some of these plays:—*Los Tratos* or *El Trato de Argel* (Life in Algiers), *La Numancia*, *La Gran Turquesca*, *La Batalla Naval* (probably the battle of Lepanto), *La Jerusalen*, *La Amaranta* or *La del Mayo* (The Flower of May), *El Bosque Amoroso*, *La Unica y Bizarra Arsinda* (The Rare and Matchless Arsinda), with many others whose names he cannot remember. But the one of which he speaks with special pride is *La Confusa* (The Perplexed Lady), to which he refers more than once as ranking "good among the best of the comedies of the Cloak and Sword (*de capa y espada*) which had been, up to that time, acted." Of all these only two have survived to this day—*La Numancia* and *El Trato de Argel*—although there are slight incidental references to some of the others in the literature of the succeeding period.[2] These two dramas, which exhibit to us Cervantes in his prime as a writer for the stage, are of a character and quality so different as, if we did not know the extraordinary versatility of the writer, to make it difficult to believe that they were the work of one and the same hand.

[1] *Sin que se les ofreciese ofrenda de pepinas ni de otra cosa arrojadiza*,—the throwing of cucumbers at the actors being, we suppose, the recognised method of damning the play.

[2] The dramatist, Matos Fragoso, who flourished in the second half of the seventeenth century, in one of his plays, *La Corsária Catalana*, has a passage alluding to *La Bizarra Arsinda* as one of the "famous comedies of the ingenious Cervantes." See Barrera in the first volume of the Argamasilla edition of Cervantes, p. 151.

Although exalted, as a drama, beyond its merits by Schlegel and Bouterwek—who have placed it on a level with the masterpieces of Æschylus—the *Numancia* of Cervantes is a noble composition, which, apart altogether from its artistic worth, rises, by its grandeur of patriotic sentiment and loftiness of moral tone, to a height such as no Spanish dramatist ever reached. From its subject, it is something more than a poem. The verse is inspired by the very genius of patriotism. The lines glow with a fierceness and intensity of national passion which absorb and kill all meaner sentiment. For this quality of pure, concentrated, heroic energy, there is nothing equal to it in the ancient or modern drama. Defective in almost everything necessary to make a successful tragedy; without plot or passion; with very little action, and devoid of all stage artifice and conventional effect, *Numancia* is to the Spanish drama what *Don Quixote* is to Spanish romances—the one only second to the other among the numerous and varied products of the genius of Cervantes.[1] To be properly appreciated it must be regarded as a chapter in a great national epic. As one who has translated it with abundant grace and sympathy remarks, it is "simply a glorious page in Spanish history converted into sounding verse"—"an attempt to give form and body on the stage to a great national event."[2] One incident in its life speaks

[1] The *Numancia* has for its subject the famous siege of the Iberian city of Numantia by the Romans under Scipio Africanus. After resisting the power of Rome for fifteen years, and suffering fourteen months of every kind of privation and horror, the Numantines perished to a man, conquered by famine,—the last survivor of the garrison, Viriatus, hurling himself from the battlements as the Romans entered the city. It is the most heroic page in the history of Spain which Cervantes chose for his theme. The ancient town of Soria, in Old Castile, on the borders of Aragon, claims the name of Numantia; but the true site is about five miles distant, it being difficult to identify the spot which was the scene of this unparalleled deed of *δαιμονίη ἀρετή*, as the Romans passed a ploughshare over the ruins of the devoted city.

[2] The late J. Y. Gibson, who has given us in English a very faithful and spirited version of *Numancia*.

eloquently of the success achieved by the author in his immediate purpose. During the memorable siege of Zaragoza in 1808, when the French cannon were thundering at the gates, and Palafox and Tio Jorge were holding them heroically against overpowering numbers, the happy idea occurred to the national leaders of putting *Numancia* upon the stage, to give life and courage to the garrison. The device was successful beyond all stage precedent. The audience went out against Lefebvre's trained battalions with renewed spirit. The French were hurled from the crumbling walls; and Zaragoza was saved. Thus had Cervantes a triumph such as few dramatists have been able to claim. A play that could fulfil such a function is not to be judged like an ordinary drama. In the power of moving the readers, in the reality of the impressions conveyed, in the painting of the sublime pathos, horror, and despair of the scene, *Numancia* is, indeed, unique among plays. In the construction of the several kinds of verse here used, Cervantes displays a skill, grace, and happiness of which no other of his poems gives any evidence. Some of the lyrics are in spirit and in structure equal to the best in the language. *Lira's* despairing appeal to her lover *Morandro* has a tender pathos which must have drowned all the stage in tears. The invocation to the river Douro—

Duero gentil que con torcidas vueltas—

has ever been esteemed by Spanish critics one of the sweetest passages of Castilian verse. One scene alone—the rising of the corpse at the bidding of the wizard *Marquino*—is for the sublime of horror, for grandeur of tragic effect, and sustained power of invention superior to anything imagined by Marlowe or Shakspeare.[1]

[1] Even the judicious Hallam is moved out of his ordinary reserve to devote three pages of his history to an analysis of this remarkable poem. Ticknor, who is not given to over-laudation of Cervantes, is unstinted in his praise. August

This height Cervantes in his dramas touched but once. What *The Perplexed Lady* may have been we cannot guess from the author's perhaps too partial judgment upon it as the best of the class to which it belonged. The father is seldom to be trusted as a critic of his offspring; and we have no other opinion of Cervantes' comedy than his own. If *El Trato de Argel*, the only play dealing with modern and common life which has survived, may be taken as a sample of Cervantes' art in the entertainment of an audience, we can understand how it was that he fell out of favour when the newer artist appeared. It is without any regular plot, written in that easy octosyllabic metre, in both consonant and assonant rhyme, with *redondillas*, *terza rima*, and other popular measures interspersed,—in that style which to English ears is so monotonous and according to English taste so unsuitable to dramatic effect. The scenes are little else than transcripts from Cervantes' own experiences as a captive in Algiers. Real incidents and even real personages are introduced, mingled with demons and apparitions like *Necessity* and *Opportunity*, which act and speak like creatures of flesh and blood. It is difficult to conceive how such a play could have been acted; and even more difficult to imagine how it could have been written by one who, as Cervantes shows through the mouth of the Canon of Toledo in *Don Quixote*,[1] has conceived so true and excellent an idea of the function of the drama. Certainly his own genius—various of resource and fruitful in kind as it was—was not suited to play-writing. The qualities most admirable in his own masterpiece are precisely those which are of least account in the drama. Cervantes could paint individual scenes of comedy, and no one so perfectly understands the art of making the creatures of his imagination live and move.

Schlegel thinks that it was here that Cervantes found a proper field for the complete development of his inventive genius.

[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. ch. xlviii.

But in that rude age, having to battle with adverse fortune, he was unable to compete in the new art with others less hampered by scruples of duty—more prolific and more pliable.

About the time when Marlowe in England had prepared the way for Shakspeare's entrance, Cervantes made his exit from this stage.[1] As he tells us himself, with his wonted frankness, he found other things to occupy him. "I gave up the pen and comedies, and there entered presently the monster of nature, the great Lope de Vega, and assumed the dramatic throne. He subjugated all the actors, and placed them under his jurisdiction. He filled the world with comedies—suitable, felicitous, and well-worded—and so many that those in writing exceeded ten thousand sheets, all of which have been represented."[2]

The words in which Cervantes speaks of his great rival have been much commented upon, and with reference to the relations between them (to be hereafter more largely spoken of) deserve to be noted. Let us remember, in the first place, that Cervantes is speaking from recollection, nearly thirty years after he had ceased from play-writing, in which interval had happened much to strain what, perhaps, never was too cordial a friendship with Lope de Vega. The phrase which I have rendered "the monster of nature" (*monstruo de naturaleza*) has a double meaning, and therefore was, I have no doubt, deliberately used by Cervantes to characterise the productive powers of Lope,

[1] The growth of the drama in Spain was almost contemporaneous with that of England, though it is probable that the first came to maturity, both in the writing and in the representation, a little sooner than the second. Spain, during the latter two decades of the sixteenth century, was certainly more advanced in all the liberal arts than England, though how much was derived by the latter from the former is not to be determined.

[2] See the interesting prologue to the *Comedias y Entremeses*, published in 1614. These are not to be confounded with the plays written for acting in Cervantes' earlier life.

never exercised with any kindliness towards himself. By those who insist upon shutting their eyes to the true relations between the two men, *monstruo de naturaleza* is rendered "prodigy of nature." So doubtless Lope was, and in either sense. But *monstruo*, in this connexion, is generally used in bad part. It is so used in the only place where the phrase occurs in *Don Quixote*, where the Knight is rating his squire (Part I. ch. xlvi.). In speaking of one who had literally taken the bread out of his mouth (not for the first time), surely there was some excuse for a little bitterness in Cervantes' tone. Taken altogether, the passage in which he speaks of his being driven from the theatre by Lope must be regarded as frank, fair, impartial, and with as much generosity as accorded with his own self-respect. Sir Walter Scott did not with greater magnanimity or gracefulness speak of being outshone by Byron in poetry.

At this time (1588) Lope de Vega was twenty-six years of age, being fifteen years younger than Cervantes. According to my calculation Cervantes must have been writing for the stage two years before Lope appeared on the scene.[1] When Lope first began to write plays for representation we do not know, but it was almost certainly not until after his return from his cruise in the Armada, some time in the autumn of 1588. Long before this, indeed, he

[1] A recent English writer on the subject (Mr. Ormsby) traverses Cervantes' own statement of the cause which led him to abandon play-writing on the ground that Cervantes had left Madrid for Seville before Lope began to write for the stage. But this is no reason why he should not have continued to write plays in Seville, nor was Madrid the only city where there were companies of players. Señor Asensio, in his *Nuevos Documentos* (1864), prints an agreement between Cervantes and one Rodrigo Osorio, by which the latter engages to give Cervantes 550 *reals* each for six comedies, provided they are successful. The date of this agreement is 1592, which proves that Cervantes clung to the hope of succeeding as a playwright after he had left Madrid for Seville. According to Montalvan 550 *reals* was the average price which Lope got for each of his plays. It does not appear that the contract with Osorio was ever carried out.

had written plays, as he had written almost everything else. The earliest of his dramas which is extant is *El Verdadero Amante*, which, according to the author's own account in the dedication to his son, was composed by Lope when he was, for him, at the mature age of fourteen. Three years before this he had written a dramatic piece in verse, as he tells us himself. When fairly started in the "new art of making comedies" he flooded the stage with an outflow of drama in a stream so profuse as to be the wonder of the world. Plays were poured out at a rate unparalleled, of which the record is incredible. The faithful Montalvan, the panegyrist and disciple, in his *Fama Posthuma*, is unable to contain his language for wonder at the miraculous power of production with which this prodigy of nature was endowed, who in twenty-four hours could turn out a comedy of more than 2400 lines, complete with all its furniture of intrigue and double-play,—of loving, fighting, and bustle, with jokes and deaths, and all things necessary. Doubtless it was a stupendous genius, such as left room for no one else on that limited stage. But when we are called upon by a recent apologist for Lope[1]—who, while affecting to trim the balance between the two men, speaks of Cervantes as a dramatist who had "conspicuously failed" against a dramatist who had "brilliantly succeeded"—to admit that it was the former who had the better reason for jealousy, there are a few words to be said on behalf of the truth. By what standard are we to measure the two men? Is it as dramatists in the true sense, or as makers of plays to suit the vulgar taste? There is no proof that, even according to the lower test, Cervantes was a "conspicuous failure." We have no record of his failing other than his own modest confession, which scarcely amounts to an admission of inferiority. Of Lope's "brilliant success" as a caterer for the amusement of a Madrid audience and a popular entertainer, there can be no question. But

[1] In the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1894.

the very figures in their largeness testify against the dramatist as artist. Eighteen hundred regularly constructed comedies of three acts apiece, besides innumerable *entremeses*, *autos*, *loas*, and *saynetes*, we are told that Lope wrote in the intervals of his priestly functions and his professional attendance on *autos de fé*, besides poems, stories, apologues, and pastorals. Supposing that they occupied the theatres for forty years—which is the extreme period covered by Lope's dominion over the stage—this gives but a poor average term of life for each piece, allowing for fast-days and relaxation. The theatres, of which there were two only in Madrid in Philip III.'s time, could not have been open all the year round, and there were others besides Lope who wrote comedies, long before he quitted the stage. Cervantes himself mentions Tarrega, Aguilar, Velez de Guevara, Guillen de Castro, Mira de Mescua, Galarza, Miguel Sanchez, and Doctor Ramon, as among the established playwrights of the time. Tirso de Molina and Alarcon entered the theatre before Lope had left it. Not one of Lope's numerous progeny, therefore, could have had a long run. And when all is said, there is one piece of the "conspicuous failure," called *Numancia*, which still holds its place in the world's literature, while of the eighteen hundred pieces of the "brilliant success" there are not half-a-dozen whose names are remembered to-day out of Spain; nor one character, scene, or line which any one not a member of the Spanish Royal Academy cares to recall.

CHAPTER IX

Commissary and Tax-Collector

UNABLE to cope with a rival of a comedy-making capacity so prodigious, who succeeded in pleasing the public in a measure and after a fashion to which he had nothing to offer equal or similar, Cervantes was driven to seek for a livelihood elsewhere and by other means. Abandoning the profitless pursuit of literature and deserting the Court, where he despaired of favour, he removed with his family to Seville, then the richest, busiest, and most populous city of Spain—"the support of the poor and the refuge of the outcast"—the emporium of the commerce and wealth of the New World, with whose life and manners he came to acquire so profound and minute an acquaintance. Through the interest of some of his friends he obtained a place as one of four commissaries employed under Antonio de Guevara, the Royal Purveyor-General for the fleets and armaments of the Indies, to purchase stores in Andalucia. His commission is signed the 12th of June, 1588, his two sureties in the office being Juan de Nava Cabeza de Vaca and Luis Marmolejo. From that date, for some time after, we hear of Cervantes only as a buyer of grain and oil in the districts round Seville, an occupation of little profit to him, except in so far as it enlarged his field of knowledge of men and manners, and subject to risks which involved him in a new series of misfortunes. This business seems to

have included the collecting of small dues on behalf of the King from the country people, and making advances for the supply of such articles as were required for the public service. The irony of fate is here curiously illustrated. While no scrap of his other manuscripts survives, there are extant, carefully preserved, many receipts, schedules of expenditure, invoices, and accounts relating to these transactions, written in a bold, clear hand. In May, 1590, being sick of the grain and oil buying in Andalucia, Cervantes bethought him of the usual resource in those days of men of broken fortune, to pass to the Indies, "the refuge and the sustenance of desperate men of Spain." He therefore addressed a memorial to the King, through the President of the Council of the Indies, in June, 1590, in which, after reciting his services by sea and land, especially at Lepanto and in the Levant, his sufferings as a captive in Algiers, his subsequent employment in Portugal and in the Azores, during all which period he had received no favour,[1] he humbly solicits His Majesty for one of three or four places which he learns at that time to be vacant,—namely, that of accountant of the kingdom of New Granada (in the north of South America), or of governor of the province of Soconusco in Central America, or paymaster of the galleys of Carthagena (then the chief port of the Spanish-American trade), or magistrate of the city of La Paz (in Bolivia).[2] The petition seems to have been not unfavourably received, and it is said that Cervantes might have been successful in obtaining one of

[1] *En todo este tiempo no se le ha hecho merced ninguna*—meaning, no favour in the shape of place or preferment.

[2] See the memorial in full, with the unsatisfactory endorsement (yet seeming to imply approval), by Dr. Nuñez Morquecho, probably a secretary—*busque por acá en que se le haga merced*—(Let him seek about here for the favour he wants), in Appendix C. The document, found among other papers relating to Cervantes by Cean Bermudez in 1808, is valuable as containing particulars of his service nowhere else recorded.

the places he asked for, but for his own imprudence or negligence, in some point of conduct which is left a mystery. In one of the autobiographical stanzas of the *Voyage to Parnassus*, the poet seems to hint at some incapacity on his part to preserve the good which he had won from fortune.[1] Probably, without imagining anything worse to his discredit, Cervantes had a full measure of the defects which belonged to one of his sanguine, romantic, fervid temperament. The very qualities which made him loved by his fellow-captives and dreaded by his jailers in Algiers, were those most unsuitable to official life in Spain under such a ruler as Philip. That he was careless, unthrifty, irresolute of will, and too quickly moved from following the path of his own good by dreams of some more romantic pursuit, is easily conceivable of the author of *Don Quixote*.

Failing to get a place in America, Cervantes was compelled to return to his miserable work of buying corn and oil and wine for His Majesty's fleets—a service which brought him into close communion with the country people in the districts about Seville and Granada. Up to 1598 Cervantes was employed in various parts of the kingdom in this and the kindred office of small tax collector, at an annual salary, according to his papers still extant, of three thousand *reals*, or about £30 a year.[2] In 1594 we hear of him as being for a time in Madrid, but it is in connexion

[1] Apollo says to him:—

Tú mismo te has forjado tu ventura,
Y yo te he visto alguna vez con ella,
Pero en el imprudente poco dura.

(Thyself hast forged thine own destiny,
And Fortune I have seen some time with thee,
But from the imprudent she doth quickly fly.)

See also a passage in *Don Quixote* where we seem to have the author speaking of himself (Part II. ch. lxvi.).

[2] See Navarrete, p. 77.

with one of those unpleasant passages which showed how unfit he was for work of this kind—demanding scrupulous exactitude in the paying and receiving of moneys, and entire distrust of his fellow-men. On two or three occasions, through what appears to be nothing else than over-zeal in the King's service, or over-confidence in his agents, he fell into trouble, having to pay in his own person or out of his own pocket for the faults of those in whom he trusted.

Of all the occupations in which a man of genius could engage that of tax-collector must have been to a temperament like that of our Cervantes the most uncongenial and repugnant. This, to that romantic soul, with an imagination fed with dreams of chivalry, must have been a torture worse than Algerine captivity. Nor can the mind conceive of a greater mockery of fortune than the gay, sweet-tempered soldier doomed to chaffer in grain and peddle in oil. That Cervantes would have fallen into trouble while pursuing his ignoble employment was certain: that he should have been imprisoned was for the world fortunate, for it led to the engendering of *Don Quixote*. The earliest of Cervantes' jail experiences was in 1592, on account of an affair which seems to indicate a strained relation between him and the Church. Having laid an embargo on certain wheat belonging to a priest, in his capacity of tax-collector, Cervantes was seized hold of by the *corregidor* of Ecija, and confined for three months in the prison of Castro del Rio. The clergy then, and for some time afterwards, were exempt from most of the taxes levied on the King's subjects. This was the first of the mishaps in which Cervantes was involved in the course of his humble employment.

In the midst of these uncongenial occupations we get just one glimpse of the man of letters. In 1595, on the occasion of the canonisation of San Jacinto, a Dominican house at Zaragoza offered a prize of *three silver spoons* to

the man who should make the best gloss on a quatrain in praise of the new saint. Cervantes entered the lists as a competitor, and succeeded in winning the first prize—the three spoons. Who shall say that letters were neglected under the reign of Philip II.?—In 1596 Cervantes found a very different, probably a more grateful, theme for his pen. In that year an expedition was sent by Queen Elizabeth, in return for the affront offered her by Philip in his Invincible Armada, to ravage the southern coasts of Spain. A fleet under the command of Lord Howard of Effingham entered the port of Cadiz, and a body of soldiers was landed, under the orders of the Earl of Essex, who burnt and destroyed what property of His Spanish Majesty's they could not carry away—to the consternation of the citizens and the great glory of Protestant England. The Spanish army and fleet under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who ought to have defended Cadiz, got themselves into places of safety; and it was not until after the English had gone away with their rich booty,—after destroying thirteen ships and forty large galleons, and inflicting a wound on Spanish finance from which it is said that Philip never recovered,—that the Duke of Medina Sidonia marched in with his brave soldiers. Cervantes wrote a satirical sonnet on this occasion, ridiculing the display of tardy valour made by the be-plumed volunteers, and telling how—the English Earl having gone away without any fear—the great Duke of Medina came in triumphantly.[1] The incident afforded Cervantes, moreover, a subject for one of his smaller novels, *La Española Inglesa*, written, as appears from internal

[1] The sonnet was first printed by Pellicer in his *Life of Cervantes*, from a manuscript in the Royal Library at Madrid. The concluding lines are :—

Ido ya el Conde sin ningun recelo,
Triunfando entró el gran duque de Medina.

(The Earl departed without dread or damage,
In triumph there came in the great Duke Medina.)

evidence, fifteen years afterwards, in which the heroine is a girl of Cadiz who was carried away to England by one of Essex's captains.

About this period Cervantes fell into the first of his money troubles in connexion with his office. Having to remit a sum of 7400 *reals* from Seville to Madrid, he entrusted it to the hands of one Simon Freire, as his agent. Freire became a bankrupt and fled from Spain. This involved Cervantes in a debt to the Crown, for which, being unable to pay, he was thrown into prison. Having reduced the amount by what he had recovered from the bankrupt estate of Freire to 2600 *reals*, Cervantes was released, after a detention of three months. Neither then nor at any time afterwards,—although the affair hung over him to trouble him for many years,—was there any charge implicating his own personal rectitude.[1]

On the 13th September, 1598, died Philip II. We know of Cervantes' presence in Seville at this time through the mocking sonnet he wrote on the exaggerated grandeur of the sepulchral monument which was raised in honour of the dead King. "Splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave," if mean in his life and paltry in his work, for Philip was erected, within the body of the great cathedral, an edifice of three stories, forty-one feet high and forty-four feet square, such as almost scandalised, by its elaborate grandeur and profane magnificence, the Church whose sorrow it was intended to express. On this occasion there took place a curious wrangle in the cathedral itself, carried to most unseemly lengths, between the representatives of the Inquisition and the civic authorities, which was not settled without some painful scenes,—serving to show that the people thought less of the deceased monarch than of their own rights and dignities. The catafalque, which one of

[1] Cervantes seems to have been twice imprisoned in connexion with this unhappy business, before he finally left Andalucia.

the historians of the time describes as one of the rarest mortuary structures which human eyes ever beheld,[1] was embellished with numerous statues by leading sculptors, and pictures by the most eminent local painters, among whom Pacheco is named. Cervantes seems to have regarded the whole proceeding with great disgust, and wrote upon it some ironical verses, which were as successful in hitting the taste of the citizens as in winning his own good opinion, for he praises them extravagantly in the *Voyage to Parnassus* as "the principal glory of my writings."[2] The sonnet, which has great merit in a line which Cervantes rarely attempted,—and never without so much success as proved that this was more congenial to him than sentimental or romantic poetry,—is of irregular structure,—or rather, it is a sonnet with a piece of another attached to it, seventeen lines in all,—but of an excellent wit and humour, and perhaps not least interesting for this that it seems to indicate what was in Cervantes' secret mind regarding the character and rule of Philip.[3]

[1] *Una de las mas peregrinas máquinas de témmuo que humanos ojos kabian alcanzado á ver:* Espinosa, *Historia y grandezas de la gran ciudad de Sevilla* (1630). There is a minute description of this catafalque, with all its adornments, in a work by Francisco Gerónimo Collado, a contemporary, printed by the *Sociedad de Bibliófilos Andaluces* in 1869.

[2] *Honra principal de mis escritos.* The death of Philip was doubtless regarded as a relief by the majority of his subjects, and the new reign was looked forward to as the opening of a freer life. Such sentiments as are here expressed could hardly have been uttered in Philip's lifetime.

[3] The sonnet was first printed, without the author's name, in the collection of José Alfay (Zaragoza, 1654). Don Vicente Salvá printed it in his Spanish Grammar, from a manuscript said to be in the handwriting of Cervantes. Don Cayetano de Barrera saw it, with some variations, in a contemporary manuscript entitled *Sucesos de Sevilla*, purporting to give a relation of events at Seville, 1592-1604. The late J. Y. Gibson has thus rendered this difficult piece into English:—

I vow to God such grandeur stuns my brain!
I'd give a crown its wonders to detail;
For such a grand machine on such a scale
Beggars description, makes invention vain.

9 # Tax-Collector

During this period of his life, Cervantes is said by his biographers, upon what appears to be insufficient evidence, to have enjoyed the society of the learned and lettered persons who then made Seville a famous centre of the liberal arts. The only traces we have of his acquaintance with the writers, his contemporaries, are such as are found in the commendatory verses he lent to their books, —a form of compliment of which, though he came to ridicule it afterwards, Cervantes was very profuse. We may reasonably suppose that it was about this time that he wrote the majority of his *Novelas*, in several of which we find scenes and characters such as only could have been drawn from a familiar and intimate knowledge of Seville and its environments. That, before he left Seville, he was a second time cast into prison because of his old debt incurred on account of Simon Freire, is to be gathered from extant documents. That about this time, from between the end of 1599 and 1603, is to be placed that passage in his life which brought him in connexion with La Mancha and was the source of *Don Quixote*, seems highly probable. This was the lowest point he touched in his fortunes. He had fallen into such poverty as to be even dependent for bread on his friends,—on one of whom, Pedro de Morales, an actor, he lavishes tender

Now, by the living Christ, each piece, 'tis plain,
Is worth a million! Pity it should fail
To last an age! Hail, grand Sevilla, hail,
In wit and wealth a second Rome again!
I'd wager that the soul of the deceased,
On such a sight as this to gloat and gaze,
Hath left its joys eternal in the skies.
A listening puppy answer'd, "I, at least,
Sir soldier, doubt not what your honour says,
Who dares to think the opposite—he lies!"
On this, to my surprise,
The stripling stinted, fumbled with his blade,
Look'd sideways, vanished, and no more was said.

expressions of gratitude for aid rendered him in this his worst strait.[1]

Very little is known of the circumstances which first brought Cervantes into contact with that province of Spain which has since become indissolubly linked with his name. It was about the time when his fortunes had sunk to the lowest, that the Grand Priory of San Juan, with which Cervantes appears to have had some sort of connexion through members of his family, commissioned him to collect certain dues or rents accruing to the Order in the town and district of Argamasilla.[2] This was an office which naturally made the holder of it a person not entirely grateful to the inhabitants, a people among the rudest in Spain; and it is easy to imagine that Cervantes was not a man to execute such a function in

[1] Pedro de Morales is twice mentioned, with more than usual warmth, in the *Voyage to Parnassus*. In the first passage Cervantes calls him "the asylum where his fortune was repaired." In the second, towards the close of the poem, he says :—

El pecho, el alma, el corazon, la mano
Dí á Pedro de Morales y un abrazo.

(My bosom and my soul, my heart and hand
I Pedro Morales gave, in one embrace.)

This benefactor of Cervantes lived to be one of the most famous actors of the time, surviving Cervantes many years.

[2] This was not the first time,—as it would appear from a communication for which I am indebted to my friend Don Pascual de Gayangos,—that Cervantes had been employed in the service of the Priory of San Juan. Among the Spanish Manuscripts in the British Museum (Add. 28, 364, No. 38), catalogued by Señor Gayangos (vol. iii. p. 757), is an interesting passage about Cervantes, which has never before been noticed by any biographer. It occurs in a letter from Sanctoya de Molina (the secretary of the Council of the Military Orders in 1584) to Mateo Vasquez, the King's Secretary, in which he discusses the qualifications of various persons for the vacant offices in the Order of San Juan. Among them he names three, Ruben de Celis, *Cervantes*, and Canto. *El Ruben no conviene de ninguna manera, y el Cervantes es muy benemerito y sirvió el partido de Montanches muy bien. No conoce á Canto.* (Reuben will not do by any manner of means, and Cervantes is very deserving and served the district of Montanches very well. Nothing is known of Canto.) Montanches is in the province of Estremadura, and that Cervantes was employed there is quite a new fact to his biographers.

a manner, through his love of it, to make it less unpalatable. Anyhow it happened that he fell into disfavour with the people of Argamasilla. Some say it was because he was concerned in an enterprise connected with the manufacture of saltpetre and gunpowder, and desired to employ the waters of the Guadiana—never too plentiful—in that industry, to the prejudice of their cornfields. Another story is, that while engaged in collecting his rents he diverted himself at the expense of certain high citizens of Argamasilla by giving vent to lampoons and satirical sonnets. Whatever the cause of offence might have been it is certain that Cervantes was laid hold of, and by the arbitrary order of the local authorities, on no charge that has been specified, thrust into the cellar of a house belonging to one of the principal men of the town, and there incarcerated for some weeks. A letter written by Cervantes, addressed to an uncle Juan Bernabé de Saavedra, a citizen of Alcázar de San Juan, was extant up to the beginning of this century, in which the captive bewails his condition and implores his kinsman's aid. "Long days and troubled nights are wearing me out in this cell, or I should say cavern,"—these are the opening words of Cervantes' letter, which, alas! like many another relic of his life, has been lost through the carelessness of his countrymen. The unanimous testimony of the townspeople points to a house in the principal street of Argamasilla, known as the *Casa de Medrano*,—still standing in perhaps almost the same condition as when Cervantes was here,—as the place where he was incarcerated—in a cellar below the level of the roadway.[1] I have little doubt that this was the place where the design of the book which was "engendered in a prison" was first moulded.[2] To believe, as many have

[1] I have seen and examined the cellar, under the guidance of the intelligent priest of Argamasilla, and can vouch for its dismal condition. No one would lightly commit a dog to such a hole.

[2] See the opening words of the Prologue to the First Part of *Don Quixote*.

believed, that it was in a prison that Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote*, is preposterous. The author nowhere says so, and if Argamasilla be the place where the idea of the book came into the author's imagination, the feat of writing it, or anything else, would have been in the dark cell of the *Casa de Medrano* impossible.

Fernandez-Guerra maintained that the prison of Seville was where Cervantes wrote, or at least planned, *Don Quixote*. I cannot agree with this opinion, for this among other reasons, that the book must have been written after Cervantes' experience of La Mancha, and there is no evidence of Cervantes being imprisoned after he left Argamasilla.

CHAPTER X

Experiences in La Mancha

ARGAMASILLA, called *de Alva* to denote its once having formed a portion of the great domain of that ducal family, and to distinguish it from another Argamasilla to the westward, has acquired a renown in the higher geography of romance which to its present inhabitants is a little embarrassing, though they cannot be persuaded into regarding it as unflattering. That Cervantes had conceived a grudge against the people of La Mancha on account of certain affronts or wrongs suffered at their hands is a tradition too general and too firmly fixed to be lightly rejected. That he proposed to take his revenge by writing a book in which La Mancha should be brought into contempt, is a theory as difficult to believe as that *Don Quixote*, his final message to the world, in which he poured out all his soul, was such a book. No good Manchegan ever took *Don Quixote* for a satire. If a satire, it is the clumsiest ever penned, for it has endeared the satirist for ever to his victims. The one book of which La Mancha is proud is *Don Quixote*. The people are eager to claim Miguel de Cervantes as one of themselves. In spite of his own testimony Alcázar will not give him up to Alcála. They struggle for the possession of their libeller with a fierce acrimony which scorns date, document, and circumstance. Putting all motives of resentment aside, and

Cervantes had enough such against Spain at large, not to speak of this one poor district, those who have visited this region of La Mancha must acknowledge its exquisite fitness to be the field of such a romance as that which Cervantes conceived during the long days and dismal nights of his captivity in the cell of the House of Medrano. Out of all the provinces of Spain, this was happily chosen as the theatre for the exercise of an expiring chivalry. And among the towns of La Mancha—an unlovely region inhabited by a rugged people whose chief characteristic is a humorous mingling of shyness, cunning, and ferocity—Argamasilla holds no mean place, perhaps held a higher one in Cervantes' time, when all the traffic of the Indies must have passed through its highways. The town is substantially built, with streets wider and cleaner than are usual in Spain, amidst fertile and not unpleasant surroundings.[1] The sullen Guadiana flows (when there is any water) through it, as it did when the Duchess' messenger arrived there to look for Sancho Panza's wife. Women may be seen washing clothes in the sluggish stream, just as Sancho's daughter was doing when called to hear news of her father, the Governor. The *Casa de Medrano*, the house where Cervantes was locked up, is a conspicuous building—a solid structure of stone.[2] The natives are eager to show you down the darksome cell where Cervantes was confined. In the outskirts of the village are the ruins of a house which is affirmed to have been the dwelling of Don Quixote, where may be traced a large round window, out of which the Knight's books might have been pitched

[1] The traveller by the main line of railway from Madrid to the South need not look out for Argamasilla at the station so named. The village is ten miles away from the railway station, by a very bad road.

[2] Some thirty years ago it was used by Rivadeneyra as a printing-office, from which were issued his two beautiful editions of *Don Quixote*. This curious act of expiatory homage was rendered more emphatic by the presence of the Infante Don Sebastian Gabriel de Borbon, by whom the first sheets of the larger edition were pulled from the press.

by the Housekeeper into the outer yard. The place of chief interest to the visitor, however, next to the dungeon which held Miguel de Cervantes captive, is the parish church, which, by its size and grandeur, proves that Argamasilla was once a much more considerable place than it is now. In the north transept of this church, in one of the side chapels, there is an oil picture enclosed in a *retablo*, representing the Virgin in the air with angels about her, looking down upon a gentleman and a lady kneeling in the act of prayer. The gentleman is of about fifty years of age, with high cheek-bones and lantern jaws, adust complexion, wandering eyes, and large moustaches. The lady is much younger, and not uncomely. Below the picture is an inscription setting forth how that Our Lady appeared to this gentleman when given up by physicians, on the eve of St. Matthew, in the year 1601, and cured him—who had promised her a lamp of silver and called day and night upon her in his great affliction—of a great pain he had in his brain through a chilliness or dumbness which "curdled it within."[1] The portrait is of one Rodrigo Pacheco, who is known to have been the only *hidalgo* resident at Argamasilla at this period. The lady was his niece. The picture was painted to commemorate Rodrigo Pacheco's recovery from his mental ailment,—he being the owner of the only house in the village which corresponds to the description of Don Quixote's. It must have been put up in the church about the time when Cervantes was in La Mancha. Lastly, Pacheco, as the leading man in Argamasilla, was he by whose authority Cervantes was clapt into the cellar under the house known as *La Casa de Medrano*. This same Rodrigo de Pacheco it was who, according to a tradition before mentioned,[2] was the cousin of Catalina de

[1] The concluding words of the inscription, now to be read with some difficulty, are—*clamandola de dia y de noche del gran dolor que tenia en el celebro de una gran frialdad que se le quajó dentro.* [2] See *ante*, p. 91.

Palacios, who opposed her marriage with Miguel de Cervantes.

Such are the facts which, pieced out by local tradition and belief, have been used to support the legend which connects Cervantes' trials and experiences in La Mancha with his next work, the history of *Don Quixote*.[1] That there is some bottom of truth in all this may be freely admitted. The sight of the picture in the parish church, with its curious story of the lantern-jawed *hidalgo*, recovering from a mental disorder, may have given shape to some image in Cervantes' brain which, fitting into a long-conceived purpose, may have begotten, in some lonely hour of watching in his cell, that "meagre, shrivelled, and whimsical" child of his genius, hereafter to assume immortality.

I cannot believe, however, but that Cervantes had the idea of *Don Quixote* in his mind long before this period of his life. The death of Philip II. on the 15th of September, 1598, could not but have had a direct influence on the current of Cervantes' genius. There is no need to discuss again the character of this pious and prudent monarch. Posterity, outside of Spain, is nearly agreed as to the nature of his rule, and its influence on the destinies of his country. However agreeable to the temper of the age and to the spirit of the nation, the influence of Philip was not of a kind favourable to romance, or to the development of such

[1] Hartzenbusch tells us, in a note on this subject in his larger edition, that he once had a female servant, a native of Argamasilla, who used to assure him in all seriousness that on an altar of the church in her village there was painted a picture of Don Quixote. Enrique de Cisneros, in an article in the *Revista Española*, November, 1869, gives a full account of the tradition and of the evidence on which it rests. What is certain is that at this day it is the common belief of the inhabitants of Argamasilla that Don Quixote, an ingenious gentleman of quality, was their townsman. Cervantes himself is less spoken of. Against this may be set the story of that more advanced Spanish gentleman who gravely assured a friend of Jarvis, the translator, that "Cervantes was a wag, his whole book mere fiction, and that there never was such a person as Don Quixote." (Translator's preface in Jarvis' original edition).

gifts as Cervantes possessed. In this place, we are concerned only with Philip as the all-powerful sovereign under whom our hero had to fight the battle of life in the prime of his manhood. Prudent or pious or great as he might be, he was not such a king as Cervantes, good Spaniard as he was, could be supposed entirely to approve—a king according to the chivalric pattern of some of the old Castilian kings, his ancestors. To a soul filled with ideals of the old chivalry we cannot conceive of a rule or a ruler more antipathetic than such as Spain enjoyed during the latter half of the sixteenth century. It is necessary to dwell the more on this point seeing that the native critics and biographers, even down to our days, moved by an exaggerated spirit of patriotism, are in a conspiracy to disguise or to distort the relations of the Prince of Wits to the monarch whom he served so faithfully, whether as soldier, sailor, or commissary. That Cervantes was other than a good Spaniard and a sound Catholic, in an age when those two characters were synonymous, no one will presume to affirm. That he had any love for a dispensation under which his faith and service had been scorned, which was so alien to his own nature, which had crushed out the romance of his life, and extinguished all those glowing dreams of chivalry enkindled at Lepanto—was hardly to be expected of human nature. It was impossible that Cervantes could have any sympathy with a ruler who was in himself the very antithesis of romance—the opposite of all true chivalry—whose mission on earth seems to have been to extinguish all that was left of the old heroic spirit of Castile. There is reason to believe that Cervantes, like other good Spaniards who were nothing less than loyal and patriotic, hailed the decease of Philip II. as the close of a dark night and the accession of his son as the promise of a fair dawn. What is material to my present theme is to insist that Cervantes could hardly have won the place he has done in the world's regard had he lived all his

life a subject of Philip II. This is not to maintain the theory which some have maintained, in Spain and elsewhere, that Cervantes was moved, at any time of his life, to shine as a political or a social reformer. He was essentially a man of letters, seeking—at least in the latter portion of his life, after the collapse of his early dream of soldiership—no other distinction than by his books. He was content to take the world as he found it, and was oppressed by no sense of "a mission." Like our own Shakspeare, whom he resembled in temper as in genius, he did not meddle with the world's bettering, except as it came in the way of his art. And if it is only by chance expressions, by side hints, and words of double meaning, that Cervantes shows his mind about public affairs in the time of Philip II., let us remember that it was an age when a man could hardly speak the thing he would—that the Inquisition was in full blast, and its spies and informers everywhere, as we have seen in the course of Cervantes' story already. Yet there are evidences, positive and negative, in Cervantes' works from which we may safely infer that he did not approve of the character and system of Philip II. In the first place, in an age when it was the custom in every printed book for the author to pour out a stream of eulogy on the reigning monarch, to laud his wisdom and might, and especially his singular prudence and magnanimity, Cervantes seems deliberately to have avoided doing so. Even the cautious Clemencin, the great Spanish commentator, who is nothing if not orthodox, is forced to admit that all Cervantes' references to Philip are ironical or have a double meaning.[1] In the *Numancia*, in the passage where he was led to speak of the King, he calls Philip *segundo sin segundo*—a poor pun, which may be taken either way. In *Don Quixote*, where Charles V. is several times praised with enthusiasm, Philip receives no other notice than once as *nuestro buen rey*—

[1] See Clemencin's *Don Quixote*, vol. ii. p. 290.

"our good King"—a phrase more contemptuous than complimentary.

The final and I think positive proof of Cervantes' feelings towards Philip II. is afforded by the satirical sonnet before mentioned, written on the occasion of the funeral monument to the dead King at Seville. Allowing for some humorous exaggeration, Cervantes' reference to this piece of verse in after years in the *Voyage to Parnassus*, where he calls it "the principal glory of my writings" (*honra principal de mis escritos*), would be a ridiculous exaggeration if one could suppose that the author was speaking of the literary merits of the poem. There can be little doubt that Cervantes meant us to infer that for this effusion he took special credit because therein he gave voice to what was in the heart of the people on the death of the King.

There is evidence enough, as I hold, in Cervantes' life and works to prove that he regarded the opening of a new reign as full of hope both for himself and his country. Whether or not this hope was justified, at least the dawn of a new era seems to have quickened his powers and given him new inspiration. Under Philip II. we can scarcely conceive of *Don Quixote* as possible. It could hardly have been written; and if written, could not have been published.

CHAPTER XI

'*Don Quixote*'

THE accession of the new King, which had been hailed as "the light after darkness," had little effect on Cervantes' fortunes. Philip III., though he had some taste for letters and was not without sprouts of kindliness in his heart, had been by education and by an over-strict regimen in youth debased, so that he was even more completely a slave to the priestly influence than his father had been, without any of his father's ability or force of character. The Duke of Lerma was "the Atlas who bore the burden of the monarchy."[1] He was a man, according to Quevedo, "alluring and dexterous rather than intelligent; ruled by the interested cunning of his own creatures but imperious with all others; magnificent, ostentatious; choosing his men only by considerations of his own special policy or from personal friendship." Under such a man, who ruled the King at his will, it was not likely that any portion of the Royal benevolence should light on Miguel de Cervantes.[2] Moreover, the crowd of suppliants at Court was very great, their appetite

[1] The phrase was probably used by Cervantes in irony. It had been used by others before, and was a common form.

[2] I cannot understand what Mr. Froude meant when, in his *Life of Erasmus* (p. 73), speaking of the world's debt to the patrons of literature, he wrote, "without the Duke of Lerma we should have had no *Don Quixote*." There is no proof whatever that the Duke of Lerma ever did anything to help *Don Quixote* or its author.

stimulated doubtless by the flattering reports of the new King's liberal disposition.

A contemporary writer laments with pathetic zeal and pious indignation the lot of many famous captains and valiant soldiers, who, after serving the King all their lives and being riddled with wounds, were not only pushed aside into corners without any reward, but condemned to see unworthy men without merit loaded with benefits, merely through enjoying the favour of some Minister or courtier.[1] The Duke of Lerma, as one who professed a contempt for all letters and learning, was even less likely to be influenced by Cervantes' literary merits than by his services as a soldier,—services which had now become an old story. Disappointed in his hopes of preferment, Cervantes had to maintain himself and his family by the exercise of his pen,—writing, as we learn, letters and memorials for those who needed them,[2] while busy upon his new book.

Without the gifts which are in favour at Court—unskilled in the arts of solicitation—we can imagine, with a man of Cervantes' temperament, what a special hell it must have been—"in suing long to bide." About this time he seems almost to have dropped out of life. The four years between 1598 and 1602 are the obscurest in his story. We do not know where he lived or what he did. It was the crisis of the struggle with his unrelenting evil destiny. The presumption is that he was still in the south, engaged in his humble occupation of gathering rents, of buying grain for the use of the fleet, with intervals perhaps of social enjoyment among such friends as he had made at Seville; among whom is reckoned the painter Francisco de Pacheco. This was for our hero the darkest hour before the dawn. For already, according to my calculation, he must have begun

[1] Fr. Sepúlveda, quoted by Navarrete, p. 98.

[2] And "employed in various agencies and businesses," says Navarrete, vaguely (p. 99).

to write *Don Quixote*, being now (1602) in his fifty-fifth year.[1] He had duly qualified himself, by personal experience, to tell the story of the adventures of him who sought to revive the spirit of the ancient chivalry. His own romance was ended. The pathetic lines of Goethe might seem to be written for his own case:—

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nicht die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte.[2]

Never had any man of letters to go through a severer ordeal. At last his genius found the true path for which it had been beating about so many years; but not until his prime of life had passed, when even that brave heart must have been chilled and that gay spirit deadened.

In 1601, Philip III., at the instance of the Duke of Lerma, removed the Court to the old capital of Castile, Valladolid—by nature far better situated for a metropolis than Madrid, which had been the choice of his grandfather, Charles V. Thither Cervantes repaired, in 1603, doubtless with some hope of gleaning some crumbs of the Royal favour. He was no more fortunate with the new King than he had been with the old. Despairing of place or patronage, he turned, with his brave spirit unquenched as by the record

[1] That *Don Quixote* could not have been written before 1591, is proved by the mention in chapter vi. of a book published in that year. That it must have been written subsequently to 1596 is proved by the reference in chapter xix. to an incident which was not ended till September, 1596 (see Navarrete, p. 79). There are other hints and allusions in the story which, I think, show that it could scarcely have been begun while Philip II. was alive.

[2] From *Wilhelm Meister*, *Lehrjahre*, ch. xii., thus Englished by Thomas Carlyle:—

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knew you not, ye unseen Powers.

sufficiently appears, to completing this new thing among books.

Don Quixote was probably finished by the beginning of 1604, though some further time elapsed, as it seems, before the author had courage to go to print. His genius had lain fallow for twenty years. He was now old, and had written nothing, or at least published nothing, since *Galatea*. What fame was left to him he had earned as a poet among many poets. As an author, if he was remembered at all, it was in a line wholly different from that which he now essayed. There is reason to believe that the manuscript of the new book was in circulation among those who called themselves the author's friends, as was the custom of the age, before he found a patron and a publisher.[1] The publisher was got at last in Francisco Robles, the King's printer, to whom the copyright was sold for ten years.[2] The patron appeared in the person of the Duque de Béjar, a nobleman described by a writer of that age—Cristóbal de Mesa—as himself both a poet and a valiant soldier. The choice was not altogether a happy one, for the Duke of Béjar might be said to have an ancestral claim to be regarded as a patron of books of chivalries. It was to his great-grandfather that one of the silliest and most extravagant of the romances had been dedicated by the author, Feliciano de Silva, who is the writer specially ridiculed by Cervantes—the very book which is the subject of a parody in the opening chapter of *Don*

[1] There are two curious pieces of evidence in proof that *Don Quixote* was known before it was printed. In the first edition of the *Picara Justina*, composed by Francisco de Ubeda,—the licence to print which is dated August, 1604,—there are some truncated verses, like those in the beginning of *Don Quixote*, in which *Don Quixote* is mentioned by name as already famous (*Catálogo de Salvá*, vol. ii. p. 157). Also in a private letter from Lope de Vega to his patron, the Duke of Sessa, there is a malignant allusion to Cervantes, speaking of poets. "There is none so bad as Cervantes, and none so foolish as to praise *Don Quixote*." The letter is dated 4th August, 1604.

[2] That seems to have been the usual period for which a book was licensed in that age. The sum which Cervantes received for his copyright is not recorded.

Quixote.[1] The Duke of Béjar was noted, moreover, for his own uncommon affection for the books of chivalries then in fashion, and it is probable that he at first understood *Don Quixote* to be one such as he was in the habit of reading. Learning of his mistake, he refused, it is said, the dedication, and withdrew his patronage from the author. Then, according to the pleasant story first told by Vicente de los Rios, was enacted that scene which has been so favourite a subject with modern artists. Cervantes begged of the Duke to give him a hearing before deciding against his book; upon which he was permitted to read a chapter, which the Duke found so much to his taste that he graciously re-admitted the author into his favour, and consented to receive the dedication. There is another tradition which imputes to the Duke's confessor — an ecclesiastic who must have had a keener nose for heterodoxy than most of his fellows — the original rejection of the dedication by the Duke, the alteration in its wording, and the subsequent neglect of the author.[2] The Dedication which now does duty at the opening of the First Part of *Don Quixote*, I have shown to have been tampered with by some one bearing no good will to Cervantes.

The privilege of publication is dated the 26th of September, and the *Tasa*, the 20th of December, 1604. The book itself, the First Part of *Don Quixote* (it was not so called in the first edition, of course), was printed by Juan de la Cuesta during 1604, and published at Madrid in January, 1605.[3] The impression was very carelessly made, and swarms

[1] The Third Part of *Don Florisel de Niquea* was dedicated to a former Duque de Béjar. See Salvá's *Catálogo*, vol. ii. p. 14.

[2] Cervantes is supposed to reflect on this meddlesome ecclesiastic in Part II. ch. xxxi. of *Don Quixote*, where there is a passage against those of the religious profession who "govern the houses of Princes," written with a bitterness most unusual in our author.

[3] Those who are fond of dwelling on coincidences may find one here of singular interest. The year during which *Don Quixote* was being printed was

with blunders, typographical and otherwise, showing that it was not corrected or revised by the author. The press-work, however, is quite equal in execution to that of most books of that age.

The reception which *Don Quixote* met with on its first appearance was cordial beyond all precedent, and such as must have convinced the author, who was evidently doubtful of his new experiment, that here at last his genius had found its true field of exercise. The persons of culture, indeed, received the book coldly. The half-learned sneered at the title as absurd and at the style as vulgar. Who was this *ingénio lego*—this lay, unlearned wit—"a poor Latin-less author," which is what they said of Shakspeare—outside of the *cultos* proper, of no university education—who had dared to parody the tastes of the higher circles? The envy and malice of all his rivals—especially of those who found themselves included in the satire—even the great Lope himself, the Phœnix of his age, then at the height of his glory—spoke out, with open mouth, against the author. The chorus of dispraise was swelled by all those, persons chiefly of high station, whose fashion of reading had been ridiculed. A book, professing to be of entertainment, in which Knights and Knightly exercises were made a jest of, —in which peasants, innkeepers, muleteers, and other vulgar people spoke their own language and behaved after their own fashion,—was a daring innovation, all the more offensive because the laugh was directed at what was felt to be a national infirmity. Who was the bold man who, being neither courtier nor ecclesiastic, made sport for the world out of the weaknesses of *caballeros*? An old soldier of

also the year in which, according to the best authorities, Shakspeare was producing his perfected *Hamlet*. The two noblest works of human wit, their subjects bearing a curious affinity one to another, each the story of a mind disordered by the burden of setting the world right, were thus born in the same year.

Lepanto, indeed! Lepanto was a name outworn. Spain was now in a new world. Crusades against the unbeliever, even those more popular ones which combined the saving of souls with the getting of gold, were long out of fashion. Lastly, the entire ecclesiastical body—the formidable phalanx of the endowed, with their patrons, dependants, and dupes—though they were too dull to perceive and too dense to feel the shafts aimed at obscurantism and superstition, had something more than a suspicion that this book called *Don Quixote* was a book to be discouraged.

In spite of the frowns and sneers of the quality, however, and the ill-concealed disgust of the learned, *Don Quixote* was received with unbounded applause by the common people.[1] Those best critics in every age and country, the honest readers, who were neither *bourgeois* nor genteel, neither learned nor ignorant, welcomed the book with a joyous enthusiasm, as a wholly new delight and source of entertainment. Nothing like it had ever appeared before. It was an epoch-marking book, if ever there was one.

The proud and happy author himself spoke of his success with a frank complacency which, in any other man, would savour of vanity. Some seven or eight editions of *Don Quixote* are supposed to have been printed in the first year, of which six are now extant,—two of Madrid, two of Lisbon,

[1] *Con general aplauso de las gentes*—he says in the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, speaking through the mouth of the Duchess. The legend, revived in the present age, that *Don Quixote* hung fire on the first publication, and that the author wrote anonymously a tract called *El Buscapié* (The Search-Foot), in order to explain his story and its object, rests only upon the evidence of one Ruidiaz, and is contradicted by all the facts of the case. No such aid was necessary to push the sale of the book, whose purpose had been sufficiently explained by the author in his preface. The so-called *Buscapié*, published in 1848 by Adolfo de Castro, is an impudent forgery, which has imposed upon no one. It is the composition of Señor de Castro himself, who is a *farceur*, of some wit and more effrontery. Ticknor is even too serious in the attention which he bestows on Señor de Castro and his work, which an English publisher has thought worthy of a translation.

and two of Valencia.[1] The number of copies issued from the press in one year was probably in excess of the number reached by any book since the invention of printing.[2] But though all Spain talked of *Don Quixote* and read *Don Quixote*; and though the book brought him much fame, some consolation, and a few good friends, it does not appear to have helped to mend the fortunes of Cervantes in any material degree. In accordance with the usual dispensation, the author derived the least benefit from his success. Francisco Robles and Juan de la Cuesta, doubtless, made a good thing of it; but to Miguel de Cervantes there must have come but a small share of the profit. The laws of copyright were, in that age, little regarded; and it may be questioned whether, in a book published in Madrid, they could be enforced outside of Castile. The pirates and the wreckers were busy upon *Don Quixote* from its very earliest appearance; and its quick and plentiful reproduction in all the chief cities, not only of Spain but of the outside Spanish dominions, though highly flattering to the author, could not have greatly helped to lighten his life of toil and penury.

Taking the object of *Don Quixote* to be, what Cervantes declared it,—"the causing of the false and silly books of chivalries to be abhorred by mankind,"—no book was ever so successful. The doughtiest Knight of romance never achieved an adventure so stupendous as that which Miguel de Cervantes undertook and accomplished. With his pen,

[1] Señor Gayangos is of opinion that there were other editions of 1605 which have wholly perished; one probably at Barcelona, the press of which city was very active in that year; one at Pamplona, and probably one at Zaragoza, which were capitals of old kingdoms. See also Señor Asensio's letter to the *Ateneo*, No. 23, p. 296; and the Bibliography of *Don Quixote* at the end of this volume.

[2] The ordinary *obrada*, or impression, of a book at this period, I am told by Señor Gayangos,—and there can be no better authority,—was 250 copies. But in the case of a popular book like *Don Quixote* the impression would be larger—probably 500 copies. Supposing eight editions to have been issued in 1605, there would thus have been printed 4000 copies in the first year—a number unprecedently large in an age when readers were few and books a luxury.

keener than the lance of Esplandian or Felixmarte, he slew the whole herd of puissant cavaliers, of very valiant and accomplished lovers. Before him went down the Florisandros and Florisels, the Lisuartes and Lepolemos, the Primaleons and the Polindos, and the whole brood of the invincible. Scarcely a single romance was printed, and not one was written, after the date of the publication of *Don Quixote*.[1] Such a revolution in taste was never accomplished by any single writer, in any age or country.

A few words only are here needed, in the discussion of that question which has occupied so largely the ingenuity of writers, native and foreign, as to what was the object of Cervantes in writing *Don Quixote*. There are those who insist upon seeking in every work of humour or of wit, some meaning other and deeper than in the book appears, as though it were impossible that an author should be disinterested, or write merely out of the fulness of his heart or pride in his work. With Cervantes' own declaration, more than once repeated, of the purpose of his book, the critics will not be content. So good a book must have had a better reason for being than Cervantes' dislike of the fantastic books of the later chivalry. Who then was the man—the original of Don Quixote? Against whom was the satire levelled? Of course nothing was then known to the world outside of poor Don Rodrigo de Pacheco, the Argamasillan *hidalgo*. Some great man Cervantes must have intended to ridicule. It was Charles the Fifth, said some. It was his son Philip, cried others—ignoring the absurdity of the Prudent one losing his wits through excessive reading of romances. It was the Duke of Lerma—or the Duke of Osuna—or some other great man, or Cervantes' wife's

[1] The last book of the kind written before *Don Quixote*, according to Clemencin, was *Policisne de Boecia*, published in 1602; but *La Toledana Discreta*, which is a romantic poem in *ottava rima*, was published in 1604, and a few chap-books and religious romances, of the slighter kind, afterwards.

cousin, who opposed his marriage with Catalina. It was Ignatius Loyola—our own countryman, the good John Bowle, suggested.

Surely these various theories are a little far-fetched, and not a little grotesque and absurd. What there is in either of the two Spanish monarchs to liken him to the Knight of La Mancha it is difficult to see. Those who have looked upon that wonderful equestrian picture of Titian's in the *Museo* at Madrid, with its weird, weary, far-off expression, are irresistibly led to think of Don Quixote; but the converse is by no means so clear, that on looking at Don Quixote we are tempted to think of that most unromantic of monarchs, Carlos Quinto.[1] His son is still more unlike his supposed portrait. As to the Duke of Lerma, they who can believe, on the faith of the cock-and-bull stories told by the Abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy and the Jesuit Rapin, that Cervantes satirised the all-powerful Minister in revenge for personal injuries suffered at his hands, may be consigned to the same limbo with the believers in the Bacon-Shakspeare. The theory about Loyola, first mooted by Bowle, the English commentator, is of all perhaps not the least absurd. The one shred by which it hangs is a passage in *Don Quixote* where the angry Biscayan, the adversary of Don Quixote, is made a native of Azpeitia—this being the name of the obscure village where Loyola was born.

A sufficient answer to all these theories is that contained in the book itself. Surely no one has read *Don Quixote* with profit to himself who has been unable to see that the hero is not one whom the author desired to revile or to malign. Never was a satire like this, which leaves us full

[1] The question is re-opened in the *España Moderna* (1894), by my good friend Asensio, who quotes from one of the histories of Charles V. how that as a youth he would draw his sword and lay about him at the figures in the tapestry, and how once he was discovered teasing a caged lion with a stick. This is slender material on which to base the theory of Charles V. being the original of Don Quixote.

of love and sympathy for the object. And why cannot we believe the author when he avers that never did his humble pen stoop to satire?[1] He meant, of course, the satire of persons as distinguished from the reprehension and the ridicule of human follies and general vices. As a lampoon, *Don Quixote* could hardly have endured to this day. The spirit which has given it eternal life is love, and not hate.

[1] Nunca voló la humilde pluma mia
Por la region satírica.
—*Viaje del Parnaso*, canto iv.

CHAPTER XII

The Romances of Chivalry

To estimate the worth of the service performed by Cervantes,—not in abolishing romance, as has been absurdly said, still less in discrediting chivalry, as with even a more perverse misconception of his purpose has been suggested,[1] but in purging books of fiction of their grossness and their extravagance, and restoring romance to truth and to nature, —we have to consider the enormous influence exercised by this pernicious literature over the minds of the people of Spain in the sixteenth century. Thoroughly to deal with even the bibliography of the romances called of chivalry is not practicable within the limits of this volume, nor is it necessary for the purpose of understanding Cervantes' object in writing *Don Quixote*. I must be content with a brief sketch of the extent to which the reading of "books of chivalries" prevailed in Spain, and its effects upon public taste and morals. At what precise period the chivalric romance had its origin in Europe is an enquiry which need not occupy me here. The class of books we have specially to consider I hold to be essentially of Spanish growth, owing nothing except the germs of some of the stories and a few

[1] Byron's oft-quoted line about Cervantes having "laughed Spain's chivalry away," may be paired off for extravagance if not for wit with Montesquieu's remark that "the Spaniards have but one book,—that which has made all the others ridiculous." There was little chivalry left in Spain to laugh away; and Cervantes, of all Spaniards, was the man least likely to aid in laughing it away.

names of heroes and of places to the romances of Northern Europe, of Gothic or of Gaelic origin. The idea of Warton that the romances are of Arabic or Eastern descent may be summarily dismissed. There is nothing in the literature of the East in the least like these stories, nor has any one ever succeeded in tracing any of the Western tales of adventure to an Eastern source. Some of the inventions, the apparatus, the furniture of the romances are, of course, the common property of mankind. As Hobbes observes, "impenetrable armour, enchanted castles, invulnerable bodies, iron men, flying horses, and other such things are easily feigned by them that dare." The East had its heroes and its romances—its tales of love, of war, and adventure—but they are wholly distinct from the parallel inventions of Western Europe. Rustem and Antar and Hatim belong to a different order of beings from Amadis and Lancelot and Tristan. At the root of Western Romance is the spirit of chivalry—the spirit, of which the exaltation of woman was the essence—an idea repugnant to the Oriental mind, and alien to all Moslem sentiment. Chivalry, as an institution, was a product of an order of society such as could not exist except where there was freedom of intercourse between the sexes. It was necessarily evolved from the more or less artificial life which was led by men and women in mediæval Europe. The principle of honour, on which chivalry was founded, was the salt which kept society sweet in an age darkened by ignorance and soured by superstition.

The spirit of chivalry, in its purest form, was an emanation from the inner soul of humanity and a force in the development of civilisation of which the power and the value have scarcely been duly estimated. Its essence was unselfishness—the subordination of personal gain to abstract right—the exaltation of love and honour. Chivalry gave to men whom religion repelled a faith and a standard of life. They who believed in nothing else, believed in "God and

my Lady." In a dark age this was the one light which gave hope to the despairing and a promise of the dawn. The love which inspired the knight to good deeds was in itself a religion, which kept his heart pure. The devotion was often fantastical, but at least it implied sensibility and selflessness, and lifted the spirit from the grosser passions of the flesh. The true knights were bound to be—

> ——Bounteous, merciful,
> Truth-speaking, brave, good livers.

Their valour might have been over-cultivated, but it was a virtue which was the faithful mother of other virtues—of courtesy, generosity, self-restraint, and chastity. The duties to which the knight was vowed were such as included all the noblest virtues of the age:—

> To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> . . . . . .
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds.

What if the faith was not always pure and sometimes carried to excess. There would have been none at all, had that been absent. Chivalry was the sweetener of life—the leaven of humanity. Dark indeed were the Middle Ages but for this kindling influence, and dismal their record. History without a Black Prince and a Du Guesclin, a Bayard and a Godfrey de Bouillon, had been a barren chronicle.

Even for the Knight Errant, the monstrous growth of a later age, there is much to be said. He was a little clamorous in the assertion of his mistress's charms, and too intolerant of men of the larger growth. He wandered too extravagantly, and fought too wantonly. He made as many widows as he succoured, and never wanted orphans to relieve. But though incontinent of love as of blood, he was honest in his devotion, and served his lady purely as

did *Don Quixote* his Dulcinea. Though a free lance he was no mercenary. Empires fell to his puissant arm, but it was not for greed of territory that he fought, nor in winning islands did he look to a commercial return.

South of the Pyrenees chivalry lingered long after its spirit had fled from Western Europe. Even in the grotesque formulas of the *Paso Honroso* we can trace, in the scrupulous gravity with which the duties of the jousters are laid down and in the honourable courtesy which pervades the whole function, the influence of what was still a lofty and ennobling institution. A century after our English Chaucer had mocked at the knightly *gestours* in his *Tale of Sir Thopas*, which the Host cut short as a "drasty rime," the order and calling of knights were at the height of their glory and popularity in Spain—even invested with a new dignity which it derived from the soil. Imported, as an institution, from abroad, and enormously developed in the fifteenth century, in respect to its usages, ordinances, and furniture, by the entrance into the Spanish arena of the two rival bodies of knights adventurers under their respective champions Prince Edward of England and Bertrand du Guesclin, in no country did chivalry take root so kindly or flourish so luxuriantly as in Spain. The ceaseless wars with the Moors had trained the whole manhood of the nation to soldiership. The trade of fighting was familiar to every man of good birth, so that the word for *knight* (*caballero*) came to be synonymous with that for *gentleman*. The constant exercise in arms made of chivalry, in Spain, a more solemn and serious calling than elsewhere. As a native writer says, with equal point and spirit, there was developed by the chronic war with the Moor a *caballerismo* (there is none but a Spanish word for a quality purely indigenous) essentially distinct from the gay, fantastic chivalry of the North. It extended to all classes of the people. It was not confined to the aristocracy. "Every Spaniard was a warrior, every

warrior a noble, and every noble a Knight of his country."[1] They had not to go far to seek for adventures. They had the Paynim at home: Mahound and Termagaunt were at their doors. There was a constant supply at hand of men of the wrong faith and alien habits—the delight in fighting whom was enhanced by the fact that they equally were possessed of the chivalric fervour, and, though Moors and misbelievers, gentlemen still and cavaliers.[2] The long and desperate struggle for existence evolved the highest qualities of the race. And small wonder it was that out of that fruitful soil which had grown the Cid and the warriors of the heroic age (who should be rightly classed as pre-chivalric) there sprung up that ranker produce, the Knights Errant. Of these, the seekers after adventure, the Bohemians of the Knightly order, Spain, as her native historians boast, was the teeming mother. No other country in that age, or in the previous one, could show the world such a scene as that gravely enacted before King Juan II. and his Court, when eighty Knights ran a-tilt with each other, and incurred serious loss of limb and permanent injury to their persons, in order that one of them might fulfil a fantastic vow made to his mistress.[3]

Knight Errantry, which was a caprice in France and in England, in Spain was a calling. No other country could afford such a field for it, and to no other society was it so well suited. The grave and wise Fernando de Pulgar, the counsellor and chronicler of Ferdinand and Isabella, speaks with complacency of the noblemen he knew who had gone into foreign countries in search of adventures, "so as to gain honour for themselves, and the fame of valiant and

[1] See the eloquent and judicious prologue to his *Romancero General* by Don Agustin Duran.

[2] Caballeros Granadinos,
Aunque Moros, hijos d'algo.

[3] See the account of the *Paso Honroso*, held at the instance of Suero de Quiñones, before Juan II., in 1434, at the bridge of Orbigo, near Leon, which is contained in Appendix D, vol. i., of my translation of *Don Quixote*.

hardy knights for the gentlemen of Castile,"—boasting that there were more Spanish Knights of the errant sort than of any other nation.

The romance of chivalry was the natural growth of this fashion of Knight Errantry; and, like its parent, it flourished nowhere so luxuriantly as in Spain. *Amadis of Gaul* and *Belianis of Greece* are, in fact, as much "racy of the soil" as *Don Quixote* itself. The theory much favoured by French writers, who see French influence in all that displays imagination, that the romance of chivalry had its origin in France, may be true of most, but is certainly not true of *Amadis* and his race. M. Baret, who maintains—"c'est La France qui a fourni le canevas sur lequel le génie Castillan a brodé le riche tissu qui a si longtemps charmé l'Europe," has himself contributed the evidence by which to refute that position.[1] The *Amadis* and its compeers (excluding the books of Provençal birth, such as *Tirant lo Blanch*) have little in common with the Armorican or Norman legends. No one can compare them with the romances of the Sangréal and the Round Table without being struck with their essential difference, not only in style but in tone and in spirit. There is no doubt that the Breton romances were known in the Peninsula long before any of native growth made their appearance. In the *Amadis* itself there are allusions to the characters in the older books. Arthur himself is mentioned—*el muy virtuoso rey Artur*.[2] The

[1] *De L'Amadis de Gaule et de son Influence*, par Eugène Baret, 1853—a work of much intelligence, to which recent Spanish critics have been more indebted than they have cared to acknowledge. M. Baret's main thesis is that *Amadis of Gaul* came into Spain in the suite of the literature of Provence,—a position which, I think, cannot be maintained. The *Amadis* is of a character essentially distinct from any work of Provençal origin.

[2] *Amadis de Gaula*, bk. i. ch. i. In the Fourth Book there is mention of the king "Uterpadragon," father of Arthur, of "Tristan de Leonis," and of "Mares de Cornualla,"—but only in a very casual way, showing that the writer had heard of these worthies, and not indicating any kind of connexion between them and the subject of his own story.

names of Lancelot and Tristan occur, and the *Tabla Redonda* is frequently referred to as the pattern of chivalry. But the spirit of *Amadis* is as distinct from the spirit of the *Mort d'Arthur* as one book can differ from another, both relating to knightly adventures. The *Amadis*—I speak of the later and more highly developed *Amadis*, formed upon an older story dating back to a century earlier[1]—which is of the highest and purest type of the Spanish romance, introduces us to a world entirely strange—as unlike that of Arthur and Lancelot as Lyonnesse is unlike Trapisonda. The hero himself is cast in a more refined and elaborate mould than any of the Arthurian heroes. He has sensibility, tenderness, culture, and even virtue. As the perfect knight, the model man-at-arms, he is a far higher conception than Lancelot or any of the rough and tumble heroes of the British school. The scenes in which he moves are drawn with a more skilful hand; the society is more highly developed, more civilised, and on the whole more moral than that to which we are introduced in the French books. In the history of *Amadis* itself (composed, as by internal evidence is proved, out of old materials in the early years of Ferdinand and Isabella) there is no coarse word and no lewd idea, though much freedom of morals and much simplicity. As for its literary merit, Sir Walter Scott, who should be no mean judge, thought it "a well-conducted story." Mr. Ticknor, who is not wont to be enthusiastic in these matters, praises it for its "lofty tone that rises to eloquence"—for its "earnestness and truth." Tasso called it "the most beautiful as well as the most profitable

[1] The bibliography of the *Amadis* and the other romances is given at length in the first volume of my translation of *Don Quixote* (Appendix A). I may here repeat that there was an old *Amadis*, existing before the middle of the fourteenth century in some rude form (now lost), which was expanded, refined, and enlarged by Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo at a date, as appears from his preface, posterior to 1492, and first printed before the close of the fifteenth century. The earliest extant edition is of Zaragoza, 1508. It is of the newer *Amadis* that Cervantes speaks.

story of the kind that can be read." Compared with any of the romances of that age, or of the age succeeding, to the work of Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo must be assigned a very high place. The *Amadis* is an interesting story that may even now be read, after all the modern romances and tales of adventure. The characters are drawn with a certain skill and fidelity to nature. The situations are, many of them, highly dramatic, and are not constructed but come about naturally. The scenes, such as that between the Child of the Sea (the youthful Amadis) and the fair Oriana, in the first book, when they became aware of their loves; the interview between the lovers, after Amadis is acknowledged son of Perion, King of Gaul; the scene between the mother and the daughter in the third book; and several others, are natural and pathetic, told with a simplicity and dignity of language such as are not too common in romance. What story of the fifteenth or sixteenth century can we set before *Amadis de Gaula?* It is not only the best in its kind, but vastly better than the tedious and artificial romances of the age succeeding—the interminable productions of Gomberville, Calprenède, and Madame de Scudéry. It is long; but so are many good books. The hero fights too often and wins too certainly. But it is very good fighting, which cannot be said of some modern attempts in that kind. The killing is done by none of your amateur butchers,—delicate baronets, and sham Highland chieftains,—but by those who understand their business, writing for those who knew what real slaughter was as distinguished from the literary and mechanical. There is a monotony in the hero's unvaried triumphs, but so there is in the exploits of Achilles and the god-protected heroes of Homer. After all, very few romances have been written, from that time to this, so worthy of that name, so pure in spirit, so noble in sentiment, as *Amadis of Gaul.* As a mirror of the age, when the spirit of chivalry was a real and a living influence, when

a belief in giants and magicians was a part of the national religion, when to worship one's mistress and to insist upon her pre-eminence in beauty and virtue was the duty of every well-born gentleman,—nothing which has been written in any tongue is superior to *Amadis of Gaul;* to which we have only to add the opinion of that consummate master of romance, who was so deeply versed in all the literature of chivalry, Miguel de Cervantes himself—that it is "unique in art and the best of all the books which have been composed in that kind."

The kind was infinite; for *Amadis* had a numerous and prolific progeny. It is enough in this place to say that, from the first to the last, covering a period of nearly two hundred years, there were produced in Spain alone over seventy romances of chivalry; this one fact alone testifying to the enormous hold which this species of literature had taken of the national mind.[1] Of the extent to which the popular morals as well as the popular taste were corrupted by this kind of reading (it being understood that the successors of *Amadis* departed very widely from their ancestor in morals as in manners), we have abundant testimony. Among other famous writers who declaimed against the evil caused by the books of chivalries were Luis Vivés, Alejo Venegas, Diego Gracian, Melchior Cano, Fr. Luis de Granada, and Arias Montano. Venegas tells us that "the reading of Books of Chivalries was the sole entertainment of the country people and persons of leisure, and the object of discussion to the learned and intelligent men of the nation." Father Passevin, a Jesuit, in 1593, was persuaded that the invention was of the Devil, who had inspired the author of *Amadis* in order to aid the revolt of Luther and to overturn the Catholic religion. The Cortes and the Church inveighed strongly

[1] See Appendix C for further notice of *Amadis*, its genius and influence; also the Bibliography of the Romances of Chivalry, in vol. i. of my translation of *Don Quixote*.

against the pernicious literature, and edicts were more than once passed for its suppression. The Emperor Charles V., in 1543, issued a decree prohibiting the printing or sale of these books in the Indies. Yet Charles himself, we are told, chose *Belianis of Greece* for his favourite reading. As a last resource, the priests, unable to stem the flow of knightly romance, attempted to give it a new direction by writing religious books in imitation of those of chivalries. Fr. Gabriel de Mata, in 1587, wrote of the exploits of St. Francis of Assisi under the name of *El Caballero Asisio*. In 1554, Herónimo de San Pedro had composed *The Celestial Chivalry*, in which the same pious object was veiled under a romantic name, and the *Cavallero Peregrino Conquistador del Cielo*, which brought down romance proper to the humble level of the religious tract. All these laws and these decrees and devices could not, however, wean the people from their favourite passion. Long after chivalry was dead, men continued to read *Amadis*, and would read nothing else. Of the grave and potent Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, we are told that, when sent on an embassy to Rome, he took with him, as his only reading, *Amadis of Gaul* and *Celestina*,—finding them, it is added, more substantial than the Epistles of St. Paul.[1] Even the sainted Teresa, glory of Spanish piety, not only found much pleasure and spent much time in reading these wicked books, but, it is reported, wrote them herself.[2] Of Loyola, also, it is told that he formed his idea of a Christian order upon that of chivalry. The learned and acute author of the *Diálogo de la Lengua*, lately identified as Juan Valdés the Reformer, speaks of the ten years he wasted at Court, studying *Florisando*,

[1] Francisco de Portugal, in his *Arte de Galantería*, 1682, p. 71. This is not saying much, perhaps, for the entertainment to be found in *Amadis*, but a good deal for the taste of Mendoza—the author of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and a prime favourite with Cervantes.

[2] See the Life of this most romantic and sentimental lady,—a female Quixote, if ever there could be one,—written by Dr. Francisco de Ribera.

Lisuarte, and the rest.[1] The characters, the incidents, the names in *Amadis* were familiar in all men's mouths, and found currency even out of Spain. The romance passed early into France and England, and had a success throughout Europe greater than had been won by any work of pure Spanish origin since the invention of letters—a success only inferior to that achieved by the book which in the next century cast Amadis and all his tribe into oblivion. Elizabeth of England was dubbed *Oriana* by the gallants of her Court, who bandied compliments out of that "storehouse of elegant inventions." *Darioleta*, the *confidante*, became a common synonym for a go-between—surviving even to this day in cookery as a cheese-cake. The farthest province of north-west America was christened by the *conquistadores* by a name out of *Esplandian*.[2] And it is on record that Don Guerau de Espes, Spanish ambassador in England in 1568, was taken sharply to task by King Philip's Privy Council for writing a letter "composed of fantasies" taken from *Amadis de Gaula* to the Duke of Alva, in which the English Queen is likened to Oriana, with other frivolities declared to be "scandalous and malicious."[3]

There were some simple or devout enough to take the romance for a gospel, who believed in Amadis as much as in any other hero or saint. In the *Arte de Galantería*, written by Francisco de Portugal about the close of the

[1] In the *Diálogo de la Lengua*, first published by Mayans y Siscar in his *Orígenes*, 1737, as *Diálogo de las Lenguas*, and so generally cited. But Usoz y Rio, in his recent edition of the works of this eminent Spanish Reformer (published under the auspices of B. B. Wiffen), has proved that, seeing the subject was only the Spanish language, it should be *Diálogo de la Lengua*. It was written in the first half of the sixteenth century, and is very valuable for its just and acute remarks on the language. The style of *Amadis* is praised by Valdés.

[2] California—which was an island inhabited by griffins and abounding in precious stones (*Esplandian*, ch. lvii.).

[3] *Calendar of State Papers, Foreign Series*, 1569-71.

sixteenth century, it is mentioned that a Portuguese poet, Simon de Silveira, once swore upon the Evangelists that he believed the whole of *Amadis* to be true history. This is capped by another story in the same book of how a certain Knight came home from hunting and found his wife and daughters dissolved in tears. Asking them what was the matter,—whether any child or relation was dead,—they said "No; but Amadis is dead!" They had come to the 174th chapter of *Lisuarte of Greece*, where the old Amadis finally dies.

The influence of the *Palmerins* and of the Carlovingian romances, which form a class by themselves, was scarcely inferior to that of *Amadis*. *Palmerin of England* himself, the patriarch of the family,—that "Palm of England," as Cervantes calls him,—may be placed second to his rival in merit. The difference in spirit is great between the two; for *Amadis* really is, though in its present form of the fifteenth, of the fourteenth century, when chivalry was in its early prime; and *Palmerin* was not written till the sixteenth century, when the true ideal of knighthood had already been dimmed by the lust of gold-seeking and religious adventure. Southey, perhaps, ranks *Palmerin* too high in the literary scale by placing it on a level with *Amadis*, and averring that he knew "no romance and no epic in which suspense is so successfully kept up." Of their successors, the long line of sons, grandsons, and nephews, each more valiant and puissant than the last, it must be said that they are as scant of beauty as of grace. In order to keep up the interest of their readers, the authors of the Primaleons and the Polindos,—the Florisels and the Florisandos,—were compelled to put in wonders on an ascending scale; to pile up adventure upon adventure; to make the dragons fiercer, the giants huger, the fighting more terrible, and the slaughter more bloody. The popular appetite, which craved for more and more excitement with every

successive stimulant, could only be fed by inventions so monstrous that it is a wonder the stomach of the readers of romances of chivalry did not reject the nauseous aliment. Yet there is no evidence of any decline in the production of these books up to the date of the appearance of *Don Quixote*.

It was to do battle with this brood of fabled monsters, against whom the pulpit and the parliament had preached and legislated in vain, that Cervantes took up his pen. The adventure was one reserved for his single arm; and it was achieved with a completeness of success such as must have astonished our hero himself, as we know by many signs that it disgusted and irritated many of his literary rivals. The true nature of the service performed, as well as Cervantes' motive in undertaking it, has been greatly misrepresented. Nothing can be more certain than that his aim in *Don Quixote* was, primarily, to correct the prevailing false taste in literature. What moral and social results followed were the necessary consequences of the employment of his rare wit and humour on such a work. There is no reason to believe that Cervantes, at first, had any more serious intention than that which he avowed, namely, to give "a pastime to melancholy souls"[1] in destroying "the authority and influence which the books of chivalries have in the world and over the vulgar." That he was not impelled to this work by any antipathy to knightly romances as such,—still less by any ambition to repress the spirit of chivalry,

[1] See the *Viaje del Parnaso*, ch. iv. :—

Y he dado en *Don Quixote* passatiempo
Al pecho melancólico y mohino
En cualquiera sazon, en todo tiempo.

(And I am he in *Quixote* who has given
A pastime for the melancholy soul
In every age, and all time and season.)

Why cannot we believe the author, when he thus plainly and candidly avows his purpose?

or to purge the commonwealth of social and political abuses, —is abundantly proved by the whole tenour of his book, if not by the evidence of his life. His own tastes strongly inclined him to books of romance. Perhaps no one in that age had read more of those books, or was so deeply imbued with their spirit. He cannot help letting us feel, even in that famous inquisition which the Priest and the Barber held on Don Quixote's library, that he has a kindness for those he chastens. In the spirit of the good Inquisitor, the Priest would save their souls while he burns their bodies. He specially exempts the good books from the penalty of the fire, speaking handsomely of *Amadis of Gaul* and *Palmerin of England*. To argue that because Cervantes burlesqued them, therefore he hated them, is to go against the order of nature. Cervantes no more designed to bring the chivalric romance into contempt by writing *Don Quixote* than Chaucer to belittle the trade of knightly minstrelsy by writing *Sir Thopas*. The *Orlando Furioso* is almost as much parodied in *Don Quixote* as is *Amadis of Gaul*; yet are we to conclude that Cervantes despised Ariosto and proposed to annihilate him? That Cervantes had no feeling against romances of chivalry, as such, but only against bad romances, is proved in *Don Quixote* itself, where, through the mouth of the Canon of Toledo, the author lays down the rules on which a true romance should be written, purposing himself to write one.[1] His complaint of the majority of the old romances is that they were so full of absurdities and extravagances as to bring such literature into discredit. The opinion of an acute Spanish writer, Don Vicente de Salvá, on this point we hold to be a very sensible one :—" Cervantes

[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part I. ch. xlviii. Here, and in the chapter before, Cervantes, through the mouth of the judicious Canon of Toledo, criticises the books of chivalries because they are deficient in art, and do not fulfil their purpose. He is opposed to them, not because they are of chivalries but because they are bad books.

did not intend to satirise the substance and essence of books of chivalries, but only to purge away their follies and impossibilities." What is *Don Quixote* itself, it is shrewdly added, but a romance of chivalry, "which has ruined the fortunes of its predecessors by being so immensely in advance of them?"[1] What was Cervantes' own last book, as we shall presently show, but in some kind a romance of chivalry,—not free, alas! from some of the very errors he had himself burlesqued? Nay, what was Cervantes' own life but a romance of chivalry?

That, after all, the overthrow of the books of chivalries was but a small part of the good work which Cervantes performed in *Don Quixote* is only to say that, like all great writers, he "builded better than he knew." The pen of the genius, as Heine says, is ever greater than the man himself. Rejecting all the many subtle and ingenious theories as to what was Cervantes' object in writing his book; that it was a crusade against enthusiasm, as even Heine seems to suspect; that it was a missionary tract, intended to destroy Popery and throw down Anti-Christ, as some, even bearded men, have dared to suggest; that it was a programme of advanced Liberalism artfully veiled under a mask of levity, and, indeed, the forerunner of that gospel of sentimental cosmopolitanism since preached by other eminent persons supposed to resemble Cervantes in their characters or Don Quixote in their careers;—I hold that the author wrote but out of the fulness of his own heart,—giving us, by a happy impulse, a fable in which are transparently figured his own character, his own experiences, and his own sufferings. What is the key but this to the

[1] See the essay of Salvá's, in Ochoa, *Apuntes para una Biblioteca*, vol. ii. pp. 723-40. I know one great Spanish scholar who has never forgiven Cervantes for destroying the books of chivalries. But his anger is rather that of the bibliographer than of the critic or patriot. He has the best collection of those evil books in Europe.

mystery which makes this book, on a purely local subject of passing interest, the book of humanity for all time,—as popular out of Spain as among Spaniards? A mere burlesque would have died with the books which it killed. A satire survives only so long as the person or the thing satirised is remembered. But *Don Quixote* lives, and, by a miracle of genius, keeps *Amadis* and *Palmerin* alive.

The invention is the most simple, as it is the most original in literature. From *Don Quixote* dates an epoch in the art of fiction. For once Cervantes was happy in his opportunity. And what is the secret of his success? It is that this "child of his sterile, ill-cultured wit" is no creature of pure fancy, but fashioned in the very likeness of its parent, drawn out of his life, shaped after his pattern—an image of its creator. How could Cervantes' romance fail of holding the field against all the romances? It was his own life from which he drew—that life which had been a true Knight Errantry. The hero himself, the enthusiast, nursed on visions of chivalry, who is ever mocked by fortune; the reviver of the old knighthood, who is buffeted by clowns and made sport of by the baser sort; who, in spite of the frequent blows, jeers, reverses, and indignities he receives, never ceases to command our love and sympathy—who is he but the man of Lepanto himself, whose life is a romance at least as various, eventful, and arduous; as full of hardships, troubles, and sadness; as prolific of surprising adventures and strange accidents, as the immortal story he has written? This is the key to *Don Quixote*, which, unless we use, we shall not reach to the heart of the mystery.

CHAPTER XIII

In Valladolid

THE records of Cervantes' life at Valladolid, where he was residing when *Don Quixote* was published, are brief and scanty. His success as an author does not seem to have led to any improvement in his fortunes. The same cruel destiny which marred the process of his life at every turn pursued him still. His book brought him much fame and a few friends, but it stirred up against him the malice of his rivals, especially of those in high place who believed that they and their works were the objects of his satire. Valladolid, as the seat of the Court, was the resort of the most famous of the men of letters, for there were gathered the patrons. Those mentioned as being most intimate with Miguel de Cervantes were Pedro Lainez, the poet, a friend of many years; Bartolomé Leonardo de Argénsola, who with his brother Lupercio was reckoned one of the best writers of the age; and Vicente Espinel, the poet-musician, also an old friend, but who, as appeared afterwards, could not forgive Cervantes his success in *Don Quixote*.[1]

[1] Pedro de Lainez, an early friend of Cervantes, died at Valladolid in the year 1605 — his widow living in one of the apartments of the house where Cervantes lodged. The two Argénsolas, whom Cervantes was always praising, appear to have ill deserved his friendship. Vicente de Espinel, also an old friend, took occasion after Cervantes' death to speak of his own *Marcos de Obregon*, published in 1618, as superior to *Don Quixote*. The only one of the fellow-writers, his contemporaries, who, to his own honour, had always a good word for

Among those who had risen into eminence since last Cervantes was at Court was Luis de Góngora, now a full-fledged priest with a rich benefice, who had passed from his pure and simple early song into the abyss of *Culteranismo*. Góngora was of an envious and malignant nature, who could bear no rival near his throne. He was one of those who looked with strong disfavour on *Don Quixote*, as he could not help feeling that some of the shafts directed against the affectation and extravagance of language in the old romances touched his own new fashion of Euphuism. Góngora took his revenge with a characteristic duplicity of malice, by trying to make mischief between Cervantes and Lope de Vega, both of whom he hated. He wrote an ill-natured sonnet in abuse of Lope, in truncated verses like those which had appeared in the preface to *Don Quixote*, so that it might pass for the composition of Cervantes. Lope retorted by a dirty and scurrilous sonnet addressed to Cervantes.[1] That Góngora bore no good-will to either of his more successful contemporaries is sufficiently proved by evidence in his acknowledged works. Another of Góngora's sonnets appeared about this time, which is interesting as one of the earliest of the contemporary references to *Don Quixote*, and in the glimpse it affords of the popular humour. On the 28th of May, 1605, there was received at the Spanish Court the Earl of Nottingham (late Lord Howard of Effingham) the Lord High Admiral of England, who had been sent by James I., with a train of thirty or forty gentlemen and some six hundred attendants, to celebrate the new peace between Spain and England, and also to offer congratulations to

the author of *Don Quixote*, was Francisco Quevedo—the one of all nearest akin in genius to Cervantes.

[1] Both sonnets are printed in Pellicer's first volume. The second may be that "bad, weak, graceless, and pointless sonnet," speaking ill of *Don Quixote*, to which Cervantes refers in the *Adjunta al Parnaso*, for which, as he complains, his niece paid a *real* in postage. It is quite possible that Góngora wrote both sonnets. That was his style.

Philip III. on the birth of a son and heir. The visit was one marked by a singular display of splendour on the side of Spain; the show, on the English part, being a good deal marred by a torrent of rain which poured down upon the cavalcade as it advanced to greet the King, and spoiled the coats of the English cavaliers and besmirched their feathers.[1] The Lord High Admiral, however, had no cause to complain of his hosts, though the spectacle of a train of English gentlemen passing along the streets must have been a rare sight in the Spain of that day.

By the more patriotic of the Spaniards this enthusiasm over the English—the heretics and time-honoured enemies of the faith and the nation—was resented as unbecoming. The more rigid Catholics, as we learn from various contemporary allusions, grudged the large sums expended on feasting the Lutherans. A sonnet was written by Góngora on the occasion, giving vent to the popular feeling, which has a significance deeper and other, as I believe, than that which has been generally assigned to it by Spanish critics. The lines are so curious for their sarcastic humour and spirit of *Españolismo* as, apart from the reference to *Don Quixote*, to deserve quotation :—

Parió la Reyna : el Luterano vinó
  Con seiscientos herejes y heresias :
  Gastamos un millon en quince dias
En darles joyas, hospedaje y vino :
Hicimos un alarde ó desatino,
  Y unas fiestas, que fueron tropelias,
  Al Anglico legado y sus espias
Del que juró la paz sobre Calvino :

[1] Cabrera, *Relaciones de la Corte de España de* 1599 *á* 1614. The Spanish annalist appears to have been struck with the good appearance presented by the Englishmen, especially those who left their chins unshaven. Also by the fact that the Admiral and some of his suite attended mass.

Bautizamos al niño Dominico
Que nació par serlo en los Españas:
Hicimos un sarao de encantamento:
Quedamos pobres, fué Lutero rico:
Mandaronse escribir estas hazañas
A Don Quixote, á Sancho, y su jumento.

In rude English, with as close an adherence to the letter as the exigencies of metre allow, this may be rendered thus:—

The Queen brought forth: there came the Lutheran,
Six hundred heretics and heresies
In's train—a million in a fortnight flies
In gew-gaws, shows, and wine to greet the man.
We made parade—our feasts to follies ran,
To hurry-skurry our festivities,
All for the English legate and his spies;
Who Calvin's Bible swore the peace upon.
The brat we christened Dominick, for he
Was born to be our Spain's Dominican;
We gave a ball for fairy feast might pass,
We rested poor, that Luther rich might be:
Unto Don Quixote the commandment ran,
To write these deeds—to Sancho and his ass.[1]

In this sonnet, as I understand it, there is evidence not so much of Góngora's spite against *Don Quixote* as of his ill-humour with the festivities and the occasion for them, with perhaps a suggestion of Cervantes' un-nationalism if not of his heterodoxy. From that day to this there have not been wanting Spaniards who, even while flattered by the attentions paid to *Don Quixote* by foreigners, cannot rid themselves of a suspicion that these have been earned at the expense of the nation,

[1] The allusion to *Dominico* contains a play upon the infant's name (he was christened Felipe Dominico Victor, and lived to be Philip IV.), as well as upon *dominico* in the old sense of *señor*—a conceit which may not be rendered in an English version.

if not of the Catholic religion. They half resent an appreciation which seems to imply that the only good book in Spain is that which ridicules what they feel to be the leading Spanish weaknesses. There was an opinion, even among the admirers of Cervantes, that he had carried his victory too far over the books of chivalry. After all, they were Spanish books, the product of Spanish genius, especially intended to illustrate and glorify the qualities and sentiments which Spaniards hold in the highest esteem. There was an uneasy suspicion that the sallies of the mad Knight had tended to the destruction of more than the books of chivalry. The things ridiculed were essentially things of Spain. Was rodomontade to be demolished, and braggadocio brought to naught? The rivals and enemies of Cervantes—the bad writers whom he had mocked, the dealers in sham romance and pinchbeck chivalry whose trade he had spoilt, the charlatans who had profited by the follies and extravagances he denounced—joined with the ultra-patriots in resenting the book as an offence to the national sentiment. An anonymous poet, writing a century and a half later, gives blunt expression to a feeling which I suspect is not yet dead among persons of culture in Spain. In numbers whose harmony is sensibly affected by the poet's indignation, he points out what this errant design (*andante designio*) of Miguel de Cervantes has done for Spaniards. "His blows have left us all wounded." It was of Spanish honour that the author was the executioner. Spain, "not seeing the venom hidden in those flowers of wit," applauded a work which had made mock of herself and her "dreaded valour." Foreigners took delight in the book because it vilipended Spanish institutions. This was the reason why they made so much of *Don Quixote*—why it was reprinted and translated, and adorned with pictures, worked into tapestry, moulded into sculpture, and engraven. "Fools!" cries the angry bard—"do ye not in this mirror see yourselves? This is what ye are and ye have been." In the same vein wrote one Zavaleta, author of a book

published in 1750, wherein Lope de Vega and Calderon are praised extravagantly, while Cervantes is bitterly assailed for his unnational spirit. The author of *Numancia* was for this critic not patriotic enough. The soldier who had fought and bled at Lepanto was an enemy of his country. Foreigners, cries Zavaleta, relish and extol *Don Quixote*—a book "dry, poor, dreamy, and in fine designed for nothing but to declare to the world the fatuous valour of a frantic madman"—because they find therein a picture of Spanish vain-gloriousness and fanfaronade. To accuse him, who has done more than any one else to bring Spain within the circle of humanity, of defect of patriotism, is surely the most notable development of that deformed thing called *Españolismo.*

In the reference to the mandate to Don Quixote, Sancho, and his ass to tell of the deeds of extravagant welcome on the occasion of the Englishmen's coming, I do not think that Góngora meant any more than to gibe Cervantes for the liberality he had always shown in writing of those who were the bitter enemies of his country and his faith. On the strength of this sonnet, however, and without any other evidence, the biographers have concluded that the official account of the Earl of Nottingham's embassy and of his reception by the Spanish Court was written by Cervantes; and the piece is even included among the works of Cervantes in the larger Argamasilla edition. I confess I can see no trace of Cervantes' hand in this dull and formal narrative; nor was it in the least likely that he would be employed in such a work, being, so far as can be learned, without any favour at Court at this time.[1]

A passing glimpse is obtained of Cervantes and his family about this time by an unpleasant affair which was the

[1] The tract is entitled, *Relacion de lo sucedido en la ciudad de Valladolid*, etc. etc. It was published at Valladolid in 1605; and is reprinted among Cervantes' works in the octavo Argamasilla edition of 1864.

occasion of trouble, and perhaps of scandal, to the household. On a night in June, 1605, Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, one of the Court gallants, passing along the street where Cervantes lived,[1] was suddenly assailed by a man out of the darkness, who dealt him two severe wounds and fled. Crying out for help, there ran to his assistance the dwellers in the house near where he fell, among whom were Miguel de Cervantes and some of the women of his family. Don Gaspar was taken into Cervantes' lodging, where he died in a few hours, living long enough, however, to bequeath some of his fine clothes to a member of Cervantes' family, in recompense of her services to him when wounded. In accordance with the rude custom of Spanish law, Cervantes and his family were taken off to the jail, where they were detained until after the enquiry into the cause of Don Gaspar's death. The formal depositions[2] before the Alcalde are still extant, and they are curious for this only, as throwing light upon the circumstances and the manner of living of Cervantes at this period. The family of Cervantes—himself fifty-seven years of age—consisted at this time of his wife, Doña Catalina; his natural daughter, Isabel, aged twenty; his widowed sister, Andrea, aged sixty-one; Costanza her daughter, aged twenty-eight; Doña Magdalena de Sotomayor, called his sister, but who must have been a cousin, over forty; and Maria, their servant. Out of the depositions are to be gleaned these facts:—That the household was poor, living in a not very high quarter, in a house shared by other tenants; that Miguel de Cervantes had many visitors; that he "wrote and transacted business" there (*escribia y trataba negocios*, says his sister Andrea); and that the family were dependent on him,

[1] Cervantes lived in the house opposite the slaughter-house, near the wooden bridge over the small river Esqueva. The house now pointed out as his is No. 14, Calle de Rastro.

[2] See the account of the affair in detail as given by Pellicer, with the depositions of the witnesses. *Vida de Cervantes*, p. 119, in vol. i. of his edition of *Don Quixote*.

assisted by some needlework of the women, for their living.[1]

In 1606, Valladolid having been found unsuitable for the Royal residence, the Court was removed once more, and for the last time, to Madrid. Thither Cervantes with his family followed,—not sorry, perhaps, to be nearer the ancestral homes of Alcalá and Esquívias. There is some reason to believe that, after leaving Valladolid, Cervantes paid a short visit to Seville, where he had many friends, before settling in Madrid. Among the manuscripts preserved in the *Biblioteca Colombina* at Seville (the library founded by Fernando Colon, the son of the great Admiral, in the chapter-house of the cathedral), is one dating from the early part of the seventeenth century, which includes various comic pieces by Quevedo and others, with the novel of the *Tía Fingida*, ascribed to Cervantes, and the account of a burlesque tourney held at San Juan de Alfarache, a village near Seville, on the 4th of July, 1606. In this, many of the poets and men of letters residing in Seville took part, among whom was Ruiz de Alarcon, afterwards well known as a dramatist. It was a kind of poets' festival, held in the open air on the banks of the Guadalquivir, at which poems were recited, comedies acted, and a mock contest fought with swords and spears. A narrative of the proceedings, in the shape of a letter to one

[1] There is no trace of any suspicion attaching to Cervantes, or to any member of his family, of complicity in this affair. But one of the witnesses speaks of a woman having been the cause of the trouble, which is probable enough—without witnesses. Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta had a repute for gallantry. There is in the British Museum Library a manuscript diary by a Portuguese gentleman, living at Valladolid at this time, in which the name of "Cervantes" occurs, in a not very reputable connexion—being uttered by a woman in a gambling-house. Señor Gayangos wrote an article on this Portuguese and his diary in the *Revista de España*. I do not myself—*con pax sea dicho*—attach any importance to this discovery. The name of Cervantes was common enough in that age. Had there been any ground for the imputation that our Miguel de Cervantes was a night-ruffler and a frequenter of gambling-houses (he being now nearly sixty years of age), we may be sure that we should have heard of it, from the mouth of some one of his friends.

Don Diego de Astudillo, in the city of Seville, was written by some one, whose name is not disclosed, who acted as secretary of the revels. From internal evidence, I am inclined to believe, with Señor Guerra y Orbe, who first published the letter in 1864, that this secretary might have been Miguel de Cervantes. The style is very like his, and the letter abounds in phrases such as occur in *Don Quixote*, with unmistakable allusions to the characters and incidents in the story. The names assumed by the various competitors, such as *Don Tal Principe de Para-cual la Baja*, *Don Floripando Talludo*, *Principe de Chunga*, one of the *mantenedores* (taken by Alarcon, who was a Mexican by birth), and *Don Rocandolfo de la Insula Firme*, are in the humour of Cervantes, and seem to come from the same mint as *Brandabarbaran de Boliche* and *Pentapolin the Garamantan*. If not written by Cervantes himself, and one of those "stray pieces going about hereabouts without the name of their author," of which he has told us there were many,[1] this letter to Astudillo is important, if only for this, as showing that even at this early date (1606) the names, phrases, and incidents out of *Don Quixote* had become familiar in the mouths of the gay youth of the period.[2]

Of the first three or four years passed at Madrid, there is nothing worthy of record in the life of Cervantes, except that in 1608 was brought out that which must be regarded as the true second edition of the First Part of *Don Quixote*, the first which had the benefit (though only partially) of the author's corrections and alterations. In 1605, when the first edition of *Don Quixote* was printed at Madrid, the author was residing at Valladolid. He was now at Madrid and able to look after his book, in which he had every cause to

[1] See Prologue to the *Novelas*.

[2] The tract is entitled, *Algunos Datos nuevos para ilustrar el Quijote*, etc. etc., by Don Aureliano Fernandez Guerra y Orbe. Madrid, 1864. Señor Guerra y Orbe, whose recent decease (1894) is a serious loss to the small band of good Cervantists, makes out a very good case, and is entitled to much credit for his discovery.

be interested. With characteristic carelessness, while he corrected some of the blunders and supplied some of the omissions in the text, Cervantes left others unnoticed, to the confusion of his critics, and commentators, and translators. His two chief patrons at this time were the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Bernardo Sandoval y Rojas, uncle of the Duke of Lerma, and the Conde de Lemos, nephew and son-in-law of the King's favourite. Both these high-placed men were noted for their fondness for learning and literature, and their liberality to poets and men of letters. The Archbishop, by his position, was the most powerful churchman in Christendom next to the Pope, and being at the same time Inquisitor-General,—an office which he assumed unwillingly after twice refusing it,—his friendship must have been of singular value to the author of *Don Quixote*. That he was a prelate in advance of his age is shown by various acts of his life, such as his rebuke to the Provincial Boards of the Inquisition for their over-zeal in witch-finding;[1] his discouragement of *autos de fé*, which were considerably fewer under his administration than under any previous Inquisitor-General; and, lastly, by his appreciation of the merits of *Don Quixote*, a book always under suspicion of the orthodox. One proof of the Archbishop's freedom from the prejudices of his cloth and the period is to be found in the fact that *Don Quixote* was published—the Second Part with his special approbation—without any passage being thought worthy of expurgation. Yet at Lisbon, which was practically outside of the Archbishop's jurisdiction and where his example was of no force, several passages, as I have shown in my edition of *Don Quixote*, came under the jealous eyes of the Holy Office and were put in the *Index Expurgatorius*. I have no desire to make too much of Archbishop Sandoval's liberality. Still, it was only a generation before that a predecessor of his in the Primacy of Spain, Archbishop

[1] See *Llorente*, ch. xxxvii. 2, 51.

Carranza—who, as having helped in the burning of the English bishops in 1556, might be supposed to have sufficiently established the correctness of his principles—had been deprived of all his offices and punished by more than sixteen years' imprisonment with torture for consorting with men of dubious orthodoxy and uttering in a book a mild opinion about the inefficacy of works without charity. And it is a little remarkable that it was not until Archbishop Sandoval's death in 1619 that the Holy Office took any notice of *Don Quixote*, ordering that passage to be expunged as impious and contrary to the Faith wherein the Duchess tells Sancho that "works of charity which are performed coldly and feebly have no merit nor avail anything."[1] There can be no doubt that Cervantes was greatly indebted during his lifetime to the favour of the Archbishop for what we must regard as his singular immunity from the attentions of the Holy Inquisition.

The Conde de Lemos, the Archbishop's kinsman, who in those years held the high office of President of the Council of the Indies, must also receive such credit for goodness and liberality as is implied by the praise which Cervantes so lavishly bestows on him as a lover and a patron of letters. He seems to have held out some promise of employment to the author of *Don Quixote* in after years, when Viceroy of Naples; but the Argénsolas, Bartolomé and Lupercio, claimed a monopoly of his countship's favour; and they, it is suspected and as Cervantes plainly hints, intercepted the Conde de Lemos's bounty.[2]

[1] *Don Quixote*, Part II. ch. xxxvi.

[2] The two Argénsolas, whom Cervantes was always praising, appear to have ill deserved his friendship. They followed in the train of the Conde de Lemos when that nobleman was appointed Viceroy of Naples in 1610; and Cervantes seems to complain in chapter iii. of the *Voyage to Parnassus* of promises made by them and forgotten:—

Mucho esperé, si mucho prometiéron,
Mas podrá ser que ocupaciones nuevas
Les obligue á olvidar lo que dijéron.

There is no reason to believe that from either of these two great patrons Cervantes ever received any favour more substantial than such as took the shape of casual alms; though with his usual profusion of good-nature he speaks of them both as though they were the support of his life and the cheerers of his now fast-coming old age.

CHAPTER XIV

Novelist and Poet

DISAPPOINTED in his hopes of civil preferment, and probably feeling at this time his unfitness, through advancing age and infirmities, for any active employment, Cervantes began to devote himself more sedulously to his books and his literary projects. In 1609, being then in his sixty-second year, he sought to make a provision for his last days and to secure himself decent burial, according to the fashion of the age, by entering the congregation of the Oratory of the Knights of Grace—a confraternity in connexion with a monastic order, though not itself monastic, which was much patronised by the leading men of letters as well as by the magnates of the Court, in which number were included Lope de Vega, Quevedo, the Prince of Esquilache, and others. His wife and his sister Andrea had joined the Third Order of St. Francis—the latter, who had been her brother's faithful and devoted companion ever since his return from Algiers, dying in October, 1609. About this period also, if we may believe his biographer Navarrete, Cervantes had become a member of a literary club or society, called the *Selvages*, which was composed of the best wits of Spain residing in the capital.

Stimulated, doubtless, by the applause with which *Don Quixote* had been received, and believing himself now secure of his public, Cervantes, in his latter years, took pains to

gather together his various writings, developing at the same time an activity and fecundity in production most unusual in a man of his age. In 1613 he published his *Novelas Exemplares*, some of which had been written many years before. In a dedication to the Conde de Lemos he speaks somewhat bitterly of the evil tongues who, out of envy, had tried to do him wrong, while offering to his patron thirteen (they were but twelve) of his tales, which, "had they not been turned out of the workshop of his own wit, he might presume to place by the side of the best ever designed" (*los mas pintados*). In a lively prologue, interesting, as all his prologues are, because of the glimpses they give us of his life and character, Cervantes claims to be the first who has written novels in the Castilian tongue (*el primero que he novelado en la lengua Castellana*), and explains why he has called them *novelas exemplares*, because "there is not one of them from which some profitable example (or instruction) cannot be drawn." They are of various character and merit, exhibiting in an extraordinary degree the versatility of the author and his deep and wide knowledge of life under divers conditions. Those in which the scene is laid in Seville, as the *Rinconete y Cortadillo*—which, next to *Don Quixote*, must be regarded as the author's best piece of humour—were probably written on the spot, exhibiting, as they do, so fresh and lively a picture of the vagabond and picaresque gentry—the half-world of the Andalucian capital—the thieves, *bona-robas*, and bullies for which Seville was always famous. Rinconete and Cortadillo are two youths in quest of fortune, who forgather on the road to Seville and discover to each other their accomplishments in the arts of cheating and stealing. They enter the city to commence their profession, when they are accosted by a third, who enquires whether they have paid toll at the custom-house of Señor Monipodio. "Is there then a duty on thieves in this country?" asks Rinconete. "Yes," answers the other; "or

at least they have to be registered before Señor Monipodio, who is their father, their master, and their protector." They are told that it will cost them dear if they venture to steal without his warrant. Cortadillo had thought thieving a free trade, exempt from tax and due, or that thieves paid in the lump,—in the throat or in the shoulders; but seeing that every country has its usages, agrees to conform to this, especially as it is Seville, where, as the first country in the world, the usage should be most judicious. They are guided to the house of Monipodio, where Rinconete and Cortadillo are duly made free of the craft and introduced to the rest of the crew. There is an admirably vivid scene of the *picaros* at supper, diversified by the entrance of a girl all dishevelled and bruised and in tears, who complains of having been flogged by her lover for not sending him money, and a quarrel between two of the bravoes, with frequent alarms at the gate from the passing officers of justice. What is remarkable is the stress laid on the devoutness of the gang. Father Monipodio insists upon a portion of every stealing being spent in buying oil for the lamp which burns before a highly venerated image of the Virgin, and there is not one of the thieves who does not recite his rosary carefully,—many of them not stealing at all on a Friday,—while the blessing of Our Lady is invoked in all the more perilous enterprises. Another thing to note in the story—which, though dealing with the lowest life in a manner perfectly realistic, contains not one coarse word or impure idea—is the close relation which exists between the master of the thieves and the *alguacils* and officers of the law —which doubtless was a true picture of society in Seville in Cervantes' time.

In another of the stories, which is *The Colloquy of Scipio and Berganza*, two *Dogs of Mahudes*, the scene of Berganza's adventures is laid chiefly in Seville, and we have Monipodio again introduced as a receiver of stolen goods.

In the course of his career from being a watch-dog to a butcher to be a guardian of the hospital of Valladolid, Berganza tells of many tricks in various orders of life, among which figures very prominently the witch Cañizares, who is supposed to have been a real personage. *La Gitanilla*, or *The Little Gipsy Girl*, is a charming story, told with infinite *naïveté* and grace, of a child of noble parentage stolen in infancy and brought up in all the accomplishments of the Gitanos, who wins all hearts by her beauty, her songs, and dances, beguiling a young cavalier to follow her in all honest love, to end in an equal marriage. It is the original of all the gipsy stories in that kind, from which Weber took his opera of *Preciosa* and Victor Hugo his *Esmeralda*. *La Española Inglesa* (The English Spanish Lady) tells how a child was carried away a prize from Cadiz by an English naval commander named Clotaldo at the sacking of the city by the Earl of Essex. Being brought to London and educated as one of the English nobleman's family, Isabel captivates the heart of Ricaredo, the son of the house. She is introduced at Court, and the English Queen, who is painted in very flattering colours, behaves after a fashion more creditable to Cervantes' generosity than to historical accuracy—taking a warm interest in the stranger and loading her with costly jewels, among which is a string of pearls valued at 20,000 ducats. All goes merrily for the lovers until the appearance of one Count Ernesto, the son of Her Majesty's Keeper of the Robes, who desires the beautiful Isabel for himself, and lays schemes for the destruction of his rival. Isabel is poisoned, and loses all her beauty. Then a Scottish heiress, the Lady Clenarda, appears on the scene, whom Ricaredo is urged to marry, but Ricaredo will not. The lovers are separated, Ricaredo being taken captive by an Algerine corsair, and Isabel, upon the news of his death, resolving to become a nun. But at the last moment, when arrived at the church

door, she recognises Ricaredo as a meanly-dressed slave, just released from captivity, and the story ends in a happy marriage. *La Ilustre Fregona* (The Illustrious Scullery-Maid) is a legend of Toledo, the scene of which is laid in a tavern still standing, almost in the same state as when the lovely and well-born Costanza was in service there, under the name of the *Posada de Sangre*. It is a lively picture of contemporary life and manners. *El Amante Liberal* (The Generous Lover) is an intricate story of love and adventure, drawn from the writer's experiences of life in captivity among the Turks. *La Fuerza de la Sangre* (The Force of Blood) is a short tale of how the victim of a disorderly passion achieves her revenge and reparation. *Las Dos Doncellas* (The Two Damsels) and *La Señora Cornelia* are of a simpler construction and of less interest. *El Zeloso Extremeño* (The Jealous Estremaduran) and *El Casamiento Engañoso* (The Deceitful Marriage) are short stories of intrigue such as were popular on the stage—probably transcripts from real life. *El Licenciado Vidriera* (The Licentiate Glass-House) is of a curious recondite humour, abounding in sarcastic allusions, of which the point is now with difficulty discernible. The hero is an eccentric, whose brain has been turned by a love-potion, so that he imagines himself to be made of glass. The *Tia Fingida* or *Pretended Aunt*, which is sometimes attributed to Cervantes and is even included among the other novels in Hartzenbusch's edition, I cannot believe to be from the pen of our author. It never was acknowledged by Cervantes, and the only reason for supposing it to be his work is that the manuscript was found in the same collection with some of the novels which Cervantes afterwards published. The idea of the story is coarse and far from "exemplary." And, as I have said before (p. 13), the scene is laid in Salamanca, described by a student on the basis of a real romance in 1575, when Cervantes was either at sea or in Algiers, never having been

himself at the University. Apart from all other reasons for not admitting it among his novels, surely this is enough that Cervantes did not claim it when he collected and published his *Novelas Exemplares* in 1613.

The Novels of Cervantes have ever been esteemed by his countrymen as second to *Don Quixote* only among his works. They have been often reprinted, and even in translation have enjoyed a certain favour. Scott, who is to be reckoned among the good Cervantists, was wont to express a great love for the *Novelas*, confessing, according to a conversation reported in Lockhart, that they had "first inspired him with the ambition of excelling in fiction."[1] The influence of *Monipodio* is clearly to be discerned in the *Alsatia* of the *Fortunes of Nigel*. *Duke Wildebrod* is but an enlarged and exalted copy of the original father of the thieves, who may also be said to be the literary parent of Dickens' *Fagin*. The *Novelas Exemplares* have suffered, as have all the lesser members of the family, from their relationship to their illustrious kinsman; but they are clearly of like blood and composition with *Don Quixote*. The mintage is the same, though the metal is less precious. They are sufficient, did they stand alone, to prove Cervantes' surpassing excellence as a story-teller. But these poor relations of the Knight of La Mancha, it must be confessed, seem scarcely worthy of their distinguished lineage. Their merits are local and transient. The characters are true to the life, but it is the lesser life of Seville and of Toledo. They are types of Spain in the early seventeenth century, but not types of humanity; good for that age, but not for all time.

The year following, in 1614, Cervantes published his *Viaje del Parnaso*, usually, but wrongly, in all the modern editions, entitled *Viaje al Parnaso*. It is a journey not to, but in and around, Parnassus, written in *terza rima*, in eight chapters, professedly in imitation of an Italian poem

[1] See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. x. p. 187 (1869).

by Cesare Caporali in the same metre. The poem of Caporali, to which that of Cervantes bears no resemblance whatever except in name and measure, is now forgotten. That of Cervantes might, perhaps, have shared the same fate, but for its autobiographical details. Ticknor's verdict that as a poem it has "little merit" is too harsh a one. The leading idea is a battle between the good and the bad poets, which might have furnished Swift with a hint for his *Battle of the Books*. The bad poets having taken unlawful possession of Parnassus, Apollo summons Cervantes in order to consult him as to those who should be enlisted on his side to drive out the intruders. Mercury is sent in a galley, built of allegory and rigged with verse—in a passage which is the best in the poem for richness of fancy and playful invention—to Cervantes on this mission. The occasion is seized by the poet for an enumeration of the good poets existing in Spain, in a style which recalls that of the *Canto de Calíope* of thirty years before. Like the *Canto de Calíope*, the *Viaje del Parnaso* is spoilt by excessive good-nature.[1] The interminable roll-call of names of fifth-rate poetasters, most of whom survive only in this record, even relieved as it is here and there by a stroke of irony or sarcasm, is heavy enough to sink even a more buoyant vessel than that of Apollo's messenger, of which the rigging was all of *seguidillas*, the yards of couplets, and the timbers of stanzas.[2] The

[1] The *Viaje del Parnaso* was dedicated to Don Rodrigo de Tapia, a Knight of the order of Santiago, of whom nothing is known except that he was the son of Don Pedro de Tapia, a member of the King's Council, and adviser to the Holy Office.

[2] Profuse as are the praises which are showered on the poets,—good, and mediocre, and bad,—they did not satisfy everybody. Manuel de Villegas, a respectable poet himself, best known by his *Eróticas*, which are imitations of Anacreon, was offended with Cervantes because he had not said enough in the *Viaje* of his friend Bartolomé de Argénsola, and assailed him as *mal poeta y Quixotista*. The motive with Villegas might have been a less pious one than regard for his friend, seeing that he also was one of the dependants on the bounty of the Conde de Lemos.

conceit is too delicate a one to bear all this living freight; and it is no wonder that the *Viaje del Parnaso* fell dead in its day, and remained forgotten till nearly a century and a half afterwards.[1] Its chief interest to us lies in the fourth chapter, where the poet gives us a list of his several productions, and some pregnant hints as to his way of life, his poverty, and its causes. Of far greater intrinsic value than the verse is the prose Appendix, in which, under the title of the *Adjunta al Parnaso*, we have a charmingly characteristic presentment of the writer in his habit as he lived. The picture of *Pancracio de Roncesvalles*, the young exquisite of the period and would-be poet—who comes in rustling in silks, in starched ruff and frills, to visit Cervantes, is conceived in the author's happiest vein, and may match any of the living figures in the *Don Quixote* gallery.[2] We have here a glimpse of Cervantes himself at home in the *Calle de las Huertas*, "facing the houses where the Prince of Morocco used to lodge."[3] We are told the curious story of how his niece took in a letter, paying a *real* for postage, which turned out to be a scurrilous sonnet in dispraise of *Don Quixote*,[4] and how that Cervantes had six comedies then in hand, with as many farces, which he thought of giving to the press, as the managers would not have them, seeing that their

[1] It was republished by Sancha in his useful but most incorrect series of Cervantes' minor works in 1784.

[2] Let Pancracio de Roncesvalles be set alongside of Osric, the "water-fly"; and Sancho Panza with Christopher Sly. They are the only two parallels I can trace between the creations of Cervantes and of Shakspeare, in neither of whom is to be detected any hint of the other. Yet Shakspeare might have read *Don Quixote* before he died; though certainly Cervantes never knew of Shakspeare.

[3] In 1609 Cervantes was living, as appears by a document cited by Pellicer (p. 213 of his *Vida de Cervantes*), in the Calle de la Magdalena. In 1610 he occupied a house in the Calle de Leon. There is mention also of his living in another house in the Calle del Duque de Alba. All these are neighbourhoods scarcely above the scale of those inhabited by the poor; though Cervantes' last residence, in the Calle de Francos, was within a few doors of that occupied by the great Lope de Vega.

[4] See above, p. 158.

regular playwrights were hanging on them, whom they were bound to employ. The mingled grace, modesty, and good humour with which Cervantes speaks of his literary projects, and their fortunes, contribute to make this one of the most delightful of those only too brief transcripts he gives us of his life. Nor can we wonder, contrasting the ambitious poem with the modest appendix, that there should prevail among the booksellers of that age the opinion, so naïvely repeated by Cervantes himself, that "of his prose much was to be expected, but of his verse nothing."

The next year, 1615, even while he was engaged in hurrying to a completion that great work which was to be the crown and sum of his literary achievement—the Second Part of *Don Quixote*—Cervantes brought out a volume of eight comedies and eight farces or interludes (*entremeses*), which had never been played, and, perhaps, were never intended for representation. They had probably been written some years before, and had been laid aside in some coffer and forgotten. Induced by the fame of the author, even though he had been told that his verse was less marketable than his prose, a bookseller was found who offered to buy them. "I made the venture," says Cervantes in his preface to the book; "I sold them to the bookseller, who sent them to the press. He paid me a reasonable sum for them; I took my money meekly, without making account of the quirks and quibbles of the players. I would they were the best in the world, or, at least, of fair worth."[1] The comedies are certainly not

[1] One Blas de Nasarre, who, in 1749, reprinted these plays of Cervantes for the first time, gravely starts the theory that their author made them purposely bad in order to caricature the plays of Lope de Vega, just as he had written *Don Quixote* to parody the old romances. I agree with Ticknor that Nasarre's sincerity is greatly to be suspected. It was he who, as we shall see, republished Avellaneda's spurious Second Part of *Don Quixote* in 1752, averring it to be superior to that of Cervantes. It was Nasarre who, Navarrete declares, wrote the misleading entry opposite to the baptismal register at Alcázar de San Juan. (Navarrete, p. 556. See before, p. 8.)

good; one of them—*Los Baños de Argel*—is a mere re-cast of *El Trato de Argel*, written thirty years before. In them the author violates every one of the canons of the dramatic art he had himself laid down in *Don Quixote*. Indeed, the fact that he was induced to publish them at all proves only, I think, that he was poor and in stress of money. The farces are much superior to the comedies in spirit and in style; and some of them, I believe, have been put on the stage, literally or in adaptation, in Germany if not at home. They abound in pointed dialogue, witty *equivoques*, and telling situations—seeming to prove that Cervantes found this more easy and familiar kind of drama more suitable to his genius than the comedies of the higher art. In one of them, *La Guarda Cuidadosa* (The Watchful Guardian) there is a living picture (some have taken it to be a portrait) of an old soldier doing sentry over a house where his mistress lodges. In all of these smaller pieces, which are mostly in prose, are to be found abundant traces of Cervantes' humour, and they have a bustle of life and movement such as might even fit them for the modern stage. The longer comedies are of inferior merit. Such as they are, we must suppose that Cervantes intended them as specimens of the drama which was in vogue in his day, rather than as models of that true art of which we know he had grasped the principles. The publication was no success, nor was the book ever reprinted until 1749. There is good reason to believe from the tone of his private letters as well as of his printed address to his patrons, that at this period, on the eve of the crowning glory of his life, which was to be the close of his career, Cervantes was no better off in worldly circumstances than he was before *Don Quixote* was written.

A story told by Francisco Marquez Torres, chaplain to the good Archbishop of Toledo, in the Approbation prefixed to the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, dated 27th February, 1615, may be properly introduced here as throwing a light

on the condition of Cervantes and the opinion of his contemporaries about him at this period. After speaking of the great popularity which the works of Cervantes had won for their author,—not only throughout Spain, but in France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders,—the Archbishop's chaplain certifies that, two days before, he had received a visit from several French gentlemen who had come to Madrid in the train of the French Ambassador,[1] when, the name of Miguel de Cervantes having been brought up in conversation, they broke out into praises of his books, one of them saying that he knew the *Galatea* almost by heart. "They interrogated me very minutely about his age, his profession, his quality, and fortune. I found myself compelled to say that he was an old man, a soldier, a gentleman and poor. To which one of them responded in these precise words:—'But does not Spain keep such a man rich, and supported out of the public treasury?' Another of those gentlemen broke in with this idea, saying, with much acuteness: 'If it is necessity compels him to write, may God send he may never have abundance; so that, poor himself, he may make the whole world rich.'"

[1] This French ambassador, called by the Spanish commentators the *Duque de Umena*, must have been the Duc de Mayenne, who was sent by the Regent Anne of Austria, to conclude the double marriage of the Prince of Asturias (afterwards Philip IV.) with Isabelle de Bourbon, and of Louis XIII. of France with the Infanta Ana, eldest daughter of Philip III. The "M. de Boulay," who is quoted by some authorities (among others, Sir Richard Burton in his preliminary notes to the *Lusiads*) as being the recipient of a whispered remark by Cervantes to the effect that "he could have made his *Don Quixote* better but for the Inquisition," I have been unable to identify. I do not believe in the story.

CHAPTER XV

The False 'Don Quixote'

DURING all this period of active production, or at least from 1612, as may be gathered from patent hints in his other works and plain indications in the book itself, Cervantes was engaged in the composition of a Second Part of *Don Quixote*. That he did not originally contemplate a Second Part, but intended the First to be a complete story in itself, is probable. The book was an experiment on the public taste, debauched and vitiated by bad romances, of which Cervantes could hardly be expected to foretell the result. That he intended the First Part, from the beginning, to be a perfect story, is proved by his division of the book into four parts in imitation of the book of *Amadis of Gaul*. That he afterwards, as he proceeded with the story—even before he came to the end of it—changed his purpose, and conceived the design of continuing the Knight's adventures to a third sally, is proved by the words of Cid Hamet Benengeli which close the last chapter. "We are informed," says Cid Hamet Benengeli, "that he has done so"—that is, that a certain university scholar had deciphered certain writings relating to the Knight of La Mancha—"and that he means to make them public, giving us hope of the third sally of Don Quixote." In a few sentences before this we are told of a tradition that on this third sally Don Quixote went to Zaragoza, there to take part in the famous jousts which

were held in that city. It is true that the author ends the last chapter of his First Part with the line from Ariosto:—

Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro.

To this, by some modern commentators, has been assigned the singular meaning that Cervantes not only gave up all further right in his story but invited some one else to complete it; but surely that is a false interpretation of the author's design, which is refuted by every word which Cervantes himself has said of his own book. The line from Ariosto is a common form of parting, the conventional *envoi* or leave-taking, which may be a prophecy or a challenge, but surely was not an invitation. Cervantes probably suspected that what had happened to others would happen to himself—that some one would try and anticipate him in the conclusion of his book. But that he intended to dismiss his hero for ever as Ariosto had taken leave of Medoro and Angelica, and to part with his property in *Don Quixote*, is an extraordinary theory, involving as poor a compliment to the author as to his book. At first, doubtful of the fate of this new adventure, Cervantes might have been indifferent to the welfare of his own creation. But that, long before he could have suspected any one else of continuing his work, he himself purposed to continue it, is evident by numerous passages in the Second Part, and in fact by the whole scope and plan of the later book. What does Cervantes himself say in the beginning of his own sequel? "'And does the author, perchance, promise a Second Part?' enquired Don Quixote. 'Yes, he promises it,' answered Samson Carrasco, 'but he has not found it, nor does he know who has it; and so we are in doubt whether it will come out or not.'" This must have been written before 1612, when the world was eagerly demanding a Second Part. "Let us have more Quixoteries; let Don Quixote fall to, and come what will

we shall be content with that."[1] The people had already caught the spirit of the book, and were quick to apply its points. The names of Quixote and Sancho Panza were familiar in their mouths. Every lean, broken-kneed screw was a Rozinante, and every sleek ass a Dapple. No book had entered so deeply into the life and heart of the nation. Even in Cervantes' time his characters had become public property.

In the Prologue to the *Novelas Exemplares*, which must have been written, as the Dedication proves, before June, 1613, Cervantes promised that he would bring out "first and speedily a continuation of the exploits of Don Quixote and the pleasantries of Sancho Panza." At an earlier date than this the author must have already written his 7th and 15th chapters, wherein is laid down his whole scheme of the *dénouement* and ending of the story, with the means to be taken for curing Don Quixote of his craze and bringing him back to his village,—long before he could have heard a whisper of any design in forestalment of his own. Twelve months after, as we see by the date of Sancho's letter to his wife Theresa, Cervantes had more than half completed his Second Part. In the literary circles of Madrid his design must have been perfectly well known, and by his true friends the accomplishment of his great work anxiously expected. To lay so much emphasis on this, which might appear to be a point self-evident, would be needless were it not for a thing which now happened to Cervantes, the cruellest, perhaps, of all the wrongs he suffered in the course of his long life of trouble and of misfortune, and an outrage unparalleled in the history of literature. The blow was dealt to Cervantes by a secret hand in his tenderest part. The one book which had been the triumph of his life—which had brought him fame and justified his genius before men—was *Don Quixote*. After long beating about in the maze of letters, entangled by the dead forms of old

[1] *Don Quixote*, Part II. ch. iv.

romance and the rank growth of the newer culture, misled by false lights which his needs had compelled him to follow, Cervantes had found the true path. But he was not to enjoy even this one good stroke of luck in peace; his very *Don Quixote* being turned, by a refinement of malice, into a weapon for his bosom. In the summer of 1614, when the world was impatiently expecting from him the completion of his book, there appeared at Tarragona, printed in close imitation of the form of Cervantes' First Part,[1] a volume which announced itself as "*The Second Part of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha*, containing his Third Sally." The author proclaimed himself to be the Licentiate Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of the town of Tordesillas. The book was dedicated to the "Alcalde, Regidors, and Hidalgos of the noble city of Argamasilla, happy country of the gentleman-knight Don Quixote," etc. One Dr. Rafael Orthoneda gave his approbation to the work, saying that it "ought to be printed because it seemed to him to contain nothing immodest or forbidden." The Doctor Francisco de Torme y Liori, Vicar-General to the Archbishop of Tarragona, gave his licence for the printing in his own hand, dated 4th July, 1614. The terms in which these august persons spoke of the book, and their effusion in justifying beforehand its chasteness and propriety, seem to indicate that there was a conspiracy in which certain high ecclesiastics were implicated, to bring out the book in all haste and secrecy before the real *Don Quixote* appeared.

[1] In form and type the book closely corresponds with one of the two issues of the first edition, printed by Mey at Valencia, in 1605, with a frontispiece of a mounted knight with lance in rest, exactly corresponding to that in Mey's First Part—thus proving, as Salvá remarks, that it was the intention of the Tarragona printer to pass off this spurious Second Part as the true one. Mey printed his own edition of Cervantes' Second Part in 1616. The Tarragona counterfeit, now quite as rare as any of the genuine early editions, is an octavo of 290 pages with five of contents.

Had this been merely a continuation of a popular work, prompted by the usual spirit of commercial enterprise—an attempt to forestall Cervantes' market by some rival who honestly believed *Don Quixote* to be public property and thought himself equal to the true author, the thing would have been bad enough, even for that little scrupulous age. Other authors had been treated in the same way. The *Guzman de Alfarache* of Mateo Aleman had been continued in a second part by one calling himself Mateo Luxan, without the author's knowledge or leave. The second part of *Lazarillo de Tormes* was composed by De Luna many years after the first by Mendoza. Of such continuations we have examples in all literary history. Byron had a follower in *Don Juan*, and the true *Pickwick* was attended in due course by *Pickwick Abroad*. But here ends all that can be said in justification of Avellaneda's *Don Quixote*. Mateo Aleman, though he is bitter against Luxan for the liberties taken with *Guzman de Alfarache*, has no reason to complain of any but a trade injury. He even acknowledges in his preface to his own second part, that Luxan was not wanting in literary culture. De Luna, though he continued Mendoza, never attempted to degrade or travesty his work. The author of *Pickwick Abroad* would have resented any charge of want of loyalty to Dickens. Herein consists the one singular and essential difference between the author of the false *Don Quixote* and any other continuator, imitator, or parodist. It was bad enough to attempt to forestall Cervantes' own work—to take the bread out of his mouth; but the injury inflicted on Cervantes was one far greater, and intended to be greater, for which there is no parallel in the history of letters. That Avellaneda's was no ordinary case of imitation is proved by the spirit of malice and of mischief which breathes through every page of his book; and not only in the openly hostile preface but throughout the story. Had Nash or Greene or any one of Shakspeare's rivals, out of envy of the "Johannes Factotum"

—the "only Shakescene"—treated *Hamlet* as Avellaneda has treated *Don Quixote*; had he, ignoring the poet's own conclusion, so turned the story that Ophelia, rescued from the brook, should be confined in a reformatory; that Claudius should find grace and become head of a religious house, Horatio become a jester at the court of king Fortinbras, and Hamlet end his days in a lunatic asylum,—this would have been a trial even for the sweet temper of our Shakspeare. But an outrage greater than this did the veiled enemy of Cervantes attempt to perpetrate on his book. In the Second Part of Avellaneda we perceive not only a studied ignorance of Cervantes' design, an absolute insensibility to any feeling of romance or of chivalry, to the tenderness, the humour, the pathos of the story—a brutal incapacity to apprehend the spirit of the book; but a deliberate attempt to spoil the work of Cervantes—to rob him of its glory, and to degrade his characters, to drag them into the mire and besmirch them with filth. Avellaneda's Don Quixote is a common lunatic, who ends by being shut up in a madhouse. His Sancho is a mere vulgar glutton, a booby without sense or humour. In place of the graceful and witty Dorothea, we have the lewd and dirty Barbara. All grace, all tenderness, all flavour have vanished from the story; and the residuum is but a dull, dirty, obscene book, which it is a disgrace to the Spanish nation that any Spaniard should speak of with even toleration.[1]

The outrage on Cervantes would have been bad enough had it ended here. But that this was no ordinary imitation, —that Avellaneda was actuated, not by any literary ambition, still less by any liking for the story, in continuing *Don Quixote*—is sufficiently proved by the Prologue, which is written in the bitterest and most malignant tone of personal

[1] Yet there are Spaniards who not only tolerate Avellaneda, but have included his false *Don Quixote* in their collection of national classics, in the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*.

animosity against Cervantes, breathing spite and jealousy in every word. In this he is reviled with a fury which, in its extravagance, becomes almost laughable; not only for his faults as an author, but for his defects of character and his bodily infirmities,—even for his wounds, his old age, and his poverty. He is called a "cripple, a soldier old in years though youthful in spirits (a curious reproach, but evidently meant to sting), envious, discontented, a backbiter, a malefactor, or, at least, a jail-bird." He is likened in his ruinous state to the old castle of San Cervantes. He is reproached with having "more tongue than hands,"—his assailant, in his desire to note his defect of speech, being so blinded by malignity as even to libel that infirmity which Cervantes took to be the chief glory of his life, the hand disabled at Lepanto. Finally, after "unpacking his heart with words," and cursing like a very drab or a cloistered monk, Avellaneda, in his rage, avows that his express object in writing his book is to deprive Cervantes of the profit expected from *Don Quixote*.

What outrage inflicted on a man of letters was ever greater than this? Yet a modern translator of *Don Quixote* (Mr. Ormsby)—from whom better things might have been expected as a scholar and a presumed lover of Cervantes—has put forth the remarkable opinion that after all this was no great matter to cry out about; that Cervantes had "no reasonable grievance" except in the matter of the preface; that Cervantes had no case or a very bad one; that he ought to have borne it better than he did, seeing that other writers had been treated in the same way; that Avellaneda's book would never have been heard of had Cervantes behaved in some other and more manly way about it; finally, which is a climax worthy of Germond de Lavigne himself, that we owe a debt to Avellaneda, seeing that but for him *Don Quixote* would have remained "a mere *torso* instead of a complete work."

After this, from a gentleman who has so much regard for Cervantes as to do him the honour of translating him, it ceases to be a wonder not only how any man should have written a parody on *Don Quixote*, but how any man could have praised the false Second Part as equal, if not superior, to the real. That there are some of this breed still extant, out of Spain as well as in it, is clear. What is amazing is to discover that it is Cervantes, the true man, who has to answer for misbehaviour in the matter of this Avellaneda forgery—not the false rival, the malignant reviler of his name, the robber of his fame and spoiler of his work. No doubt our hero should have behaved much more nobly; but let us think what was the provocation. Of course he should have had philosophy enough to bear it; but of our charity let us remember that this was an old man, much vexed by fortune, approaching the close of his life, to whom nothing more happy had happened than the writing of the book so wantonly abused. Doubtless he should have passed over the injury—as modern authors, more fortunate in their training, are wont to do—and should have suffered in silence. How much more noble or good-natured Cervantes might have been, I do not know, though I find it hard to conceive of a nobler and better nature. As in the history of letters there is nothing like this outrage which was committed upon him, so in the same record I can find nothing more manly and dignified than Cervantes' answer to his assailant. As to what is said about the reader's debt to Avellaneda in respect that he has made Cervantes give us a complete work instead of leaving *Don Quixote*, it is sufficiently answered by what has gone before. I have proved that Cervantes designed to complete his book, and had written at least three-fourths of the Second Part, with a perfect scheme for a *dénouement* and conclusion, long before he could possibly have heard of another hand as engaged in the work. What then is the amount of our indebtedness to Avellaneda?—The only effect

the forgery had upon Cervantes was to quicken him in his labour, and to induce him to alter to a small extent the issue of Don Quixote's final adventure.

But leaving for the present the question of Cervantes' own conduct in this strange passage of his life, and I find it hard to blame him for any part of it, what of the hidden enemy by whom he was so cruelly and basely used? There can be no reasonable doubt that this was no ordinary quarrel between two men of letters. It was a deliberate personal attack on Cervantes, arising, as the preface clearly avows, from a motive deeper than that of literary jealousy. Who could be the author of the false *Quixote*—who sought to spoil Cervantes' book, and to rob him of the glory and the profit he had won by the First Part? That is a mystery still unsolved, which claims a literature to itself. That Avellaneda is an assumed name is certain. No one of that name was known in that age as a writer. Tordesillas is a town of old Castile, between Valladolid and Medina del Campo, a long way from Tarragona—used in this connexion, doubtless, as a blind. So much as this has been proved by internal evidence and by the hints dropped from the writer. Avellaneda, whoever he was, was an Aragonese, a monk, a Dominican, a writer of plays, and an intimate personal friend of Lope de Vega. That he was an Aragonese, Cervantes himself pronounces—from the style, his disuse of the article, his use of the infinitive for the gerund, and certain other peculiarities for which the writers of Aragon are noted. That he was a monk is proved by his familiarity with monastic observances and his frequent reference to them. That he was a Dominican and a preacher is strongly suspected by his profuse display of ecclesiastical learning, his quotations from the Fathers, and his partiality for the Dominican Order. That he was a writer of comedies himself is very probable, from the personal offence he owns to taking at Cervantes' criticisms of the drama. Lastly,

that he was one of Lope de Vega's intimate friends is seen from the zeal with which he adopts his cause, making it a particular charge against Cervantes that Lope de Vega is treated with scant reverence in *Don Quixote.*

Further than this no one has penetrated the secret of Avellaneda. There have been innumerable conjectures, however, as to the authorship of this spurious Second Part of *Don Quixote.* Mayans y Siscar, Cervantes' first biographer, declares that this disguised enemy was so powerful that Cervantes did not dare to name him. Cean Bermudez, at the commencement of this century, surmised that Avellaneda might be Blanco de Paz,—Cervantes' old enemy of Algiers,—an opinion which has been adopted in our days by Señor Benjumea. The voice is like that of Blanco de Paz, indeed, who was a Dominican and an Aragonese, with a curious rage of spite against Cervantes; but as Señor Asensio has pointed out, there is no proof that Blanco de Paz ever returned to Spain from his captivity, and it is extremely unlikely that he was alive, thirty-four years after, to indulge in his ancient grudge against his fellow-captive. Adolfo de Castro, in a serious mood, has suggested Luis de Aliaga, King Philip's Confessor, as likely to have been Avellaneda; and Aliaga's claims to that distinction are certainly very strong. He was known to have a peculiar hatred to the literary profession, through having been a frequent subject of their satire. He is said to have written plays himself. He was made the subject of ridicule by Quevedo (Cervantes' friend) in his *Cuento de Cuentos* and other satires; and wrote a pamphlet in reply to Quevedo, called *Venganza de la Lengua Española*, the style of which is said to be similar to Avellaneda's. Some other coincidences are certainly very remarkable and can scarcely be accidental, tending to strengthen the conjecture that Aliaga was Cervantes' hidden adversary, and that Cervantes knew him to be Avellaneda. In the passage describing Don

Quixote's entry into Barcelona, in the company of Don Antonio Moreno, it is related that some wicked boys of the city lifted the tails of Rozinante and Dapple, and stuck under them some branches of furze (*aliagas*[1]). Aliaga is known to have gone by the nickname of *Sancho Panza*, by reason of his large paunch and his thin legs, and there is a virulent lampoon levelled at him by the Conde de Villamediana, beginning :—

Sancho Panza, el Confesor
Del ya difunto Monarca.[2]

In spite of all this weight of indirect testimony, I cannot believe that a person so eminent in position and so powerful in influence as Aliaga, the King's Confessor, could have occupied himself in writing the spurious Second Part of *Don Quixote*, nor do the motives alleged seem to me strong enough to account for his singular acrimony in that publication. Other names have been mentioned, among them Alarcon the dramatist, Bartolomé de Argénsola, and the monk Perez, who wrote *La Picara Justina*. Argénsola, who is proudly claimed by M. Germond de Lavigne as Avellaneda, had been a friend of Cervantes, but was at this time (1614) at Naples with the Conde de Lemos. He who wrote *La Picara Justina* was vile enough in thought and style to have forged *Don Quixote*, but he had no motive

[1] See *Don Quixote*, Part II. ch. lxi. This was probably a skit at Aliaga, who was the universal butt of the wits of the age; but it is no proof that Cervantes took Aliaga to be Avellaneda.

[2] Luis de Aliaga was appointed confessor to Philip III., through the influence of the Duke of Lerma, in 1608, and Inquisitor-General on the decease of the Archbishop Sandoval in 1619, though he had been petitioned against, in 1612, by the Council of the Indies, as a man of scandalous life and habits. He was dismissed from these offices with ignominy and banished to his country house, in 1621, to the delight of all good men. Philip III., on his death-bed, is said to have denounced Aliaga in terms which implied that Aliaga had hastened his death. To this Villamediana is supposed to allude in his verses. See more of Aliaga in Guerra y Orbe's *Algunos Datos para ilustrar el Quijote*. Madrid, 1866.

for this particular villainy. Alarcon was thirty years of age in 1614. In 1606, if one may believe that Cervantes was then at Seville, assisting in the high jinks at San Juan de Alfarache, Alarcon must have made his acquaintance, he being one of the competitors in the mock tourney. In 1608 Alarcon returned to Mexico, his native country, but in 1611 came again to Spain. It is certainly curious that, while every other dramatist of the age makes mention of Cervantes,—most of them dipping largely into his repertory of inventions for their comedies,—in none of Alarcon's dramas is there any allusion to Cervantes or to *Don Quixote.*

I do not believe, however, that Alarcon, whose first comedy was played at Madrid in 1613, could have had any sufficient motive for assailing Cervantes so venomously as Avellaneda assailed him. Nor was Alarcon any friend to Lope de Vega, which is fatal to the theory of his being Avellaneda. Who, then, was the secret enemy who dealt Cervantes this dastardly blow; who had motive enough to hate Cervantes and to degrade the character of *Don Quixote;* who had interest enough to get his scurrilous book published with the approbation of archbishops and the superior clergy; who had cause to resent the freedom with which the comedies of the day and their writers were treated in *Don Quixote;* who had his own personal reasons for being jealous of the fame and the influence of the author; who had a strong motive for remaining concealed? That Cervantes knew who his assailant was, or at least came to know it before the Prologue to his own Second Part was written, I have little doubt. There is a peculiar tone of suppressed injury—of surprise and contempt mixed with indignation—a strange reluctance to press his complaint, out of regard seemingly for the office or the quality of his adversary, which to me is strong confirmation of what I hold to be the true solution of this dark mystery.

CHAPTER XVI

Cervantes and Lope de Vega

I AM now come to a chapter in the life of Cervantes which, for the honour of literature and of Spain, it were well that the honest biographer could afford to pass over. But it is impossible, in attempting to solve the mystery of the false *Don Quixote*, to avoid touching on the relations between Cervantes and his great and life-long rival, Lope de Vega. In these relations, which Spanish critics, out of motives pious and patriotic, have treated of very delicately, is involved much that is important for the reading of the character of our hero and for the understanding the temper of the age for which he wrote. The jealousies of men of letters have unfortunately been but too common in every age. The quarrels of authors are a favourite theme for the curious in human frailty. And never were evil-speaking and ill-doing between author and author carried to a sharper point than in Spain during the first decade of the seventeenth century, when the struggle for the patron was at the keenest. The swarm of competitors for literary fame was all the denser, the shouldering and the elbowing the fiercer, as the resources of the country began to diminish and the natural avenues to wealth became clogged and more difficult. The intercourse between the leading wits of the day was painfully deficient in courtesy, and when they fell out, as often happened, their language to each other betrayed feelings which in this

politer age, when we have happily got rid (as it is confidently reported) of the bludgeon and the poisoned dagger, are scarcely comprehensible. We have only to read the satirical sonnets exchanged between Góngora and Lope de Vega, or between Quevedo and Góngora, to perceive what little restraint even the best of the men of that day—the Phœnixes, the Mirrors, and the Oracles of wit and learning —were able to exercise towards each other, when their passion of jealousy was aroused. Góngora writes verses against Quevedo, calls him "drunkard," "stupid pedant," and reviles his defect of vision and his limping gait. Quevedo retorts in kind, and with equal delicacy of wit, saying that he will have to smear his verses with bacon fat to keep Góngora from gnawing them—thus gently insinuating that the leader of the *Cultos* was a Jew or a Moor. On Villamediana's fresh grave Góngora discharges venom, treating that "blood-stained heart" as in life Villamediana had treated all other hearts. Between Lope de Vega and Góngora similar compliments passed, in foul sonnets levelled at each other. The historian Mariana, resenting an attack by his critic Ramila, calls him "ass in voice and aspect, ass in the feet and bosom, with nothing recorded of his life which did not smell of ass."

The only writer of the time against whom no like reproach can be brought was Cervantes. There is not a line of his about a rival or contemporary which implies anything worse than a good-humoured jest or a piece of banter. When most severe and with just cause he uses no weapon sharper than irony, and even his deadliest sarcasms are purged of offence by humour. Like our own Shakspeare, as painted by Ben Jonson, he was of "an open and free nature," who thought no evil and looked for none; of a temper the sweetest among men of genius, who had come through the fiery ordeal of a life of hardship with a heart unsoured as with honour unblemished. In him the old

Castilian virtues of manliness and dignified self-restraint were blended with qualities more rare among his countrymen—with a gaiety of soul, a cheerful frankness, and sereneness of temper, which were as conspicuous in his relations with his brothers of the pen as they had been with his companions in captivity.

With Lope de Vega, a man of a mould quite other, Cervantes was brought early into contact; and it is impossible to avoid the question which now arises as to the nature of the relations between the two men. They crossed each other's path very often, and there is much in their connexion, whether we call it competition or not, which is of interest in understanding the story, if not in unravelling the mystery, of Cervantes' life. If we are to believe the majority of the Spanish critics, especially those of the earlier time, the relations between Lope de Vega and Cervantes were of perfect amity, as between the two greatest men of letters there should be. If there was any difference between them, it was such as was inevitable from disparity of age and inequality of worldly fortunes.[1]

On the part of Cervantes, the feeling of natural resentment at a dispensation which placed a man whom he regarded as not his superior in a position so far above him in worldly esteem and in fortune, was one certainly not inconsistent with a friendly disposition towards Lope, and a generous recognition of his merits. No one has spoken more warmly or more profusely in favour of Lope de Vega. So early as 1584, when Lope was but twenty-two years

[1] Navarrete is one of those who try zealously to maintain this position. Pellicer is not so confident. Clemencin was clearly visited with strong suspicions of Lope, though he tries to conceal them and to hold the balance even between the two. Ticknor has summed up the case with great fairness in his note on the subject, except that he gives to *Dorothea*, in which there are two casual references to Cervantes, the date of 1598. But *Dorothea*, though written in Lope's youth, was not published till 1632, sixteen years after Cervantes' death.

of age,—when assuredly he could not have been much known and a word of praise was most useful to him,—Cervantes had named him among the rising poets of Spain, and had foretold his greatness in the *Canto de Caliope*. In 1598, when he was himself in the depths of poverty, he had written a laudatory sonnet for Lope's poem of *La Dragontea*. It is quite true, as Ticknor observes, that in what Cervantes says about Lope de Vega there is a tone of "dignified reserve and caution." There could not be much love between the two men, even if their social positions had been equal; and it is all the more creditable to Cervantes' sense of generosity that he was able to praise a rival in whose popularity he could not but feel there was implied so much of injustice to himself. In the First Part of *Don Quixote*, Cervantes has unquestionably spoken with great freedom of the popular favourite. The famous Prologue is clearly levelled all through at Lope de Vega,—at his pedantry, his conceit, his literary tricks and artifices, though what is said is in a tone of good-natured banter or "chaff," which none but a malignant nature would take for malice. In the forty-eighth chapter, where the Priest of Argamasilla discourses with such excellent judgment of comedies and their makers, Lope is principally aimed at and severely criticised, especially for his degradation of his art to the taste of the vulgar. But his faults are touched with much delicacy; nor is there a single word which can be tortured into an expression of personal ill-feeling. In this same chapter some of Lope's dramas are selected for especial and extravagant praise. While Lope's manner of writing is ridiculed, his defects are set down rather to his easiness in accommodating himself to "the taste of the actors" than to his own want of art or judgment, while Lope himself is called "that most happy genius of these kingdoms, who has composed such an infinite number of plays with so much glory, with so much grace, such elegant verse, such choice language, such weighty

sentiments,—so rich in eloquence and loftiness of style as that the world is filled with his renown."

On the other side what have we? The only book of Lope's in which the name of Cervantes occurs, though he published many books while Cervantes was alive and struggling for fame and fortune, was *Dorothea*—a wild dramatic romance in which the shameless story of Lope's own early loves is told with amazing effrontery. But as *Dorothea* did not see the light till 1632, it comes to this, that in return for all Cervantes' praises of him not one single word was said in any published work of Lope's during Cervantes' lifetime. As Ticknor observes, Lope had many opportunities for a good word which might have been of use to his less fortunate rival. He actually makes use of incidents in Cervantes' life in Algiers in one of his plays, *Los Esclavos de Argel*, introducing Cervantes himself in person as one of his characters, and pillaging whole scenes and passages from Cervantes' own play of *El Trato de Argel*, without one word to signify his respect for the man, of sympathy for his sufferings, or in commendation of his heroic conduct. After Cervantes' death Lope mentions him four times in various of his works up to 1635; in the *Laurel de Apolo* devoting fourteen lines to his memory, but in every case either coldly or in terms curiously forced and insincere. As for *Don Quixote*, in reply to what is called "the charge" made by Cervantes' partisans that Lope never praised it in print, we are asked by a recent notable reprover of partisanship[1]—"Why should he?" Why should he, indeed? There could not be much to Lope's liking in *Don Quixote*. It was a book written in reproof of the popular taste for extravagance and affectation in books, in which the practice of writing comedies merely to suit the humour of the audience and for pelf had been severely condemned.

[1] In the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1894.

But though Lope left nothing in print to signify his opinion of *Don Quixote*, an accident, which we cannot regard as other than fortunate, has let us into the secret of Lope's mind in regard to his rival's book. Searching among the papers in the archives of the Conde de Altamira, which had once belonged to the Duke of Sessa, Lope's great friend and patron, the German Adolph Schack found some autograph letters of Lope to the Duke, extracts from which he published in the Appendix to his book on the *Dramatic Literature and Art of Spain*.[1] Among these is one dated the 4th of August, 1604, in which Lope, giving the latest news from the Court, says: "Of poets I speak not. Many are in the bud for next year, but there are none so bad as Cervantes, or so foolish as to praise *Don Quixote*;" and again, speaking of satire: "It is a thing as hateful to me as my little books are to Almendares (a poor poet of the day) and my plays to Cervantes." The *animus* here is tolerably manifest. At this date let us remember *Don Quixote* had not yet been published, so that Lope could only know of it by report, or what is more likely, from having seen it in manuscript, which he could scarcely have done had he not been a professed friend of the author.

We are told by those who claim to discuss this small matter without any feeling of partisanship that "rather too much has been made of these words of Lope about Cervantes"; and perhaps, if there was no more than this in the private correspondence of Lope with the Duke of Sessa, we might be disposed to agree with the opinion. But the letters between Lope and the Duke were very numerous, and Schack was allowed to examine only a small portion of them. The bulk of that correspondence still exists in manuscript, consisting of 225 letters filling three volumes folio, which are carefully locked from curious eyes in the *Biblioteca*

[1] *Nachträge zur Geschichte der Dramatischen Literatur und Kunst in Spanien*, von A. F. von Schack. Frankfurt, 1854.

Nacional. The erudite Barrera, historian of the Spanish drama, to whom the precious papers were submitted for examination, will perhaps be able to say when the whole of Lope's letters will be published. If as an appendix to that truly *magnum opus*, the complete edition of Lope de Vega,—of which only one volume a year has come out since 1890,—we need not look for full light on this dark matter until some time in the middle of the twentieth century.[1] Meanwhile, it is no secret that some appalling revelations await a future generation respecting the character of that glory of his nation and wonder of the world, Lope de Vega. A few of the letters have found their way into print, and may be read by the curious in *Los Ultimos Amores de Lope de Vega*, by Ribas y Canfranc, published in 1876. Of these it is enough here to say that they exhibit the great public entertainer of the period, the brilliantly successful dramatist, now in holy orders, —a familiar of the Inquisition, and of the mature age of fifty-five, in the character of head-procurer to the nobleman of whose soul he was in charge. Under the pretence of making the Duke his confidant in his own adulterous adventure, the reverend chaplain is seen to be helping his Grace in his amours,—when not engaged, we presume, in carrying a torch at an *auto de fé* or assisting at mass. The whole story of the mutual pandering is droll almost to the overpowering of the disgust. The Duke's own letters unfortunately are not preserved, but the passages in which "Belardo" imparts to "Lucilo"—such were the sweetly sentimental names adopted by this disreputable pair of old gentlemen—the

[1] The edition is being brought out under the care of Señor Menendez y Pelayo, and promises the "complete works" of Lope de Vega. Seeing that vol. iii., to which in three years we have got, only goes so far as some of the plays from Scripture, and that none of the comedies proper are yet touched, or the farces and dialogues, not to speak of the miscellaneous poems, the novels, the pastorals, etc.; seeing that, according to Hartzenbusch, to print the whole of Lope's works would need fifty such volumes as those of Rivadeneyra's *Biblioteca*, this is a very large promise.

troubles of his soul in respect of helping his Grace with "Jacinta," while confiding to him his interesting relations with "Amarilis," are a comedy more exquisite than Lope ever invented, and of a humour almost equal to any scene in *Don Quixote*.[1]

We have no further concern with this scandal in this place except for the strong light it throws upon the moral character of the man whose intellectual feats Cervantes had been at such pains to extol. From the story of the life of Miguel de Cervantes, of which his relations with Lope de Vega form an essential part, this chapter, however offensive to the national pride, cannot be omitted. It serves to prove at least that in the ethical part the "prodigy of nature" was not strong; that his powers of self-deception were equal to those of his professional feigning; that in the art of "making comedy" he was as expert at home as on the stage; that he was not very nice as to the means he took for gratifying his purposes, as indeed is shown by the whole story of his life. Who can tell what further secrets lie hidden in that bundle of papers so jealously hidden away by the guardians of Spanish orthodoxy, literary and religious?[2] Who can assure us that there are no other allusions to Cervantes than those which the too curious Schack was lucky enough to capture at a casual reading? The excuse for hiding the Sessa correspondence is that it contains scandal

[1] *Amarilis* was a married woman, Doña Marta de Nevares. Góngora got hold of the scandal, and wrote some verses on it:—

Dicho me han por una carta
Que es tu cómica persona—
Sobre los manteles mona,
Y entre las sabanas marta,—

a play upon the word *marta*—a marten. The Duke's eldest son stood sponsor at the birth of Lope's bastard girl.

[2] Other collections of private letters by Lope are spoken of by Gayangos, in his translation of Ticknor, as belonging to the Marqués de Pidal, which have never seen the light.

about Lope, the priest and Inquisitor; but seeing that it covers the period of this other great scandal—the secret attack upon Miguel de Cervantes by some one who was at least a very warm friend of Lope—may we not fairly suspect that there is something contained in the letters more than has appeared—something which might throw light upon this dark mystery of Avellaneda?

Judging of the unknown from the known, there is evidence enough to connect Lope de Vega with the publication of this false and malignant book, which, under the pretence of being a continuation of *Don Quixote*, was an elaborate attack upon Cervantes, his character and his work. Lope de Vega had been all his life a persistent rival of Cervantes—watching his progress, waiting on his steps, imitating him at every turn of the thorny path to fame, and pursuing him through every field of letters with a jealous tenacity to which I do not know any parallel. Whatever the elder man wrote, the younger copied. Cervantes wrote a pastoral—*Galatea;* Lope de Vega wrote a pastoral—*Arcadia.*[1] Cervantes wrote plays; Lope de Vega wrote plays (here beating his rival out of the field by his amazing productiveness). Cervantes wrote novels; Lope de Vega wrote novels. Then Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote;* and here Lope de Vega's instinct must have told him there was no copying Cervantes. It was a blow which shook his throne, and fluttered the whole tribe of his flatterers and parasites. The Prologue must by them have been regarded as nothing short of *lèse-majesté*. Here was one who had mocked the very majesty of Spanish letters on the throne, who had ruffled the Phœnix of the age, who had carried his audacity so far as to speak lightly of "one whom nations the most

[1] In a former edition I wrote, by a slip of the pen, *Dorothea* in place of *Arcadia*. *Dorothea* is not a pastoral, and anything but an *Arcadia*. But if any blunder is excusable in a writer it is that of not remembering the name of one of Lope's multitudinous productions.

remote so justly honour, and to whom our country owes so much for his innumerable stupendous comedies, written with all the vigour of art which the world demands, and with the correctness and purity to be expected from a minister of the Holy Office." This, from Avellaneda himself, is an exquisite touch, seeing what were the pious works in which the minister of the Holy Office was then engaged, with his Grace the Duke of Sessa.

Who, then, but Lope de Vega could have written, if not the spurious Second Part, at least Avellaneda's brutal and malignant prologue? In this last there have not been detected any traces of Aragonese,—though even such might have been introduced purposely, for the better disguising the authorship.[1] No one, as I think I have shown, had so great a motive for injuring Cervantes in his *Don Quixote*. No one was so capable of doing him that injury as a priest, who was acute enough to detect that the book boded his order no good; as a familiar of the Inquisition, which holy system had been burlesqued, exposed, and brought to naught; as a writer whose literary sins had been held up to ridicule; as a dramatist whose plays had been condemned; finally, as the leading star in the literary firmament which had been eclipsed. But then we are told that there is "no positive proof" that Lope was Avellaneda. If there was any positive proof, of course the controversy would be at an end. What positive proof could we have in the circumstances? Who was likely to confess to the authorship of that dastardly and malignant

[1] The apologists for Lope have made much of the difference of his style from Avellaneda's; but it is worthy of note that Cervantes, in the Prologue to his own Second Part, charges his adversary not only with "hiding his name" but "disguising his country"— trying to pass for an Aragonese for greater deception. Lope was quite capable of such a trick, or if not, could easily have got one of his numerous train of satellites to do this dirty work for him. There are some who have even detected a resemblance in style between Avellaneda's book and Lope's early dramatic romance of *Dorotea*, the only thing he wrote in the romantic way.

prologue? No direct testimony can be expected to come from any Spanish source. Again we are told that "the character of the book" is inconsistent with the theory that Lope wrote it, not to speak of "the impossibility of a brave soldier, as Lope was, taunting another with having lost his hand at Lepanto." But it is precisely the character of the book which confirms the suspicion that Lope, and none but Lope, was the author—its character of foul ribaldry, joined to the base personal malice displayed against Cervantes. As to the "brave soldier" argument, it is a desperately feeble one. What do we know of Lope as the "brave soldier"? It is true he took a month's cruise on board one of the vessels of the Armada, coming back to Cadiz uninjured. But where is the record of any special bravery displayed by him on board the galleon *San Juan*—the tale of the heretics whom he slew, of the dangers he encountered and the wounds he endured? History is absolutely dumb as to the deeds of Lope de Vega as soldier and sailor, and to compare them with those of Cervantes is ridiculous. Not less maladroit is the reference to Lope's generous pleading for Vicente Espinel with the Duke of Sessa as a proof of Lope's freedom from jealousy, when we remember that Espinel was one of those false friends who, extravagantly praised by Cervantes, turned traitor to his friend's memory, disparaging *Don Quixote* after the author's death and rating his own *Marcos de Obregon* as superior.

All that we know of Lope de Vega's character confirms the theory which attributes to him the authorship of the spurious Second Part of *Don Quixote*, and the more we know of that character the more probable that theory becomes. In his lifetime Lope was noted for his jealousy of every one who came too near his throne. His own pupil and friend, Alarcon, wrote of him as—

Envidioso universal
De los aplausos agenos—

the universal envier of the applause given to others. That Lope de Vega, with his own hand, wrote the false Second Part which was intended to forestall and to spoil Cervantes' own coming Second Part, no one, of course, can positively say. It is not likely that he did, nor necessary to his purpose that he should. But every collateral circumstance, every presumption, every fact which has been brought to light, tends to support and confirm the opinion, which even some Spaniards are now beginning slowly to admit, that Lope de Vega, singly or in collaboration, was—if not the author—the inspirer, the true and only begetter of the *Don Quixote* of Avellaneda. That the word went round the circle of Lope's satellites that *Don Quixote* was to be depreciated is proved by testimony more ample than I have room for in this place.[1]

From the defence of Avellaneda, or the excuse for him, to the approbation of his work is but a step—a step which even Spaniards have been bold enough to take. Even when they had the true *Don Quixote* before them there were critics, native and foreign, who preferred the imitation to the original, the base coinage—doubly base for its bad work and its ill intent—to the sterling metal. Just as Shakspeare had his Greene and his Rymer, so Cervantes was fated to have his Le Sage and his Lavigne. The Archbishop of Tarragona and his Vicar-General, those seasoned vessels, who found nothing immodest in Avellaneda's *Quixote*,—nothing but what is chaste entertainment and good morality,—have not been without followers in Spain and elsewhere. Blas de Nasarre, in his reprint of Avellaneda in 1732, declared the character of the false Sancho to be more natural than

[1] See Pellicer, Ticknor, and Guerra y Orbe, *passim*. In *El Cavallero Venturoso*, by Juan de Valladares,—a work never published, the manuscript of which is in the possession of Señor Gayangos,—there is an allusion in the preface depreciatory of *Don Quixote*. The approbation is under Lope de Vega's hand, dated 1617. Valladares was a priest.

Cervantes' Sancho; that Cervantes had borrowed his own Second Part from Avellaneda; that the glory of Avellaneda is the greater, for the droll reason that "it needs more force of genius to add to first inventions than to make them."[1] Don Agustin Montiano, who gives his approbation to the book of Avellaneda, speaking of Cervantes' harsh remarks on his competitor, does not believe that any judicious man would decide in favour of Cervantes, defends Avellaneda from the reproach of being "cold and without mirth," and prefers his Sancho to the original.[2] A greater than any of these false Spaniards—Le Sage—perhaps to show his spite against a book from which he could not steal,—"in this fair garden left to feed, To batten on the moor,"—made a French version of Avellaneda, trimming and combing him into French elegance, omitting his bawdry and purging him of his grossness. According to this judge of what was knightly and romantic, "Avellaneda has very well sustained the character of Don Quixote; he has made a Knight Errant who is always grave, and all whose words are magnificent, pompous, and flowery."[3] The latest of this school of odd perverse antipathists is that acute and ingenious Spanish scholar, M. Germond de Lavigne,—said to be a disciple of Victor Hugo,—who has taken up Avellaneda with warmth, abusing Cervantes for lack of generosity in not welcoming his traducer as a *concurrent;* and placing him on the same level of *les petites passions de rivalité.* He denies the grossness of Avellaneda and the delicacy of Cervantes; avers that

[1] Blas de Nasarre, who has figured before in this biography, is said to have been one of those who affected French tastes, then becoming fashionable under a Bourbon king. He assumed the name of Isidro Perales.

[2] Agustin Montiano y Luyando, who signed the Approbation for Nasarre's reprint of Avellaneda (the first ever made of the book, and the only one till Rivadeneyra gave it the honour of a place in his *Biblioteca*), was Secretary to Philip V.

[3] See Le Sage's preface to his translation, or rather *réchauffage*, of Avellaneda, in the first edition of 1704. In this, *Don Quixote* is turned into *Dom Guichotte.*

the copyist is entitled to our respect because he has conducted his story strictly according to "the logical succession of the ideas of the master"; declares the plan of Avellaneda superior to that of Cervantes; with a sublime audacity charges Cervantes himself with plagiarism from the other; finally, pronounces Cervantes "*un esprit léger, frivole, et vagabond*"!

CHAPTER XVII

The Second Part of 'Don Quixote'

THE scheme of the false knight who with vizor down had tried to personate the true so as by deliberate misbehaviour to bring shame on his rival, had such success as that notable piece of villainy deserved. Not long had Avellaneda to plume himself upon the triumph of his craven device. Cervantes first became aware of the intruder upon his domain when himself half through the fifty-ninth chapter of his Second Part. He was then leisurely taking *Don Quixote* to the jousts at Zaragoza, where, in accordance with the plan of the third sally, as distinctly announced in the fifteenth chapter, the Knight was to be encountered in the lists by the disguised Samson Carrasco, overthrown, and brought back to his village to be cured of his knight-errantry craze. There is no foundation whatever for the strange theory which a recent English critic has advanced that but for Avellaneda Cervantes would not have completed his own book. The design of the Second Part had been already declared, and the process of the *dénouement* plainly indicated. The only effect which the publication of Avellaneda's book had upon our author was to cause him to divert his hero's course from Zaragoza to Barcelona—"in order," as he says himself, "to prove that new historian a liar." We do not know that this change of destination involves any loss to the reader. The plan of taking the Knight to Zaragoza to mingle with real knights

at a tournament was not very promising. Cervantes even seems to welcome the diversion with something more than a boyish delight in this unexpected prospect of a good fight. His own *Don Quixote* was beginning to show signs of weariness. Adventures were almost exhausted. Even Sancho's spirits were beginning to flag. Therefore, though at the expense of some dislocation of the narrative, and the straining of Rozinante's powers, who had to go two hundred and thirty miles in four days,—and the confusion of the topographers, who cannot understand why the author did not make more of the country—Cervantes abandoned his first intention, and, with a little violence to chronology and geography, took his hero to Barcelona. The desire of Cervantes to get away from Avellaneda's ground was perfectly natural, and it is a little absurd to blame him, as Mr. Ormsby has done, for "not thinking enough of his readers." The readers have nothing to forgive the writer. His last chapters, even though we may concede that there are some marks of hurry in the composition, show no falling off in humour or spirit. The final scene in the Duke's castle we could have done very well without, and Altisidora we hardly cared to see again. But the bright and sparkling chapters of life at Barcelona; the manner in which the Knight's overthrow by him of *The White Moon* is accomplished; the incidents on the return journey to Argamasilla and Sancho's penance at night in the wood; and the end, with the sickness and death of Don Quixote, and Sancho blubbering by his master's bedside, and bidding him to rise and resume his adventures, for "the maddest thing a man can do is to die," are as true to nature as they are consummate in art—the perfect sequel to the story, in which assuredly the reader has not been forgotten.

How much better Cervantes might have done I know not, or how differently he should have behaved under the trial he had to endure, when another hand had tried to degrade his hero and to spoil his book. That he must have

felt the foul blow deeply is manifest, from the frequent references he makes to Avellaneda and to the impudent attempt to rob him of his hero, and from the reply he makes to his enemy in the Prologue. It is easy to say that he ought to have behaved differently; but he did not—not being blest with those moral gifts with which modern critics are so richly endowed. For my part I see nothing to regret from the part of either the author of *Don Quixote* or his readers. I cannot admit that there is a single word he wrote in his own justification, while suffering under this cruel stroke dealt him by an unseen enemy, which can fairly be said to be unworthy of his fine genius and nature—of the author of *Don Quixote*. I do not think he loses his temper even under this unexpected blow, or his dignity, and certainly not his skill of fence. With exquisite art he even makes use of the blundering thrusts of his adversary to furnish and embellish his own work. Avellaneda serves him for a perpetual whetstone to his wit, and for new occasions of humour. Nothing can exceed the delicacy of the style in which the clumsy malice of the forger of the spurious *Don Quixote* is made to administer to the triumph of the real and true Knight; nor is there a single line which for the sake of his author or of the story we have reason to wish away. The manner in which Avellaneda and his hero are introduced in the later chapters some have regarded as an excrescence, but to me it is only an addition to the entertainment. Avellaneda is made to find sport for him he had come to spoil, and in the playing off of the sham knight and squire against the real the reader has an unexpected and wholly new source of humour.

Before the true knight the false vanished. The book, of which its eccentric French admirer says that it had *un succès real*, seems to have had but a short life.[1] Upon Cervantes'

[1] M. Lavigne is not even honest in his perversity, but, like a true Frenchman, invents his facts to support his theories. In order to make us believe in the

second entrance into the lists, Avellaneda was overthrown as easily and as completely as Belianis and Felixmarte had been in his first adventure. To the credit of the people they would not read the false *Don Quixote*, having the true one. In the dedication of his last book of comedies to the Conde de Lemos in 1615, Cervantes had spoken of Don Quixote as "waiting in the Second Part, booted and spurred, to do him homage." The Approbation of Marquez Torres (spoken of before) is dated the 27th of February, 1615. The licence to print, however, was not granted until the 5th of November. The dedication to the Conde de Lemos is dated the last day of October. In this the author speaks of his making haste to publish, in order to be rid of the "disgust and nausea" which another Don Quixote had caused him—going on to speak of his rival in terms which have been allowed, by his sternest critics, to be manly, simple, and dignified. "That which I cannot help feeling," he says, "is that he charges me with being old and maimed, as though it had been in my power to stop time from passing over me, or as though my deformity had been produced in some tavern, and not on the grandest occasion which ages past or present have seen, or those to come can hope to see. If my wounds do not shine in the eyes of him who looks on them, they are at least honoured in the estimation of those who know where they were acquired; for the soldier looks better dead in battle than alive in flight. And so much am I of this opinion, that if now I could devise and bring about the impossible, I would rather be present again in that wonderful action than now be whole of my wounds, without having taken part therein." He goes on to protest that he is not one likely to "persecute

popularity of Avellaneda he speaks of a *second edition* of the spurious Second Part, of Madrid, 1615, on the authority of an apocryphal entry in Ebert's *Lexicon*. The Spanish bibliographers know of no such edition. There never was such an edition. Avellaneda's book was never published a second time, being snuffed out when Cervantes' own *Don Quixote* appeared,—until revived, in 1732, by Nasarre.

any ecclesiastic—above all if he is a familiar of the Holy Office to boot" (glancing at Lope, then newly endowed with the religious habit, whose "innumerable stupendous comedies" Avellaneda had charged him with disparaging); and averring that he "adores the man's genius, and admires his works continuous and virtuous." "Continuous and virtuous!" There is a characteristic double edge to this last compliment; and in the notion of Cervantes persecuting a familiar of the Inquisition—one more given to persecuting than being persecuted—there is much humour, which the Count his patron would doubtless appreciate. Cervantes proceeds to tell a story of how the Emperor of China, desiring to found a college at Pekin, had asked him to be Rector—a story which by some has been taken seriously. It doubtless refers to a tradition of some offer having been made to Cervantes of a place as professor of the Spanish language in Paris. This was refused for a reason Cervantes refers to, when he goes on to say that he asked the Emperor's envoy what arrangements had been made for paying his expenses to China, upon which the answer was—"None, not even in thought." So the author of *Don Quixote*, being now not only infirm but in much want of money, prefers—"Emperor for Emperor and Monarch for Monarch"—the Conde de Lemos at Naples for his benefactor and supporter—a delicate hint, double charged, of complaint and supplication.

The Second Part of *Don Quixote* was published in November, 1615, the printer, Juan de la Cuesta, and the bookseller or publisher, Francisco Robles, being the same as for the First Part. The success of the new volume was quite as great as that of its predecessor. Cervantes' own opinion, put into the mouth of Samson Carrasco, that "second parts were never good," has been in this instance signally confuted. By the majority of critics the Second Part of *Don Quixote* has been preferred to the First. Despite

of Charles Lamb, who declared that in writing "that unfortunate Second Part," Cervantes "sacrificed his instinct to his understanding,"[1] the second *Don Quixote* must be pronounced even superior to the first in execution. There is more richness of colour, more play of fancy, more wealth of invention. The author is on firmer ground, and surer of his audience. The First Part was an experiment in an untried field. In the Second, there is no longer any doubt. The fable expands, the characters are more fully developed, the action becomes more lively and more picturesque. The author has fallen in love with his own creations, and attends more carefully to their behaviour. Don Quixote is less the man out of his wits, and more the man of ripe sense. Above all, Sancho plays a more important part in the piece, throwing off much of his clownishness, and growing in wit, manners, and wisdom. Some new personages are introduced, such as Samson Carrasco and the Duke and Duchess, who throw into higher relief the humour of the scenes, while they relieve the monotony of the Errantry business. One notable difference between the First and the Second Part is that the parody of *Amadis*, as the story proceeds, is, to a large extent, dropped. We have fewer references in the Second Part to Knighthood and the books of chivalries. Cervantes seems even to have imagined that he had gone too far with his diatribe against the romances, which he loved only too well himself. His purpose accomplished of destroying the taste

[1] See Lamb's letter to Southey (19th August, 1825):—"Marry, when somebody persuaded Cervantes that he meant only fun, and put him upon writing that unfortunate Second Part, with the confederacies of that unworthy Duke and most contemptible Duchess, Cervantes sacrificed his instinct." This is hardly in Lamb's best taste. To abuse the Duke and Duchess for the parts they are made to take, is like Partridge at the play telling the Queen to "go about her business, for she is a vile, wicked wretch." Cervantes must be supposed to know his own business. The Duke and Duchess may be contemptible, but they were dramatically necessary. They certainly, with all their tricks, do not degrade but rather exalt Don Quixote in our esteem, while they contribute largely to our entertainment.

for the chivalric books, he sets himself to provide his readers with an agreeable compensation. Something of the charm of the original book, of course, is wanting to the continuation—the *naïveté*, the simplicity, the invention itself, which cannot be repeated; but in all the higher essentials of a work of genius the Second Part of *Don Quixote* must be pronounced even better than the First. There is more of human interest in the story. There are fewer interruptions in the shape of episodes and occasional poetry. The figures on the stage are more various; and they move and act, as well as speak. The play itself is better constructed, with more harmony between the parts, more freedom in the action, more breadth of comedy, more flexibility of language. How comparatively poor and dull had been the story were the new Sancho away, with his proverbs, his governorship of Barataria, his adventures in the Duke's castle, the disenchantment of Dulcinea! How imperfect our idea of the Knight without the adventure of the Lions; the converse with Don Diego de Miranda; the descent into the Cave of Montesinos; the encounter with Roque Guinart;—without that final catastrophe, so artfully contrived, which rounds off the story in the only natural and perfect manner with the overthrow of the Knight of the Rueful Feature by the Knight of the White Moon, leading to the return home and the breaking of the romantic dream, as the poor Knight falls sick and regains his old self, the good Alonso Quixano, only to die. Who could spare that last passage of knightly adventure by the strand of Barcelona, with the speech of the beaten champion of the revived chivalry, never so noble as in his fall, which moved the heart of Heinrich Heine to breaking,—the best designed of sequels, the perfect end to a great romance? That end was even better than Heine conceived. We may fairly suspect the German romance master himself of mock enthusiasm—of incapacity at least to enter into the soul of Miguel de Cervantes—when he

concludes his pathetic lament over the fall of Don Quixote with :—"Alas ! this shining Knight of the White Moon who overcame the bravest and noblest of men was a disguised barber!" "Disguised barber" makes one shudder. Was this indeed the end? That were "a satire on human enthusiasm indeed"—a burlesque on "military heroism," as the German-Jew-Frenchman took *Don Quixote* to be, with a strange misreading of the author's purpose. Cervantes, however, knew his business better than to make such a blunder. To clap harness on Master Nicholas—to turn the barber's pole into a lance—would have been a comic ending, as false in art as untrue to nature—an outrage upon the reader and an offence to every instinct of chivalry. The Knight of the Silver Moon was no disguised barber, but Samson Carrasco the scholar—the very man of all for the part. The cure of the madman by means of his craze was of the very essence of Cervantes' story, and to choose the man of wit for the rescue of the good gentleman his neighbour was the only proper ending of the romance. It is a true knight errant who dissolves the dream of Knight Errantry.

The marvel of all is that this book, with its frolic grace, its abundant wealth of humour, of gaiety, and of invention ; so rich in blood and overflowing with the sense of existence ; so brimful of humanity, of love, and of hope, should be the work of a man approaching the seventieth year of a life of trouble, of toil, of privation, and of disappointment, such as few men have ever lived.

CHAPTER XVIII

Last Years and Death

THE completion of his great work preceded but by a few months the close of the author's career. The brave, gay spirit was about to be quenched. The soul that had "toiled and wrought"—

> That ever with a frolic welcome took
> The thunder and the sunshine—

was active and bold to the last, planning, in his sixty-ninth year, new schemes of books. In the Dedication of the Second Part of *Don Quixote* to the Conde de Lemos, Cervantes had announced that in four months the *Travels of Persiles and Sigismunda* would be ready, which was to be "either the worst or the best of books of entertainment in our language." He had spoken of the *Persiles* two years before in his prologue to the *Novels* as a book in which he would compete with Heliodorus, and also of another projected work, *Las Semanas del Jardin* (*The Weeks of the Garden*). In his dedication of his *Comedies* he had again referred to *El gran Persiles*, to *Las Semanas del Jardin*, and to the second part of *Galatea* as forthcoming, *si tanta carga pueden llevar mis ancianos hombros* (if my old shoulders can carry so heavy a burden). Of these projects, the only one which he lived to carry out was his romantic story of imaginary travels, after the manner of Heliodorus, called

Persiles and Sigismunda, which was not published, however, till after his death. In the prologue to the *Persiles* he tells us, in his own graceful style, of an adventure which happened to himself when returning from Esquívias, his wife's town, whither he had gone for change of air, to Madrid. This is so pleasant a picture of a cheerful old age, undimmed by time, care, or sickness, that often as it has been quoted, I cannot refrain from repeating it:—"As it fell out, beloved reader, coming one day, I and two friends of mine, from the famous town of Esquívias,—famous for a thousand things, one for its illustrious families and another for its most illustrious wines,—I was aware of one who came spurring in great haste behind my back, wishing to come up with us, a wish to which he gave voice, calling out to us not to push on so fast. We waited for him, and there came up on a little she-ass a grey student,—for in grey was he all attired,—gaiters, shoes, and sword in brass-bound scabbard, a shining Walloon collar, with pleats of equal length, though sooth to say there were but two of them, for the collar kept continually falling to one side, and he catching it up with great care and pains to keep it straight. Coming up with us, he said:—'Sure your worships are bound for some office or benefice at Court, since it is there that his most Illustrious Eminence of Toledo is and his Majesty as well, seeing the rate at which you are travelling; and, indeed, my ass has won the prize for his pace more than once.' To which one of my companions replied:—'The nag of Señor Miguel de Cervantes is to blame for this, for he is a quick stepper.' Scarce had the student heard the name Cervantes when, alighting from his mount, his pad falling on one side, his valise on the other,—for in all this splendour was he travelling, he made for me, and, hastily seizing me by the left hand,[1]

[1] Here is evidence to show that, contrary to the old belief on which the modern portraits and statues of Cervantes are founded, he had still a left hand, though mutilated.

cried:—'Yes, yes; it is he of the crippled hand, safe enough, the all-famous, the merry writer, and, indeed, the joy of the Muses.' To me, who in these brief terms saw of my praises the grand compass, it seemed to be discourteous not to respond to them, so, embracing him round the neck, whereby I made entire havoc of the collar, I said:—'This is a mistake in which many friends from ignorance have fallen. I, Sir, am Cervantes; but not the joy of the Muses, nor any of the fine things your worship has said. Regain your ass and mount, and let us travel together in pleasant talk for the rest of our short journey.' The polite student did so; we reduced our speed a little, and at a leisurely pace pursued our journey, in the course of which my infirmity was touched upon. The good student checked my mirth in a moment:—'This malady is the dropsy, which not all the water of Ocean, let it be ever so sweet-drinking, can cure. Let your worship, Señor Cervantes, set bounds to your drink, not forgetting to eat, for so without other medicine you will do well.' 'That many have told me,' answered I, 'but I can no more give up drinking for pleasure than if I had been born for nothing else. My life is slipping away, and, by the diary my pulse is keeping, which at the latest will end its reckoning this coming Sunday, I have to close my life's account. Your worship has come to know me in a rude moment, since there is no time for me to show my gratitude for the good-will you have shown me.' By this time we reached the bridge of Toledo,[1] whither I betook myself,—he turning aside to take that of Segovia." The narrative, so characteristic of the blithe good-humour with which Cervantes bore his lot, even in the near prospect of death, ends with a farewell to all that has made life sweet for him: "Good-bye,

[1] This is not the present bridge at one of the entrances into Madrid but an older one, long since pulled down to make room for the existing structure, with the comic figures of San Isidro and his wife looking wistfully for water in the river below, which dates from 1735.

humours; good-bye, pleasant fancies; good-bye, merry friends; for I perceive I am dying, in the wish to see you happy in the other life."

The readers of the best of biographies will remember that affecting scene in the library at Abbotsford when Lockhart read out this passage to Scott—always a great lover and admirer of Cervantes—then stricken like him with a mortal disease, and approaching the end of his heroic days of strenuous labour. "Sir Walter did not remember the passage, and desired me to find it out in the Life by Pellicer, which was at hand, and translate it. I did so, and he listened with lively and pensive interest." Wordsworth was there, himself in his youth not unvisited by dreams from "the groves of chivalry," who had in visions—

> ——Harmonious tribute paid
> To patient courage, and unblemished truth,
> To firm devotion, zeal unquenchable.[1]

Allan, the historical painter, was one of the circle, and told Lockhart, as he relates, that he "remembered nothing he ever saw with so much sad pleasure as the attitudes and aspect of Scott and Wordsworth as the story went on."

In the pathetic dedication of *Persiles* to his old friend and patron, the Conde de Lemos, are the last words of Cervantes, written on his very death-bed. It is an extraordinary and most vivid picture of a soul cheerful, humorous, and sweet-tempered to the end. Quoting the words of an old poem and turning them so as to fit his own case, "with one foot in the stirrup, waiting the call of Death," he tells the Count:—"Yesterday they gave me Extreme Unction, and to-day I am writing. The time is short; my agonies increase; my hopes diminish." He repeats his assurances of regard and of love for his Excellency,

[1] See the Introduction to the *Prelude*.

and enlarges, with his accustomed profuse good-nature, on the bounties of which he has been the recipient (bounties probably of no great price). His mind is still occupied with his books. If by a miracle he survives, he purposes to leave to the world as relics of himself his *Weeks of the Garden*; the famous *Bernardo* (now for the first time mentioned and never heard of again); and the sequel to the *Galatea*, of which he knows that the Count is an admirer. And so with a last prayer for God's blessing on him, he ends on the 19th of April, 1616. Four days afterwards he died.[1]

Three weeks before his death, sick in his own house, he had made profession of the Third Order of St. Francis, whose habit he had assumed at Alcalá in 1613. Too much importance must not be attached to this profession, which is an evidence rather of poverty than piety. There is no greater proof of the extent to which the priestly caste had dominated the minds of Spaniards in that age than in the existence of the opinion that it was not possible for a man to die decently, or at least to be sure of decent burial, unless he were enrolled in one of the religious orders. In the case of Cervantes, there is no special significance in an act which his Spanish biographers have hailed as a conclusive proof of his devotion to the Church. For certain he was not one who, in Milton's sarcastic phrase—

> ——To be sure of Paradise,
> Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
> Or in Franciscan thought to pass disguised.

His last act was in conformity with the general tenour of his life as a good Spaniard, loyal in all the observances of religion to the national standard of belief.

[1] Nominally on the same day with Shakspeare (23rd April); but allowing for the difference of styles—England not having adopted the Gregorian Calendar till 1751—Shakspeare, a younger man by nearly seventeen years, outlived Cervantes by some ten days.

Of the desperate condition of Cervantes' fortunes, even in these last days when he was at the height of his fame and popularity, and had achieved the one great work which was to make him immortal, we have painful evidence in an affecting letter, the last of his writings, addressed to the Archbishop of Toledo, dated the 26th of March, 1616, of which this is a translation :—

My very illustrious Lord—A few days since I received your most Illustrious Lordship's letter, and with it new proofs of your bounty. If for the malady which affects me there could be any relief, the repeated marks of favour and protection which your Illustrious Person bestows on me would be sufficient to relieve me; but, indeed, it increases so greatly that I think it will make an end of me, although not of my gratitude. The Lord God preserve you as the executor of saintly deeds, so that you may taste of the fruit of them there in His holy glory, as fervently desires your humble servant, who kisses your most exalted hand.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.[1]

Cervantes' confidence in Saint Francis was scarcely justified, at least so far as concerned the assurance of a safe resting-place for his bones on earth. He was borne to the grave "with his face uncovered," as was the custom with those who had been enrolled of the Franciscan order. No ceremonies else are recorded as taking place at his burial. Thirty years afterwards his life-long rival Lope de Vega was followed to his rest by a vast multitude, in funereal splendour such as no king had ever known, three bishops officiating at his grave; grandees bearing his coffin, amidst the tears of the

[1] A facsimile of this letter, one of the very few genuine relics of Cervantes' hand which have been preserved, other than invoices of grain and oil and accounts of business transactions, is given in Appendix D. It was found among the archiepiscopal archives at Toledo, where perhaps may still be other remains of Cervantes.

populace; the ceremonies lasting over nine days, at a prodigious cost, borne by that pattern of patrons the Duke of Sessa. The circling wheel of Time has redressed the balance. To-day, while the author of *Don Quixote* lives in every tongue, the name of Lope, once a synonym for all that was excellent, remains in our memories only as a word for facile and plenteous production.

By Cervantes' will—which like so many memorials of him his country has suffered to be lost—his wife Doña Catalina and the Licentiate Francisco Nuñez, an inmate of his house,[1] were appointed executors—his only direction to them, so far as we know, being that they were to bury him in the graveyard of the Trinitarian Convent in the Calle del Humilladero. The choice of this spot for his resting-place gives evidence of Cervantes' lasting remembrance of the old good service done by the Trinitarians on his behalf.[2] His daughter and only child, Isabel, was a professed nun in this religious house. In this same ground were interred in after years his widow, his daughter, and other members of his family. No stone or inscription marked the spot where the author of *Don Quixote* was laid. In 1635 the sisters moved into another convent in the Calle de Cantaranas—exhuming on their removal, as the custom was, the bones of all the members of their Order and their friends, and transporting them to their new abode. There, mixed with remains of a meaner kind, now rests, undistinguishable from the others, what is mortal of MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

[1] Cervantes died in his house at the corner of the Calle de Leon, abutting on the Calle de Francos. The house, a poor one, of one storey, was pulled down in 1833. On that which occupies the site was affixed, by order of Ferdinand VII., a trophy composed of appropriate devices, poetical and military, enclosing a medallion (fancy) portrait. The Calle de Francos has since been renamed "Calle de Cervantes."

[2] Father Juan Gil, the Redemptorist to whom Cervantes owed his release from captivity, was of the Trinitarian Order.

His grateful country, "slowly wise and meanly just," awakened after long years to a sense of what it owed to the great writer, has set up the "tardy bust"—a reproduction of the fancy portrait by the Englishman Kent—on the façade of the Trinitarian Convent in the Calle de Cantaranas, with appropriate devices and a suitable inscription. This, with the mean and commonplace statue of Cervantes by Sola in the Plaza de Cortes—also after the hook-nosed Kent portrait, of which the chief feature is the hiding of the maimed left hand under the cloak—makes up the sum of all that Spain has achieved in stone or bronze, to perpetuate the memory of him who has done so much to make her famous.

Of the works about which in his last days Cervantes showed so much anxiety, all but one have perished, probably without any great loss to the author's reputation. The "famous *Bernardo*" remains unheard-of—probably never was born. *The Weeks of the Garden*, of which there is a vague tradition that it was a work of devotion, never appeared. That Second Part of *Galatea*, the firstborn of his genius, always tenderly loved—of which the promise was given more than ten years before, in the First Part of *Don Quixote*—is gone like the shepherds and shepherdesses of Henares, never to be recalled. There survives only of those last works of Cervantes the romance of *Persiles and Sigismunda*, which was published by his widow in 1617—a story of which the too partial Valdivielso, who writes the Approbation, declares that "of the many books written by Cervantes none is more ingenious, more cultured, or more entertaining." In this opinion posterity has not shared, though of the minor works of Cervantes none have been oftener reprinted and translated. Written in Cervantes' old age, it bears on its face but too palpable traces of its birth. The only interest it has is a pathetic one, rather personal than literary. The story is in professed imitation

of the *Theagenes and Chariclea*, and it is only just to say that it is equal to its model—quite as dull and tedious. The strangest thing about the book is that it is a return, in great part, to that very style of artificial romance which in *Don Quixote* Cervantes had exploded—not, indeed, that it is extravagant or affected, monstrous in its inventions and vile in its morals, like the works of Feliciano de Silva, but that it deals with a life which never was led, by people who could not exist—who, if they did exist, had nothing to do with romance. A pair of lovers, under disguised names, meet with every kind of adventure. They tell a great many stories, and have a great many told to them; and, after the classic pattern, encountering shipwrecks, captivity, ravishment, and every kind of peril by land and sea, from robbers, pirates, savages, and *alguazils*,—Persiles and Sigismunda turn up at Rome, where the gentleman being shown to be the heir to the "King of Thule," and the lady the daughter of the Queen of Friesland, they are married, receive the Pontifical blessing, and live happy, blessed in a large and virtuous progeny. Introduced in the story are many curious passages of life and manners, which we may take to represent the average knowledge of the age, in regard to the geography and the natural history of foreign countries. There are savage islanders[1] and Northern sea-rovers, Scottish chiefs of quaint denomination, and Irish kings of eccentric habit. Among the various countries to which the disguised lovers wander is an island off the coast of Hibernia where reigns a king *Policarpo* with a daughter *Sinforosa*. In this happy island, which from these traits we detect to be Ireland, is a custom by which the inhabitants choose their best and most virtuous to be king, which dignity is not attained by expense of gifts or promises of favour—a custom which of necessity

[1] Coleridge believed that in *Persiles* is contained the germ of *Robinson Crusoe* (*Literary Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 130).

leads to all the people being good and virtuous from the desire to reign. Other strange things we learn of foreign lands and customs—that noxious creatures die when they touch the soil of England, that the *Maurices* are a leading clan in Ireland, and *Rubicon* a name highly honoured among the nobles of Scotland.

The most interesting things in *Persiles* are some bits of personal reference which have scarcely attracted the notice of the biographers. In the tenth chapter of the Third Book there is an account of a fight with Algerine pirates, which is doubtless a transcript from real life and the true story of Cervantes' own capture in the *Sol* galley. There is a sarcastic reference in one passage to the *Alcalde* and *Regidors* of some town unnamed which may be Argamasilla, and the incident from Cervantes' life in La Mancha. *Persiles and Sigismunda* is a mine whence many have dug ore to furnish stories and dramas in various languages. It provided our English Fletcher with the plot and the groundwork of his play, *The Custom of the Country*, of which, however, the indecency is all Fletcher's own. *Persiles* has been several times translated, the earliest English version being of 1619.

Esteemed by the majority of Spanish critics as equal if not superior to *Don Quixote* in beauty and correctness of language, *Persiles and Sigismunda* is to me, in spite of the style, which is graceful, refined, and flowing, the most insipid of all Cervantes' works, of which it is almost incredible, had we not ample proof of the extraordinary range and diversity of his powers, that it should have been written by the hand which wrote *Don Quixote.* Making all allowance for the natural blind love of the literary parent for his offspring, and for the decay of Cervantes' powers from age and his growing infirmities, the fact that this book, a reversion to the old artificial type of romance which the author himself had done so much to destroy, should have been so carefully composed

by him, in a spirit faithful to the antique traditions, is an enigma, like some others in Cervantes' life, of which I can find no solution. He has himself given us the choice to place it among the best or the worst books in the world. It is neither; but if not the worst in the world, it is the least of the works of Miguel de Cervantes.

CHAPTER XIX

The Man and the Book

Don Quixote was the sum of Cervantes' work—the crown of his achievements in life and literature. The book which, in a happy hour for himself and the world, he produced, in which his genius found perfect expression, stands alone without peer or second. Singular and unique among the products of human wit, it towers so high above the rest of its author's progeny as scarcely to appear of the same kind. And yet they who have followed me to this last chapter of the life of Miguel de Cervantes will have no difficulty in making out the kinship between *Don Quixote* and his less favoured brethren. While on one side *Don Quixote* is linked with *Numancia*—the swan-song of mediæval chivalry with the dirge over the antique heroism—on the other it joins hands with *Rinconete*, the humour of the low life of degraded Spain. From the sublime of the knight errant to the abyss of the picaroon—from the lofty ideals of the patriot to the sordid realities of the lot to which his needs compelled him—the distance covers all the wide space between Cervantes' imagination and his experience.

In *Don Quixote* we have the true image of the author. The story of the would-be reviver of the old chivalry is but the story of Miguel de Cervantes. *Cette imagination hautaine que n'était que hors de propos*, as Sainte-Beuve truly describes him, is the reflection of that other spirit nursed on

romance, whose fate it was to spend the flower of his life under Philip the Prudent. Why seek for a clue to the motive of *Don Quixote?* If we read the life of the author aright, the book is no mystery. If it is a satire, as some think, it is a satire upon that part of human nature which was never so signally illustrated as in that most lovable man, Miguel de Cervantes. If it is a burlesque on enthusiasm, it is the enthusiam of the soldier of Lepanto which is burlesqued. Who but he is "the very perfect gentle knight," whom we adore while we laugh at, whom no disasters can abase, whose buffetings never remove him from the pale of our sympathies, and who is always the man of pure honour and a gentleman —Alonso the Good amidst all his out-of-date trappings of romance, never ceasing to be the true knight even under the barber's bason, nor soiling his scutcheon even when thrown in the dust and cudgelled by the base hands of clowns and galley-slaves? His only defect is that he is out of touch with the age, which is all the worse for the age. To say that he is a mocker of enthusiasm, as Heine takes Cervantes to be, is to misread the man and mistake his purpose. There was no one in whom enthusiasm, the fire of life, was so quick as in Cervantes. If he mocked at anything it was at himself, making sport, with a gaiety in which there is an infinite depth of pathos, of an infirmity which he knew to be his own. There is much contention among the critics as to whether *Don Quixote* is a sad or a merry book. The joy-fullest of books, cries Carlyle. The most melancholy of books, says Sismondi. Are they not both right? And is it not to this double character, in which laughter and tears are so subtly blended, that *Don Quixote* owes its perennial charm and undying savour? Herein lies the consummate power of the writer,—the proof of his mastery of the true sources of smiles and tears,—that in his medicine intended for the melancholy there is that which mocks the laughter which it raises. There is an aspect in which *Don Quixote* may well

be called a sad book. It is the elegy over a fallen state, at which it may be perceived that the author is laughing as much to hide his own emotion as out of mere high spirits. Some of the scenes in which Don Quixote is buffeted and belaboured beyond all reason, as the reader is inclined to think—to a degree which makes him angry with the author —do they not witness to this pathetic mood on the part of Cervantes,—the old man who had lived to see his own visions of chivalry mocked and dispelled by the vulgar age in which his lot was cast?

To me it seems a paradox, not less flagrant than any other of the many of which Cervantes and his works have been the object, to say that *Don Quixote* is without pathos. As merely a comic book, a droll story, it certainly could never have held its place among the books of the world. Admirable as the humour is, of the purest and rarest kind—a humour that ripples along as a perpetual accompaniment of the story, which reveals itself in every act of the characters, and is part of their life and motion—the humour alone would not account for the evergreen vitality of *Don Quixote*.

The book owes its singular charm—the quality which makes it unlike any other book ever written,—to the material of which it is compounded. It is drawn out of the heart of the author, who was the most engaging personality in all the world of letters. There is no life of any maker of books which is so essentially a romance, nor in any romance was a story ever feigned so perfect in all its parts, so rich in incident and character, so moving and absorbing, as the story of Cervantes. How could *Don Quixote* miss being the world's delight, seeing that here we have a picture of the romantic soul of Miguel de Cervantes himself painted with all the art of the master humourist, in a story which is a parable for all humanity? The qualities which have given immortality to *Don Quixote* are to be found in the life of Cervantes. I do not know that the character of the author

can be better summed up than in the words of Aribau, one of the most judicious of his Spanish biographers. "Fearless in peril, strong in adversity, modest in triumph, careless and generous in his own concerns, delighting in conferring favours, indulgent to the well-meant efforts of mediocrity, endowed with a sound and very clear judgment, of an imagination without example in its fecundity,—he passed through the world as a stranger whose language was not understood. His contemporaries knew him not, but regarded him with indifference. Posterity has given him but tardy compensation. It has recognised him as a man who went before his age, who divined the tastes and the tendencies of another society, and, making himself popular with his inexhaustible graces, announced the dawn of a civilisation which broke long afterwards."

If of any man it can be said that he was before his age, and therefore his age knew him not, it is of Miguel de Cervantes. Probably he himself did not know the full worth, as he was late in learning the true bent, of his genius. A gallant soldier in an age when it seemed to him that his country was at the head of civilisation, he did not comprehend that it was a civilisation fatal to romance. The knowledge came in his later years and its fruit was *Don Quixote*. His life up to that time was one incessant struggle against the spirit and the taste of his time, even when he condescended, for a living, to imitate that spirit and to administer to that taste. Of his philosophy, and of the purpose he had in view when he wrote his books, there has been a great deal written —a great deal that is extravagant and beside the mark. My own view is that he took life, as he did all his trials, with a light heart, not troubling himself much about philosophy. He wrote simply because he must—out of the fulness of his heart when able, but generally out of necessity, and to get bread.

Neglected for some hundred and fifty years after his

death, it is only in recent times that his countrymen have awakened to the discovery that in the author of *Don Quixote* they possessed a genius who was a credit to Spain. Within the last thirty years there has been an extraordinary recrudescence of enthusiasm over *El Manco de Lepanto*,—the Joy of the Muses,—the Prince of Spanish Wits. That enthusiasm has run to bounds which must furnish the shade of Cervantes with abundant subject for laughter. They have discovered in *Don Quixote* things which would have startled the author himself to know. They have found him to be, in his treatment of lunacy, a greater than Boerhaave—the predecessor of Pinel. They have proved him for jurisprudence an equal to Justinian. They have testified to his extraordinary merit as a geographer. They have demonstrated him for seamanship second to none. Last and greatest feat of all, they have discovered that he is a theologian, as devout in his religion as profound in his elucidation of its mysteries.[1]

This is the climax of the long and loud chorus of jubilation which has gone up in various shapes of essay, pæan, ode, and eulogy, disguised under the names of commentary and criticism, in honour of Miguel de Cervantes,

[1] Dr. Hernandez Morejon, physician to Ferdinand VII., wrote a book to show that, in his treatment of Don Quixote's malady, Cervantes equalled Hippocrates and Boerhaave in precision, and that he anticipated Pinel in his application of moral remedies to mental diseases. Don Antonio Martin Gamero, in his *Jurisperícia de Cervantes* (1870), finds in *Don Quixote* a treasure of judicial and juridical learning. Don Fermin Caballero, in *Cervantes Geógrafo*, has no difficulty in proving the author of *Don Quixote* to be a profound geographer. In *Cervantes Marino*, Don Cesáreo Fernandez finds abundant evidence to show Cervantes was a perfect mariner. Finally, and to cap all, we have that eminent priest from Toledo, José Maria Sbarbi, who has written a tract, entitled *Cervantes Teólogo*, in which he insists that Cervantes' knowledge of theology, in all its mysteries, was at least equal to his proficiency in any of the other sciences. This is the same Sbarbi who once wrote a letter scouting the idea of the translatability of *Don Quixote*. Certainly, if Sbarbi were allowed to be right in his theological discovery, there would be no need to discuss the question of *Don Quixote's* translatability.

to whom his country scarce gave bread when living. Of this enthusiasm, which has now ripened into a sort of cult, with its priests and its acolytes, more profuse of voice than of offering,—its chanting and its dancing boys,—what is to be said, except that it is very creditable to the discrimination (though tardy) of his countrymen, though not a little misleading if we are to judge soberly of the man and his work. It is not that Cervantes is not entitled to all the homage which Spain renders him to-day, by way of compensation for her past neglect. That neglect was all the more ungrateful seeing that Cervantes was nothing if not *muy Español*,—a very Spaniard,—a man "in whom the ancient Gothic humour more appeared Than any that drew breath" in Spain. To-day, the eulogies are a little hyperbolical, as some of them are scarcely deserved. In respect of Cervantes' orthodoxy, for instance, it is a little too absurd to ask us to accept *Don Quixote* as not only a book of humour, but a book of religion—of the religion of which Father Sbarbi is a member, which necessarily excludes all others. Let it be understood, once for all, that I do not propose to claim Cervantes as one alien to the faith of his country. There was no character, perhaps, which he, as one who had fought and bled for Christendom, would have more energetically repudiated. That Cervantes was perfectly loyal to the only religion he could know, may be accepted as beyond question. That he had no idea whatever in *Don Quixote* of opposing himself to the cardinal articles of the national faith, is abundantly clear from the whole tenour of the man's life and writings. He was a good Catholic, as the term was. As a good Spaniard he could hardly be anything else in those days. This did by no means imply a ready submission to all the despotic claims of the Church in matters not concerned with the essentials of religion. To say that he never dreamt of heading a movement for free thought, is to say no more than that he was not a Con-

stitutionalist or an Irreconcilable.[1] He took his faith easily, as a wise man should, not caring to make it a burden to him. He was not of the stuff of which confessors and martyrs are made, which is no reproach to a man of letters, who had to live by the writing of books. He was, above all, of the true faith of which all great writers are—a Humanist, in the best sense, not troubling himself about other people's consciences,—neither theologian nor latitudinarian,—but simply one whose head was clear of the follies and extravagances of the reigning superstitions, and his heart full of all love and tenderness for his fellow-men,—such love and tenderness as he has put into *Don Quixote*.

The secret of the perennial freshness of *Don Quixote* is but partially revealed in the story itself. The art, indeed, is, in its kind, exquisite. As a mere story-teller, Cervantes must be reckoned as one of the very first in that calling. In the mere technical part, too much cannot be said for the consummate ease and grace of the narrative, careless and almost reckless of literary effort as it is. No work was ever produced by human art so perfectly simple and sincere, so utterly devoid of self-consciousness or any vulgar trick of authorship. The wit, the humour, the good sense, and the human nature, which are the distinguishing characteristics of *Don Quixote*, are so carefully blended, and rise so naturally out of the situations, as to defy analysis. Of the invention, what can be said which is not an echo of a thousand voices? Don Quixote himself is the most lovable personage in all fiction. He has stood as the model which all who have followed Cervantes have never been tired of copying. Every imitation and every caricature only serves to exalt the original. Hudibras and Uncle Toby, Colonel New-

[1] Nay, there are some who have said as much. M. Germond de Lavigne, of whom we have spoken before, the admirer and defender of the spurious *Don Quixote*, wrote for a Madrid journal, *La Discusion*, in 1868, a paper showing that Cervantes was a member of the party of the Federal Republic.

come and Mr. Pickwick,—what are all these, and many others, but the descendants of the hero of La Mancha, who stands as much higher than any of his progeny as Amadis does than his children and grandchildren? That "errant star of Knighthood made more tender by eclipse" is still the type of all true chivalry. The pathos, the dignity, the fine sense of honour, the courtesy and kindliness which survived so much rough and ignoble treatment, make up such a picture of the true gentleman as can never be obsolete. It is Cervantes' peculiar glory—a glory which is shared by Shakspeare alone among the sons of men—that he has given permanence and immortality to an image of his own creation. Don Quixote is even a more wonderful creature of genius than any single one of Shakspeare's making. In the crowded gallery of Shakspearian men and women there is no portrait of so rare a type and so distinct an individuality. And yet what character could be conceived less likely to endure than such a one, according to any scheme of probabilities? A gentleman of La Mancha, whose wits have been turned by the reading of romances of chivalry, going about in quest of adventures in company with a village boor through that most unromantic of districts—all the odds were surely against such a conception as this being received with favour by the nations of the world. It was impossible to imagine a fable, constructed out of such materials, lasting to be "the Bible of the people." The wits of the time, Cervantes' contemporaries, might well be confounded by the audacity of such an invention. If it served to point a local, transient folly, was there anything antecedently less likely to win the suffrages of mankind and to live for ever in the hearts of all people for all time to come? Yet this is the miracle which the pen of Cervantes has wrought. By means so simple as even to this day to be a wonder to the ordinary race of critics, who cannot comprehend a success achieved in defiance of

all the rules of art, he has contrived to make this passing skit against a reigning delusion a parable for ever, and the best and most cheerful as well as the healthiest of parables. Why need we seek for any hidden moral or allegory in *Don Quixote?* It is good enough for the story alone. We read it not for the moral, but for the adventures—passing over, we fear, a good deal of the wisdom, kindly common sense, and perpetual flow of human nature for the sake of the ever-fresh incidents, the pictures of life on the road, the delightful confabulations between master and man, the play of characters, the healthy, open-air spirit of life, and the humour which is so closely interwoven with the whole texture of the fable. As for this humour, which is the living principle of *Don Quixote*, it is of a quality peculiar to Cervantes—the gift which differentiates his genius. It is, to use the congenial words of Scott, "the very poetry of the comic, founded on a tender sympathy with all forms of existence, though displaying itself in sportive reflection, and issuing, not in superficial laughter, but in still smiles, the source of which lies far deeper." We have been recently told by one of that race of critics who have never been able to forgive Cervantes,—a mere uncultured wit, an *ingénio lego*,—for writing so good a book, that of "that finer and more delicate humour through which there runs a thread of pathos, Cervantes had but little"; that his humour, for the most part, is of "that broader and simpler sort, the strength of which lies in the perception of the incongruous." Such a bold word as this argues that the critics of Cervantes are richer than we could have suspected by one humourist at least, of a remarkable breadth and simplicity. There is no "thread of pathos" in *Don Quixote*, indeed, for the humour and pathos are so interwoven as that they are one web. The character of the hero is of a pathos all compact, which surely is the essential mark of his humour among all other kinds of humour. What would the critic have?

The best part of mankind, from that day to this, have agreed in their praise of the book. As "a pastime for the melancholy and mopish soul,"—which was the author's declared purpose in the writing,—no book has ever been so popular, not with the vulgar only but with critics of the rarest quality and the nicest apprehension. Those who agree in nothing else are united in their admiration of *Don Quixote*. Men so opposite in their sympathies as Swift and Charles Lamb, Heine and Samuel Johnson, Sainte-Beuve and Carlyle, Walter Scott and August Schlegel, are joined in applause of *Don Quixote*. Of all wits Cervantes is the one most acceptable to wits. And yet no book was ever less indebted to the critics than *Don Quixote* in winning its way into popular favour. From the first it was the people's book, taken to heart with a fervour which went beyond the author's hope and even his purpose. As he says himself, "children handle it, grown men digest it, grey-beards rejoice in it." The admiration in Spain rapidly grew into a faith passing humour. There is a report that in the last century public readings of *Don Quixote* were held in country places, the elders of the village expounding the text for the benefit of the vulgar. The next step, for the story to harden into seriousness—the romance to settle down into reality—was a natural evolution. To this day there are people in La Mancha who take Don Quixote for a real character,—more by token that there are the windmills all about which he invented, and there is the house at Argamasilla in which he dwelt.

There is no country which is without its *Don Quixote*, —no language in which it is not a classic. Dr. Johnson esteemed the book as the greatest in the world after the *Iliad*, and one of the three written by man which the readers wish to be longer. To the enchanter who raised Omar Khayyám from the dust and gave him a new and more glorious life, "*Don Quixote* was the most delightful

of books." Our own master of romantic story confessed that he owed his inspiration to Cervantes, and in his own novels drew frequent draughts from that well of adventure. The gloomy soul of Swift found early solace and refreshment in the book of the Spaniard, as the author of *Gulliver* was one of the first of the Olympians to hold out the hand of welcome to *Don Quixote*. All the greatest in that kind —the weavers of story, the makers of humour, the world's entertainers—have taken Cervantes for their model. In England we have been the most devout and constant among the lovers of *Don Quixote*, as we were the first among the nations to give him welcome, the first to recognise the genius of the author as belonging to mankind.

Of the story itself as a piece of literature, what is to be said that has not been said a thousand times? Whether it is a book of drollery or a picture of life and manners—humorous or pathetic or merely romantic—the work is of a kind unique, unlike anything that was done before or has been achieved since. The question whether the author was more romantic or more real is of eternal debate, as whether *Don Quixote* is a book glad or sorrowful. He is not to be classed with any school, being truly of the company of the three or four highest of the sons of men who have drunk of the water of life and are immortal. Realism has but a short date, dying with the matter in which it works. Humour is of an essence frail and fleeting, changing from age to age, dependent, almost as much as wit, on taste and fashion. Mere drollery—the making of things to laugh at—is a puppet-play, which is soon over and quickly tires. Of all that the human imagination has done in creating objects for laughter, how little remains untouched by the wear and tear of the centuries! The ghosts of comedy—the disembodied heirs of invention—haunt and sadden our book-shelves. The paths of literature are strewn with the remains of dead humourists, of whom the greater part are already turned to

"organic mould." How much is left green of Rabelais? Gargantua can hardly hold his giant head above the slime, and Pantagruel is sunk in a *malebolge* of filth. Time has already overtaken Dickens. The critic has arisen to pronounce the inimitable creation of yesterday to be vulgar and inane and the comedy obsolete. The humour is faded into the mere grotesque—the pathos laughed at rather than the fun. In *Don Quixote*, almost by a unique destiny, there is no decay or mark of corruption. Time has not lessened its charm nor dulled its savour. Humour alone could not have worked this miracle. *Don Quixote* survives because the humour spells humanity; to speak a paradox, it is immortal because it is human.

The consummate power of Cervantes as a writer is shown in the effect produced by means which seem to be wholly inadequate—so simple as to look like commonplace. To this delusion the style of Cervantes lends itself not a little. It is a style perfectly natural and simple, more loose and careless perhaps than the style of any writer who has become a classic, but with a fascination all its own. For lucidity and directness it is like the style of Swift, but with a grace and variety and flexibility which are not to be found in the work of the terrible Englishman. The story is of the simplest, which grows rather than is constructed. The first of all modern novels has this peculiar distinction, that it dispenses with such attraction as comes from love-making. The love-business in *Don Quixote* is entirely parenthetical—when it is anything else than caricature. Yet the author's disdain of this almost universal spice with which to flavour his story has not tended in any appreciable degree to reduce its interest. Nor is it because Cervantes did not know how to paint women that he left them out of the main action of his book. The women in *Don Quixote*, though entirely secondary and subordinate, like all Shakspeare's women who are not unsexed by some abnormal

passion, are not less vividly pictured and strongly individualised than the men. The Housekeeper and the Niece—who cannot picture them without the aid of the artists? They appear but seldom, and utter but a few sentences in the course of the story, but they are moving in the flesh before us: the *ama* with her fussy household loyalty to her master; the *sobrina*, a pert young hussy, who is not afraid to chaff her uncle while in awe of his humours. The imagination may please itself in the thought that probably she was drawn from Costanza, the daughter of Andrea, Cervantes' sister, who shared her uncle's modest home for many years. The beautiful and witty Dorothea—the love-sick Clara—the frolicsome Duchess—even poor Maritornes, are creatures of flesh and blood, who live and move on the canvas. We can say of them what Rafael Mengs said on first sight of the famous Velasquez picture in the Madrid gallery, *Las Hilanderas: Esto no es pintado con la mano sino con la voluntad.* The Priest, with his genial tact and keen good sense; Master Nicholas the Barber, a maladroit and blundering vulgar person; Samson Carrasco, the scholar, ready of resolve and resource as of wit; Don Antonio Moreno, that pleasant portrait of a Spanish country gentleman; Ginés de Pasamonte, the arch picaroon; Roque Guinart, the gallant freebooter; the Duke, half-ashamed of his practical jokes on the poor Knight; the page who goes to find Theresa Panza; the five innkeepers, all different from each other—there is no character, however small or unimportant, who is not touched with the breath of life. What Dryden said of Shakspeare is as true of Cervantes: "He drew them not laboriously but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too." From the principals to the accessories, even to the ladies and gentlemen who play at Arcadia, they are not made, but creatures already existing. They come into the process of the story as though by no effort of the author, and because they

happen to be on the road. The ploughman singing as he goes to his early work of the Chace of Roncesvalles, the young soldier carolling of his want of pence—they are touches of life, which light up a picture which by its nature is inclined to monotony. Nor is the composition less admirable than the drawing of the individual figures. The behaviour of each in relation to the other is always in character. The people talk, not as if they wanted to be reported, but as they actually did talk and had been overheard. What can be more easy and natural than the dispute between Sancho and his wife as to whether Sanchica shall marry a Count? Or Sancho's action when he creeps a-tiptoe, with his finger on his lips, looking behind the hangings, to see if any one is listening, when he tells the Duchess of Dulcinea's enchantment? Or Dulcinea's own behaviour, when met riding out of El Toboso by her enamoured captive knight? Let us take, as a capital instance of Cervantes' power of realisation, the scene at Don Quixote's house-door, where Sancho is trying to push his way in, while the Housekeeper and Niece are stoutly resisting. We can hear the clamour of female tongues, and see the two women holding the door, with Sancho shouting, "Housekeeper of Satan," and crying for his governorship. These are not like things written or even acted. We seem to have assisted at them—to have overheard the talk from some secret place, to have known the people, as indeed we never can forget them, they being more lasting than if they had been of flesh and blood.

As to the perpetual contrast between Don Quixote himself—the man of imagination, the enthusiast—and Sancho—the man of vulgar common sense, "the practical man"—which is the leading feature and the motive of the book, it is here that the genius of Cervantes, by universal acknowledgment, has achieved its highest triumph. Don Quixote must not be taken as a man out of his senses. He is only out of his wits: his understanding is deranged. He is "nobly wild—

not mad." While under his delusion, and only so long as he is under it, he is incapable of reasoning accurately, but he does not lose his faculty of reason in all matters else. When not under the influence of his craze, he speaks with judgment, soberness, and uncommon good sense. His heart remains untouched, and his sense of honour is never lost, but rather rendered more acute; it being here that he is "finely touched." Sancho is the converse of Don Quixote. He is the animalist as opposed to the idealist. "Put him and his master together, and they form a perfect intellect; but they are separated and without cement; and hence, each having a need of the other for its own completeness, each has at times a mastery over the other."[1] The humour of such a parallel and contrast has its roots deep in human nature. It is no mere artificial conjunction of two natures brought together for comic effect, as in those couples of a lower art,—*Hudibras* and *Ralpho*, and *Mr. Pickwick* and *Sam Weller*, and others in that kind, of which the climax of burlesque is reached in *Tartarin de Tarascon*, which is an impossible attempt at a combination of the two natures in one person,—but a conjunction which "possesses the world," in Coleridge's phrase, and hence a conjunction which the world cannot let perish.

The medium through which his effects are produced is admirably fitted to Cervantes' purpose. The contrast between his hero and his surroundings,—between the Knight's chivalric designs and their ignoble failures—between Don Quixote himself, the grave and stately *hidalgo* of romantic aspirations, and the vulgar herd who follow him, and beat him, and mock him, from the Duke down to the muleteers,—is heightened by the simple, lucid, and naïve language in which the story is told. Cervantes, happily, was not infected by what Bacon calls "that first distemper of learning when men study words and not matter." He was of the great age

[1] Coleridge in *Literary Remains*, vol. i. p. 120.

when writers still wrote unconscious of style. He drew with that "economy of line" which is the peculiar gift of the true artist. He had no vanity of the pen, choosing words not for their own sake but as best for his purpose—not caring to attract attention to the children of his wit by their fine clothing. No writer is so disdainful of the usual tricks of the literary craftsman. Wielding the noble Castilian like a master so that it seems possessed of a new character and a larger faculty in his hands, Cervantes has invested it with a nobility of tone, a purity and grace, such as this tongue never reached before or has known since. And the miracle he has wrought in *Don Quixote* is that, while it is the finest flower of Spain, breathing the very essence of the national spirit, it is equally the book for every language and country and for all time.

APPENDICES

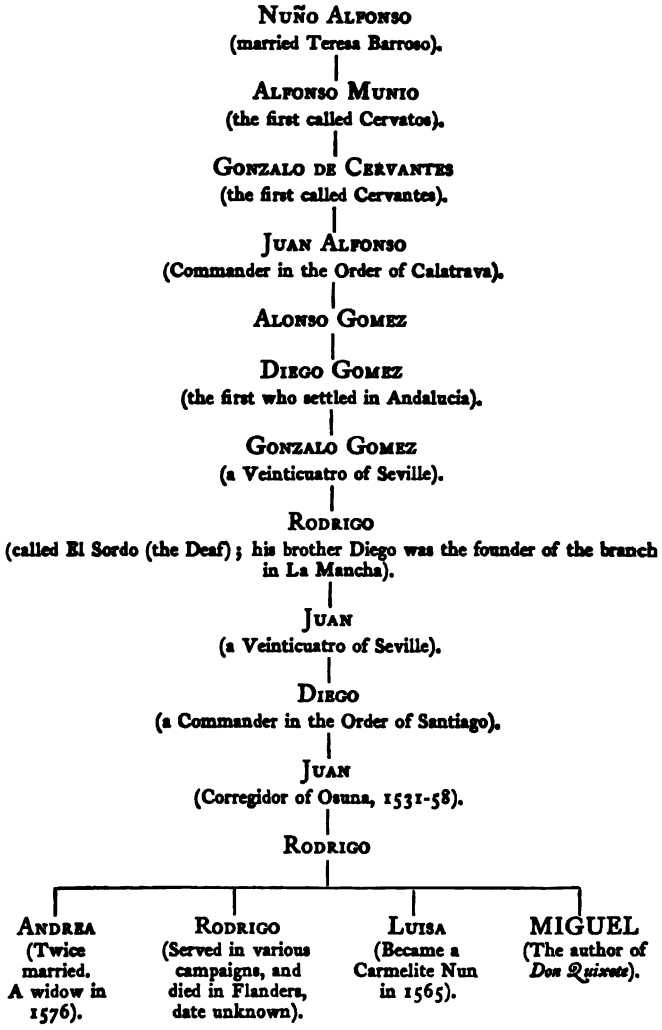
APPENDIX A

GENEALOGY OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

The descent of Miguel de Cervantes from Nuño Alfonso, called *El Gran*, or the Great, Alcaide (Governor) of Toledo, and a *Rico Hombre* of Castile, born 1090, and died 1143, in battle against the Moors, has been traced by Navarrete, on the authority of Mendez de Silva and other genealogists.

Cervantes' kinship with the Royal house of Spain is made out by Mendez de Silva through a daughter of Nuño Alfonso, *El Gran*, who married the Count Pedro Gutierrez de Toledo. The thirteenth in direct succession from her was Doña Mariana de Córdoba, who married Don Fadrique Enriquez, Admiral of Castile, the great-grandson of Alfonso XI. Their daughter, Doña Juana Enriquez de Córdoba, was the second wife of Juan II., King of Aragon and Navarre. Their son was King Ferdinand of Aragon, who married Isabella (the Catholic) of Castile, and made the kingdoms of Spain into one. Their grandson was Charles V., the father of Philip II. and of Don Juan of Austria.

DESCENT OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES



APPENDIX B

ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS at the enquiry into the conduct of Miguel de Cervantes during his captivity in Algiers, together with the depositions of the witnesses. (From Navarrete, *Vida de Cervantes: Ilustraciones y Documentos.*)

IN the city of Algiers, a territory of the Moors in Barbary, on the 10th of October, 1580, before the Illustrious and Most Reverend Father Juan Gil, Redeemer on behalf of his Spanish Majesty, there appeared Miguel de Cervantes, who has been a slave but is now free and ransomed, and presented the following petition :—

Miguel de Cervantes, native of the city of Alcalá de Henares, in Castile, being at present in Algiers, ransomed and about to depart in freedom, declares that, being on his way to Spain, he desires,—and it is to him of importance,—to make an information with witnesses, concerning not only his life and conduct in captivity, but also other things touching himself in person, in order that it may be presented, if necessary, before His Majesty's Council, and enquired into for his interest. And because there is no Christian person in this Algiers who has jurisdiction between the Christians, and your Reverence being in this Algiers as a redeemer of captives, the representative at once of his Majesty as of his Holiness the Supreme Pontiff, whose delegates the Redemptorist brethren are, therefore, in order to give force and authority to the said information, he prays your Reverence to be good enough to assume this office and jurisdiction, and hear the evidence in this case.

Father Juan Gil having acceded to this request, an enquiry is

held, and certain formal interrogatories, in all twenty-five, are put to a number of witnesses, Christian captives in Algiers, or those who have been lately redeemed, referring to the conduct of Miguel de Cervantes during his captivity, especially in regard to his various attempts to free himself and other prisoners. The evidence of the principal witnesses, stripped of legal phrases and formal repetitions, is as follows :—

Alonso Aragones, native of Cordova, replies in detail to each of the enquiries, and affirms especially that he knew Cervantes for about four years ; that the frigate which was to make the attempt at a rescue in 1577 came twice to Algiers, failing on the second voyage ; that he knew one called *El Dorador* (The Gilder), on whose information Cervantes was seized, and had known him when he was a Mahomedan (that is, before he made pretence of turning Christian again) ; that the Dey Hassan, enraged at Cervantes for his project, ordered him to be put among his own Christian slaves, and to receive 2000 blows with a stick, though, through the intercession of some who went bail for him, they were not inflicted. He knew the renegade Giron also, and of his converse with Cervantes ; and of the purchase of the vessel by the money advanced by Onofre Exarque, which was done under Cervantes' direction, who managed everything, and went about and planned as the author of all. This witness was one of those whom Cervantes invited to escape in the second vessel, and testified how the plan miscarried through the treachery of Blanco de Paz, who gave information of it to the Viceroy, getting for his reward an *escudo* of gold and a jar of butter, averring that when the decree went out against any one concealing Cervantes, they all supposed that when the Viceroy laid hands on him he would not escape with his life, or, at least, not without the loss of his ears or nose, so cruel was the temper of the Viceroy, and so great the *éclat* the affair made throughout Barbary ; that Cervantes, of his own free will, delivered himself up, the Viceroy rejoicing much to get him into his power, that he might be able to crush the Valencian merchants who had been participators in the attempted escape ; but that the said Miguel de Cervantes, heeding neither the cruel threats nor the

promises with which he was assailed, would blame no one, guiding the affair to so happy an issue, and answering the Viceroy's questions so dexterously, that the said Viceroy was confounded and remained content, without being able to confirm the truth of what he had already learnt through Blanco de Paz; and throughout this affair the said Miguel de Cervantes showed very great spirit and discretion, taking the business on himself alone and on four other gentlemen who were already at liberty. And this witness vouches that if the said Miguel de Cervantes had told what he knew, many gentlemen who were concerned in the affair, regarded by their patrons and masters as poor people, would have been discovered and come into the hands of Hassan Pasha, by whom they would not have been released but for heavy ransoms, and, moreover, the said merchants would have been deprived of their goods and made slaves. And this witness knew, moreover, that Miguel de Cervantes was imprisoned in the Moors' gaol five months, loaded with chains and condemned to much hardship, and thence was placed in a galley, with double fetters and shackles. And he avers to have seen Cervantes, in all the time of his captivity, mix and converse very familiarly with the highest of the Christians, ecclesiastics, religious persons, men of education, gentlemen, and his Majesty's captains, conducting himself decorously, respectably, and cheerfully; and the witness is aware that Miguel de Cervantes has been on friendly and intimate terms with the Redemptorists, having frequent converse with them and dining at their tables.

Diego Castellano, a captive ensign, native of Toledo, testified that he had known Cervantes since 1570; was also one of the slaves invited to escape in the vessel of the renegade Giron. He confirmed what the previous witness has said about Cervantes' behaviour when the attempt miscarried; how he went before the Dey of his own accord, and, in spite of all threats, would accuse no one but himself; how that he was saved from punishment by the intercession of a Spanish renegade named Maltrapillo, who was a great favourite with the Dey. He affirmed that with the little Cervantes possessed, he would

relieve poor Christians, helping them to perform their daily tasks and to live their lives.

Rodrigo de Chaves, native of Badajoz, himself just ransomed, deposed that he had known Cervantes for three years; and was able to answer as the other witnesses had answered to the interrogatories.

Bernardo de Vega, inhabitant of Cadiz, said that he had known Cervantes since he had been made captive. They were both under one master, who was wont to treat Cervantes with great severity, loading him with double chains and making his life miserable, all with a view of getting a large ransom for him, he being supposed to be a person of consideration. The witness, after speaking of the affair of the attempted escape (in 1577) as a topic of conversation among the principal people of Algiers, averred that Cervantes was a man very discreet, and of habits and tastes so good that all rejoiced to deal and to converse with him, adding that, though his society was sought by the leading captives, soldiers, and priests, he was amiable, and courteous, and free with all the world.

Juan de Valcázar, native of Malaga, had known Cervantes for six years; had been taken captive with him in the *Sol*, and had been his mate in Déli Mamí's house; could not testify as to the matters of the escapes, having been then with his master at Tetuan; but affirmed that Don Juan of Austria, the Duke of Sessa, and the other powerful captains, held Cervantes in great esteem as a good soldier; spoke of the persons concerned in the attempted flight to Oran; testified to the worthy and Christian conduct of Cervantes in relieving the poor captives and keeping up their spirits, comforting them in their affliction, and keeping them steadfast in their faith.

Domingo Lopino, a captain, native of Sardinia, confirmed the testimony of the previous witnesses as to the conduct of Cervantes on the two occasions when his schemes of escape by sea were frustrated, bearing witness to the good character and reputation in which Cervantes was held in Algiers, especially after his generous action in exculpating his companions and taking the whole blame of the project of escape upon himself;

for which action he (the witness) and they all coveted his society and friendship, and envied his virtue and faithfulness. Furthermore, this witness confirmed all that had been said of the treacherous and hostile behaviour of Blanco de Paz, who had come to him and offered him gifts and promises of protection, visiting himself daily in the gaol, in which he was confined in chains, to try to make him testify against Cervantes.

Fernando de Vega, native of Toledo, had known Cervantes for two years, and confirmed the good report which had been given of him during this time.

Cristóbal de Villalon, native of Valbuena, had known Cervantes since 1576, and had been concerned in the attempts at escape. Cervantes himself had said to him, when the attempts failed, to have no fear, for he would save them all and take all the blame upon himself.

Don Diego de Benavides, native of Baeza, had only been two months in Algiers, having arrived from Constantinople to be ransomed; and could not speak of his personal knowledge of the facts, but had enquired of the other Christians, what gentlemen there were in Algiers, persons of quality, with whom he could have communion, and they had replied to him that there was one in especial, very accomplished, noble, and virtuous, who was of a good disposition, and friendly with other gentlemen; and this was said of Miguel de Cervantes. Therefore this witness sought him out, and, when he found him, the said Cervantes, in very kindly terms, offered him a lodging, linen, and such money as he had, and took him along with him to where they at present messed together, and occupied one chamber, treating him so kindly that this witness found in him a father and mother,—a thing new in the world,—and they were waiting for an opportunity to return together to Spain.

The Ensign Luis de Pedrosa, native of Osuna, had been two years a captive in Algiers, during which time he had known Cervantes: confirmed all that the previous witnesses had said, part of which was within his own knowledge, and part notorious in the city; spoke of Cervantes as the grandson of Juan de Cervantes, late *corregidor* of Osuna through the nomination

of the Conde de Urefia, father of the then Duke of Osuna, who had been greatly esteemed in that city as a noble and honourable gentleman. This the witness knew because his own father (de Pedrosa) had been a great friend of the *corregidor's*. He testified that Cervantes had consulted him in the business of the projected escapes by sea; that, when the second attempt miscarried, Cervantes sent word privately to this witness bidding him and the rest be of no fear, for he was able to get them all off, telling them to cast the blame upon him; that, when Cervantes had eluded the fierce Viceroy's wrath so cleverly, he won great fame, praise, and honour, and showed himself worthy of the highest reward; that, although there were other no less worthy gentlemen there, Cervantes took the lead of them all in doing good to the captives and in honourable actions, for he had a special grace in everything he did, and was so clever and clear-sighted that none came near him. In regard to the business of Blanco de Paz and the information laid by that person before the King, this witness averred that it was because Cervantes was the leader and actor in everything that Blanco de Paz was jealous of him, though all they of good quality and worth in the city complained of Blanco de Paz.

Brother Feliciano Enriquez, native of Yepes, a Carmelite friar, had known Cervantes during the whole time of his captivity; had been concerned in the projects of escape; had been for some time unfriendly to Cervantes through having heard ugly reports of him from a person, but, finding them afterwards to be all calumnies, had become a great friend of his, as were all the rest of the captives, who envied his gentlemanly, Christian, honest, and virtuous conduct (*su hidalgo proceder, Cristiano y honesto y virtuoso*).

At the end of these formal depositions is appended, at the request, as it is said, of Cervantes, the personal testimony of Father Juan Gil himself, of the Order of the Most Holy Trinity, and official Redeemer of captives for Castile at Algiers. Father Gil begins by declaring that he knows all the witnesses who have given evidence in this case, and certifies to their being persons of honour and veracity, whose

evidence is nothing but the truth in all they have said and sworn. He certifies, moreover, for the information of the King's Council, to whom these depositions are to be sent, that as written by the regular notary of the Christians at Algiers they are to be taken as faithful and authentic transcripts of the evidence. Lastly, in his own person Father Gil testifies that during the six months he has been at Algiers, on his mission of redemption, he has dealt, conversed, and communed with Miguel de Cervantes closely and familiarly, and that he knows him for a very honourable man, who has served his Majesty many years; and that, especially in this captivity, he has performed work which deserves that he should receive much favour from his Majesty, as appears from the testimony of all the witnesses at this enquiry, who are men of credit and repute among all, or otherwise they would not be admitted to his communion and intimacy.

As a postscript to this document is a still more elaborate and detailed certificate by Dr. Antonio de Sosa, who, not being able to give his evidence in person because of the close and rigorous confinement in which, as a slave, he is kept by his master, sends his written answers to all the interrogatories. Dr. Antonio de Sosa, who seems to have been a person of superior learning and capacity among the captives, affirms that, for the three years and eight months of his captivity in Algiers, he knew, and had frequent and familiar converse with, Miguel de Cervantes. The said Cervantes, he declares, often complained to him that his master would insist upon his being a Spanish gentleman of very high quality, and therefore treated him with especial rigour, loading him with chains and putting him to extraordinary hardships, in order to force him to ransom himself. As to the business of the first attempt at escape in 1577, and the hiding of the captives in the cave, Dr. Sosa declares that he was informed of every stage of it, up to the time of Cervantes himself taking refuge there,—exposing himself to the manifest peril of a very cruel death, such as the Turks are wont to inflict on those who engage in such enterprises. As to Blanco de Paz, Dr. Sosa testifies that it was he who, out of malice and envy of

Cervantes, gave such information to the Dey as spoilt the second scheme of escape; for which the said Blanco de Paz was held in great odium and abhorrence by the other Christians, who, but for Dr. Sosa's interference, would have beaten him for his wicked deeds, even though he was a priest. As to the questions about Cervantes' general behaviour during his captivity, Dr. Sosa vouches that during the period of his knowledge of him he had not seen or noted any evil or scandalous thing in him, nor would he have held familiar commune had he known him for otherwise than as an honourable and good Christian. Returning to Blanco de Paz, Dr. Soso declares that though the said Blanco de Paz claimed authority and credit in Algiers as a commissary of the Holy Office, he was never able to produce his powers, though taking informations and administering oaths in that character, to the scandal of the Holy Office; whose name he used against his enemies, and especially against Miguel de Cervantes.

(These documents, signed by Father Juan Gil, of which the originals were discovered by Cean Bermudez in 1808, still exist in the archives of Simancas. They are among the most important of the materials on which the biographer of Cervantes has to rely for the history of his captivity in Algiers; nor is it possible to have clearer or stronger testimony. Cervantes' purpose in insisting upon this formal and elaborate enquiry is obvious enough. He considered himself to be still in the public service. He had to account for the years of his captivity. His enemy, Blanco de Paz, for reasons not very clear, had sent to the Government a false and scandalous report of Cervantes' conduct in Algiers. It was necessary that the charges therein made, which seem from the obscure hints we get of them to be chiefly directed at Cervantes' religious opinions and practice, should be rebutted; nor was there any way of meeting them fairly and openly in Cervantes' interest, for the credit of his family, who had received some favours in the matter of his ransom, and for his prospects of advancement in the King's service, except by such a formal process as that which was instituted before Father Juan Gil.)

APPENDIX C

CERVANTES' MEMORIAL OF HIS SERVICES

Among the papers discovered by Cean Bermudez in the *Archivo General de Indias* at Seville in the year 1808 were some precious documents relating to Cervantes, up to that time unknown, which were first printed by Navarrete in 1819. First in importance among these is a petition in Cervantes' own hand addressed to the King, through the President of the Council of the Indies, praying for one of the offices then vacant in America, as a compensation for his sufferings, and in acknowledgment of his services on behalf of the King. The memorial is dated the 29th of May, 1590, and runs as follows in translation :—

Sir—Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra declares that he has served Your Majesty many years in divers expeditions, by sea and land, for the last two and twenty years, particularly in the naval battle, where he received many wounds, from which he lost the use of a hand by an arquebuse shot; and in the year following he was at Navarino, and after that in the affair of Tunis and the Goletta; and when coming to the capital with letters of recommendation from Don Juan and the Duke of Sessa to Your Majesty, he was taken captive in the galley El Sol, *he and his brother, who also has served Your Majesty in the same expeditions, and they were carried to Algiers, where, in ransoming themselves, they spent their patrimony as well as all the estate of their parents and the portions of their two unmarried sisters, who were reduced to poverty through ransoming their brothers; and after their release they went to serve Your Majesty in the kingdom of Portugal and in the Terceiras with the Marquess of Santa Cruz;*

and now at the present they are serving and serve Your Majesty, the one of them in Flanders as ensign, and the other, Miguel de Cervantes, was he who brought the letters and advices from Mostagan and went to Oran by order of Your Majesty, and since has helped in doing you service in affairs of the fleet under the orders of Antonio de Guevara, as is shown by the informations he holds; and in all this time there has been done him no favour whatever. He prays and beseeches humbly, so far as he can, that Your Majesty should bestow on him the favour of a place in the Indies, of the three or four which are now vacant, one of them the accountantship of the new kingdom of Granada, or the governorship of the province of Soconusco in Guatemala, or treasurer of the galleys of Carthagena, or magistrate of the city of La Paz; and any of these offices with which Your Majesty may favour him he will accept, for he is a man capable and sufficient and well-deserving of Your Majesty's favour, ana his desire is to continue always in the service of Your Majesty, and to spend his life as his ancestors have done, so that thereby he may be benefited and favoured.

This memorial is endorsed, the 1st of June, 1590, by the Doctor Nuñez Morquecho, probably the King's Secretary in the department of the Indies—*Busque por acá en que se le haga merced*—(Let him look about here—meaning at home—for the favour).

Se pone dos
trigeme y con ella
dura tener remedio
petidos muestra de
tre Persone pen
miga con vand
ver Conserue
fructo dellos all
En mal de vrido q
a 26 de mayo

APPENDIX D

LETTER OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO

On the opposite page is a facsimile of the letter addressed by Cervantes to the Archbishop of Toledo, to which I have referred on p. 219.

The original is in the possession of the executors or the late Marqués de San Ramon, from whom I have been able to obtain it through the kind offices of my friend, Don Pascual de Gayangos.

The following is a literal transcript of this document :—

AL ILMO. SR. EL SEÑOR D. BERNARDO DE SANDOVAL Y ROXAS, ARZOBISPO DE TOLEDO

Muy Illustre Señor—Ha pocos dias que recevi la carta de vuestra Señoria Illustrissima, y con ella nuevas mercedes. Si del mal que me aquexa pudiera haber remedio, fuera lo bastante, para tenelle con las repetidas muestras de favor y amparo que me dispensa vuestra Illustre Persona: pero al fin tanto arrecia que creo acabará conmigo, aún cuando no con mi agradecimiento. Dios nuestro Señor le conserve egecutor de tan Santas obras para que goce del fructo dellas allá en su santa gloria, como se la desea su humilde criado, que sus magníficas manos besa. En Madrid á 26 de Marzo de 1616 años.

Muy Illustre Señor,

MIGUEL DE CERBANTES SAAVEDRA.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF CERVANTES

A COMPLETE bibliography of all the works of Cervantes, to include every edition of each of his books and in every language, would be a compilation of value only to the book-collector, undesirable for any literary purpose. Even if it were possible to attain absolute completeness, the list would extend to dimensions far beyond the scope of the present undertaking. A mere catalogue of all the impressions of *Don Quixote*, with the translations, would occupy more space than I can spare; while to enumerate all his books necessary to a *Don Quixote* library, would be an epitome of Spanish literature. The tale of the number of times that *Don Quixote* has been printed, either at home or abroad, in its native language or in translation, is ever-growing and endless. The total reached by one calculator is surpassed by the next. The estimate of Lopez de Fabra, the editor of the beautiful Barcelona facsimile of the first edition, who made the figure 278—87 in Spain and 191 in foreign countries—has already swelled to 356; nor is this likely to be the correct sum, seeing that many foreign translations are unknown out of the country where they were produced.

There is the less necessity for attempting to give even an approximately full list of the editions of *Don Quixote*, seeing that the majority of them are mere reprints, with no claim to be called editions. Between the middle of the seventeenth century and the date of the Academy's first edition in 1780, the book was frequently reprinted in Spain, without any attention to the correctness of the text, with numerous errors

and corruptions of the press repeated and multiplied in every successive issue, with even the title of the story altered—in bad print and worse paper—sometimes "adorned" with sculptures or woodcuts of curious and amazing ugliness. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries also the greater part of the foreign editions were mere copies of one another, of no critical or even proper bibliographical value.

What I have attempted in this Bibliography is to give, in chronological order, every edition of Cervantes' works which has any distinction in its kind, from containing any new or peculiar feature in its impression, its form of publication, or any other circumstance attending its production which may give it value or interest.

I. GALATEA

Primera Parte de la Galatea, dividida en seys libros. Compuesta por Miguel be Cervantes. Alcalá: 1585.

Of 375 octavo pages, with 8 of dedication, etc. This is the earliest edition extant, of which only one copy is known—in the possession of the Marqués de Salamanca. Salvá maintains it to be the *editio princeps*, but I agree with Asensio and the older critics in believing that there must have been an edition of 1584. The privilege to publish is dated the 1st of February, 1584. Cervantes married his wife in December, 1584, and for reasons which will be manifest to those who have read the story of his life I think we may presume that his first book was printed before that date. There were some six or seven editions of *Galatea* before the author's death. After a long sleep it was resuscitated by Sancha in his edition of 1784, of two volumes. The *Galatea*, which has still a vogue in its French dress by Florian, seems to have escaped the notice of the early English translators, being first Englished in full by G. W. J. Gyll, in 1867.

II. DON QUIXOTE IN THE ORIGINAL.

PART I.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha. Compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, etc. 1605. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta.

This is the first edition of *Don Quixote*, a quarto of 664 pages, of which 632 form the text. The licence (*privilegio*) is dated the 26th of September, 1604; and the *tasa* (valuation for tax) 20th December, 1604. On the title-page, after the imprint, are the words *Vendese en casa de Francisco de Robles, librero del Rey, nuestro Señor*—"Sold at the house of Francisco de Robles, bookseller to our Lord the King." In the centre of the title is a device of the printer, Juan de la Cuesta, a hand holding a hawk, unhooded, and a lion couchant, with the legend *Post tenebras lux*. This motto, common to all Cuesta's books, and, in fact, often used by other printers of the age, refers, of course, to the invention of the art of printing—without any special reference, as in these days has been rashly assumed, to Cervantes and his design in *Don Quixote*. This first edition, now one of the rarest of books, is fairly well printed, with ornamental capitals and a few other typographical embellishments; but it swarms with blunders of the press, having apparently never been revised by the author. A copy was sold at Baron Seillière's sale in 1888 for £113. A facsimile of this and of the first edition of the Second Part, reproduced by photo-typography, was brought out at Barcelona in 1872, under the auspices of Don Francisco Lopez Fabra; with a supplementary volume containing 1633 notes by Don Eugenio Hartzenbusch. These, for the most part, are arbitrary emendations and corrections of the author, mostly those which had been adopted by Hartzenbusch in the text of his two editions of Argamasilla—to be spoken of hereafter.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Em Lisboa. Impresso com lisença do Santo Officio por Jorge Rodriguez. 1605.

This, as Salvá clearly demonstrates, must be the second edition printed of *Don Quixote*, for it contains, what no other of the early editions does, the passage in ch. xxvi. about Don Quixote's rosary (see note *in loco*), exactly as in Cuesta's first edition. It is a quarto of 462 pages, printed in double columns. The approbation is dated February 26, 1605, a little more than two months later than that which is affixed to Cuesta's first edition. It is even rarer than any of the Madrid editions. Portugal, at this date, 1605, was under the Spanish crown.

There was a second edition printed at Lisbon, in 1605, by Pedro Crasbeeck—an octavo of 916 pages; equally rare with the first, and equally without authority from, or profit to, the author.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Con Privilegio de Castilla, Aragon, y Portugal. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta. 1605.

This, the second of the two only genuine editions, printed in 1605 by Juan de la Cuesta, and sold by Francisco Robles, though in form, size, the character of the print, and the number of pages, precisely similar to his first, contains some curious and important variations. By Navarrete and by Ticknor it was taken to be the first of the two Cuesta editions; but that this could not be is clearly demonstrated by Salvá. In the first place, the privilege carrying the author's rights, or such as in that day could be enforced, includes Aragon and Portugal, as well as Castile. It is evident, therefore, that Robles, having reason to complain of the breach of his copyright through the printing of surreptitious editions in Aragon and Portugal, was induced to issue a second impression (*obrada*) with the additional words on the title-page which we have quoted. Another proof that this was the second edition is afforded by the alterations made in ch. xxvi., where Don Quixote makes his rosary, not of his shirt-tails, but of oak-galls—a change, doubtless, made

by the author at the instance of the censorship. In other respects this second edition is even more carelessly printed than the first, having apparently been hurried through the press. A curious misprint appears in the very title-page, where the book is said to be dedicated to the Duque de Béjar, "Conde de Barcelona" instead of "Benalcázar,"—the Countship of Barcelona having been one of the minor titles of the Crown since the days of Ferdinand and Isabella.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Impreso con licencia en casa de Pedro Patricio Mey. 1605.

This is a small octavo of sixteen preliminary leaves and 768 pages, better printed than any of the preceding. The text follows that of Cuesta's second edition. From the words in the title-page we may presume that Pedro Patricio Mey was an honest man, as well as a good printer, and bought his privilege of reprinting *Don Quixote* from the owner of the copyright.

There was, as Salvá and Gayangos maintain, a second edition, or impression, made at Valencia in 1605—closely resembling the other in appearance, but with a few different readings.

These may be reckoned the six existing editions of 1605—of which he who possesses one may be reckoned supremely happy among Quixote, and Quixotic, collectors. I have spoken elsewhere of other supposed editions of 1605, which, however, as they are now non-existent, need not occupy a place in this Bibliography.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. En Brusselas, por Roger Velpius. 1607.

This, the Brussels edition, the first printed out of Spain (Brussels was still under the Spanish dominion), though not pretending to a licence and clearly a piratical enterprise, possesses some distinctive features which make it valuable in a Quixote collection. In the first place, it is well printed, as were all the books of Roger Velpius, in a smaller form than any which had yet appeared. The text has been revised by

some intelligent reader, who (of course, without authority) made some corrections, a few of which were afterwards adopted by the Spanish Academy. There is a brave attempt to reduce to order the passages about the stealing of Sancho's ass; but other blunders quite as bad are retained. The book is, perhaps, quite as rare as any of the genuine first editions. I possess a copy, the gift of my late friend, Mr. J. Y. Gibson.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta. 1608.

This, the true second edition, made under the eyes of the author and containing many alterations and corrections, has served as the basis of all the editions of the Spanish Academy, and must be regarded as the most valuable which the true bibliographer (distinguished from the book-fancier) can possess. Mr. John Ormsby, it is true, adopting the heresy of Hartzenbusch, contends that "no particular sanctity" attaches to the corrections here made; "that it is plain that he (Cervantes) was not even aware of any such corrections having been made," and that "they must stand or fall on their own merits like those of any other printer." By any other printer!—But this is to beg the whole question. The printer of the edition of 1608 was Cervantes' authorised printer of the editions of 1605. Is it credible that without the authority of the author—that author being, in 1608, resident in Madrid, as he was not in 1605—Juan de la Cuesta would venture to correct the text in a material passage as the text is here corrected, putting in a long speech by Sancho (the lamentation over Dapple, which critics have admired as one of the most admirable and characteristic pieces of invention in the book), and, in two or three places, supplying omissions and amending blunders in the text? Surely, as I have contended elsewhere, the very fact that some corrections were made, and not all that might have been made, is in itself a proof that no one but Cervantes could have been the corrector. If it had been the printer who corrected, and was able to invent so capital a scene as that of Sancho bewailing the loss

of his ass, why did he not correct more and correct completely? And where does it appear that Cervantes was "not even aware of the corrections"? That he was aware of some corrections is clear from the words put into Sancho's mouth in ch. iv. of the Second Part, where, talking of this very incident, he says:—"I set up a lamentation which, if the author of our history has not put in, you may reckon that he has not put in a good thing." Is it possible to believe that Cervantes would so speak of a passage not written by himself, but composed and inserted by the printer without authority? And how can it be said that he was not even aware of the corrections,—this passage of Sancho's lamentation being one of them? The question, however, seems to be settled, for English translators and English readers at least, by the authority of the Spanish Academy, which has based its fourth and last edition of 1819 upon Cuesta's edition of 1608. Let the judicious Cervantophile, therefore, never cease to strive to obtain, as the nucleus of his *Don Quixote* library, the edition of 1608, which in the book market is almost as rare as any of the first editions.

There was an edition of the First Part published at Milan (then under Spanish rule) in 1610, and a second edition at Brussels, by Roger Velpius, in 1611,—neither of any critical value. These are all the editions now extant of the First Part, published in Cervantes' lifetime, though there is reason to believe that there was an edition of Barcelona (to which Cervantes seems to allude in Part II. ch. iii.), and probably of Zaragoza, Pamplona, and Antwerp, within the first decade of the seventeenth century, all of which have disappeared.

The Second Part.

Segunda Parte del Ingenioso Cavallero Don Quixote de la Mancha, etc. Madrid: Juan de la Cuesta. 1615.

This is the first edition of Cervantes' Second Part, in quarto, of 584 pages, very similar in form and execution to Cuesta's First Part, with the same device and legend on the title-page. There is a long and interesting "approbation," written by

Marquez Torres, the Secretary to the Archbishop of Toledo (Cervantes' patron), dated 27th February, 1615. The *privilegio* is dated 30th March, and the dedication to the Conde de Lemos 31st October. The book is even rarer than any of the early editions of the First Part, nor is it more carefully printed. It is to be remarked that Don Quixote is styled in the title-page, not *El Ingenioso Hidalgo*, but *El Ingenioso Caballero* —a change which Clemencin attributes to carelessness, but which is more likely due to design. At the opening of the Second Part of the story, Don Quixote is a fully-dubbed Knight (*armado caballero*), and not merely a *hidalgo*.

Only one other edition of the Second Part is known to have been published in Cervantes' lifetime, namely, that of Brussels, in 1616, by Huberto Antonio, in which the approbation of Marquez Torres is omitted.

In this place we have to notice the spurious Second Part, published under the name of Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, in 1614, after Cervantes had given public notice of the approaching completion of his own Second Part; the full title of this false *Quixote*, the character and mystery of which have been fully investigated elsewhere, is *Segundo Tomo del Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote*, etc. It is dedicated to the "Alcalde, Regidores, and hidalgos of the noble city of Argamasilla, happy country of the gentleman knight (*hidalgo caballero*) Don Quixote of La Mancha." It was published at Tarragona, in a quarto of 572 pages, without approbation, *tasa*, or licence, under a feigned name. The book is now very scarce. It was reprinted in 1732, and again in 1805, with omissions of some of the viler chapters. It was deemed worthy of being put into a French dress by M. Le Sage, and afterwards by M. Germond de Lavigne (in English by Stevens), and had better be forgotten for a vile, malignant, and indecent libel, without grace or worth of any kind.

THE COMPLETE DON QUIXOTE.

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. (Ambas Partes.) Á Costa de Juan Simon. Barcelona, 1617. 2 vols. 8vo.

This, according to Salvá, is the first complete edition of the two parts of *Don Quixote*, published the year after the author's death. The two parts, however, are not printed uniformly, nor by the same printers, and it is doubtful whether they were intended to be issued together.

Primera y Segunda Parte del Ingenioso Hidalgo, etc. Madrid: Francisco Martinez. 2 vols. 4to. 1637.

This, according to Navarrete, is the first complete edition. It is poorly printed, like all the rest of this century, on vile paper, with the dedications and prefatory verses omitted. There were three or four editions, mostly based on the above, in the years following, equally bad and now equally rare.

Vida y Hechos del Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. En Bruselas, por Juan de Monmarte. 1662. 2 vols. 8vo.

An edition distinguished as being the first in which Cervantes' title was wantonly and foolishly altered into *Vida y Hechos del Ingenioso*, etc.—an innovation adopted by all the subsequent editions, until the Academy's first edition of 1780. This edition has the further distinction of being the first which was "embellished" with plates. These embellishments, which herald the long line of vile attempts to make *Don Quixote* a picture-book, are remarkable, even among the *Don Quixote* illustrations, for their ugliness and ludicrous inappropriateness to the text.

There were several other editions with plates, sometimes styled *muy donosas y apropriadas á la matéria*, published in the Netherlands and in Spain, equally worthless for anything else than as testifying to the continued popularity of the book throughout the seventeenth century. In the edition of Madrid,

1674, by Andrés Garcia de la Iglesia, it is said in the dedication that "the works of Cervantes were current amidst the general applause through all the world," and that in Spain the editions were repeated almost every year.

Vida y Hechos del Ingenioso, etc. Londres, 1701. 2 vols. 4to, with plates.

This edition, mentioned by Navarrete on the faith of the "Index of Faulder," should be the first ever printed in England. I cannot learn anything about it, however, from any other authority, and am inclined to disbelieve in its existence. We may pass over all the other many succeeding editions to come to—

Vida y Hechos del Ingenioso Hidalgo, etc. Londres: J. and R. Tonson. 4 vols. large 4to, 1738, with copper-plates designed by Vanderbusch and engraved by Vertue and Vandergucht.

This edition is remarkable as being the first in which due honour was paid to Cervantes in the treating of his immortal work as a classic, and not a mere book of drolleries. Its origin is told by Mayans y Siscar (the editor), in his Prologue to the *Pastor de Filida*, Valencia, 1792. Queen Caroline, wife of George II., being of a romantic turn and fond of reading books of imagination, formed a collection of these, which she called *The Library of the Sage Merlin*. Talking of her design one day to Lord Carteret (the well-known Minister), an admirer of Spanish literature, he told her that one book was lacking, "the most agreeable and witty ever written in the world," of which there was no edition worthy of a place in her collection. He undertook, therefore, to have *Don Quixote* published at his expense, in a style worthy of the author. He carried out his promise by bringing out this magnificent edition, printed by Tonson, with all the luxury of his well-known press, and edited by Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar, a learned gentleman of Valencia, who was assisted by Pedro de Pineda, a teacher of Spanish, and apparently by other scholars. The editor wrote

for it the *Life of Cervantes*,—a biography necessarily very imperfect, seeing that many essential documents were then undiscovered, yet the first in which any attempt was made to elucidate the history of the author. The text was also amended and corrected in many places,—the original verses restored, and many of the excrescences which had grown round the book in its passage through the Spanish and Flemish presses lopped off. The copper-plates were done on a scale of great magnificence, so far as the engraving was concerned, the engravers being Vertue and Vandergucht. The artist, however, one Vanderbusch, by no means corresponded in skill and in imagination to his author,—his inventions being incredibly bald, vulgar, and grotesque, without any spark of real humour, or sense of harmony with the text. Finally, there was affixed to the first volume a portrait of Cervantes, which was lettered *Retrato de Miguel de Cervantes por el Mismo* (The Portrait of Miguel de Cervantes by Himself). This, as we have pointed out elsewhere, which is the original of all the extant portraits purporting to be of Cervantes, was made up by the artist, William Kent, out of the verbal description given by Cervantes of himself in the prologue to his *Novelas*. With all its defects, the edition which I have cited always as Lord Carteret's is a noble book, worthy of the author and of England, and deserving of a place in the library of every lover of Cervantes.

Stimulated by the production of Lord Carteret's edition of the Spanish masterpiece in a foreign country, the Spanish Royal Academy was put on its mettle, and after many years' labour,—its pace being quickened at last by the announcement of still another critical edition to appear in London,—was delivered of its first great work, to which the original title was restored of—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Madrid : 4 vols. imp. 4to, 1780.

In this edition the Academy corrected many of the blunders and misprints which had crept into the text, while it adopted several of Mayans' suggestions and emendations. The print

and paper are of superb quality, and the presswork under the famous Ibarra, prince of Spanish printers, very excellent, though not better than Tonson's. The plates were designed by the most famous Spanish artists of the day. They are a little less grotesque, because more Spanish, than in previous editions, and are fairly well engraved; but still absurdly false, affected, and inappropriate,—the artists appearing not to have given themselves the trouble of reading the book they illustrated. The portrait (of which more is said in another place), professing to be taken from an original picture in the possession of the Conde del Aguila, is merely a reproduction of the bust from Kent's imaginary picture of Cervantes, with the details and flourishes omitted. In this edition, which can hardly be said to keep its value in the market except in the eyes of the hunters after *editions de luxe*, the chief features are the Life of Cervantes and Analysis of *Don Quixote*, by Don Vicente de los Rios, an officer of Engineers. Don Vicente was a passionate admirer of Cervantes, and is worthy of praise for some contributions to our knowledge of the man and of his book, but he is tedious and pedantic, and with his frequent parallels to the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* not a little absurd.

The next step in the bibliography of *Don Quixote* was a very notable one. It was the publication of—

La Historia del famoso cavallero Don Quixote, etc., con annotaciones, indices, y varias lecciones, por el Reverendo Don Juan Bowle. 6 vols. in 3, roy. 4to. (The first volume printed in London, and the rest at Salisbury.) 1781.

Though he had no right to alter his author's own title, and though he takes some unaccountable liberties with his book, John Bowle is deserving of the eternal good-will of all Cervantophiles as having been the first who, in any language or in any country, devoted to the text of *Don Quixote* the patient care, industry, and learning which up to that time had been the perquisites of the ancient classics. Bowle, who was the incumbent of Idmestone, a small Wiltshire village, spent fourteen years of his life, as he tells Dr. Percy, in learning Spanish,

so that he might annotate *Don Quixote*. He succeeded so far as that he produced an edition which, however decried on its first appearance and for a long time unsaleable, has now attained its proper rank in literature. Bowle's knowledge of the romances of chivalry and of the Italian romantic poetry was most extensive, and he was the first who traced the numerous references and parallels in *Don Quixote* to their originals. Subsequent Spanish commentators and editors have borrowed largely from the Wiltshire parson, while they have not been always scrupulous in acknowledging their debts. Not the least valuable feature of Bowle's edition is the series of indexes of proper names and leading words—of infinite use to every student of *Don Quixote*, when once he has the key to Bowle's somewhat eccentric way of denoting the places where the words occur.

A second and a third edition of the Royal Academy followed in 1782 and 1787,—of no other value than as testifying to the constant demand for *Don Quixote*. The next important critical edition was—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Nueva edicion, corregida de nuevo, con nuevas notas, con nuevas estampas, con nueva analisis, y con la vida nuevamente comentada por Don Juan Antonio Pellicer. Madrid: Sancha. 1797-98. 5 vols. 8vo.

There is not so much that is new in this edition as the flowing promise of novelties in the title-page indicates. Pellicer took a great many of his notes,—almost all which verify the passages in the romances referred to,—from Bowle, with insufficient acknowledgment. Pellicer's own notes are few, and his criticisms of no great value, as when he remarks that *ingenioso* was meant by the author to apply, not to his hero, but to his book. The "*nuevas estampas*" promised are by Navarro,—of a hideousness equal to any of the old.

There were several re-impressions of Pellicer's edition, one in Paris, one in Bordeaux, one in Barcelona, and one in Leipzig (1800), with Beneke's vocabulary of Quixote words (not without value to the student). No other editions need occupy us until we arrive at—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Madrid. 1819. 4 vols. 8vo.

This is the fourth and, up to the present date, the last edition of the Academy, in which several corrections are made, —the First Part being more directly based upon Cervantes' own edition of 1608 than before,—for the reason given that this edition was "the latest choice of the author," and therefore preferable to the first (of 1605), "which was neither made under his eyes nor received the last touches of his hand." There are some new plates from designs by Rivelles, which are not quite so bad as those in preceding editions, though still bad enough. Some years ago it was reported that the Academy was about to bring out another edition of *Don Quixote;* but apparently it has been content to delegate that duty to Señor Hartzenbusch, one of its members. For the present this Academy's edition of 1819 is indispensable to the *Don Quixote* library, as containing the purest and best text on what we must take to be the highest authority.

The next in order, passing over a great number of editions, mostly reprints of the Academy's editions of 1819, was—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Comentado por Don Diego Clemencin. Madrid: 1833-39. 6 vols. 4to.

This is the famous edition of Clemencin, with a commentary more full, minute, and elaborate than any of which *Don Quixote* has ever been the object. Perhaps no book, ancient or modern, has been dissected, analysed, criticised, and illustrated with so free a hand, and, on the whole, with so much industry, patience, and learning as *Don Quixote* has been by Señor Clemencin. I have had frequent occasion to comment upon the commentator, to differ with him, and to protest against his treatment of a book which, with all his zeal on the author's behalf, he seems to have been constitutionally incapable of understanding. Nevertheless, it would be ungrateful of me not to acknowledge my indebtedness to Clemencin for a very

large portion of the knowledge I possess of *Don Quixote*. This edition was to have been supplemented, according to the editor's original design, by an extra volume of notices of the Spanish romances of chivalry; but Don Diego Clemencin died before his work was completed,—the concluding volume being edited by his sons. Possibly this may account for some of the imperfections and redundancies in these six volumes. An index to Clemencin's notes, by Mr. Charles F. Bradford of Boston, Mass. was published at Madrid in 1885, and forms an indispensable addition to these six volumes, with which it is a pity it was not printed uniformly.

The next critical edition—passing over reprints and *editions de luxe*, one of the most sumptuous of the latter being Moran's magnificent *Don Quixote* in two volumes folio, printed at Barcelona in 1862, with woodcuts of scenes and places more appropriate than most illustrations to the book—is—

El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote, etc. Edicion corregida con especial studio de la primera, por Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch. Argamasilla de Alba: Rivadeneyra. 4 vols. 12mo. 1863.

This is the first of the two editions put forth by Hartzenbusch, in a beautiful form, with every grace of type, paper, and print. The printing was done in the *Casa de Medrano* at Argamasilla, where also were printed the four volumes of the larger edition of Cervantes' entire works, including *Don Quixote*, in the cellar which was the prison wherein the book was conceived. Unhappily, Hartzenbusch,—the son of a German carpenter who was naturalised in Spain,—though himself a man of letters more eminent than any of those who edited *Don Quixote*, and professing a profound regard for Cervantes and admiration for his work, was unable to keep his hands from defacing the text, through a sheer itch for emendation. Not content with pointing out in his notes how the passage might have been better turned or rendered clearly, Hartzenbusch boldly alters the text to suit his theories,—a liberty unpardonable in any commentator, and all the more inexcusable in

Hartzenbusch, who was a man of talent and judgment, himself a poet and dramatist, who for many years held a leading place in the literature of his adopted country. Hartzenbusch was born in 1806, and filled the office, for many years up to his death, of librarian of the National Library at Madrid. He is best known as the author of *Los Amantes de Teruel*,—a drama founded upon a famous episode of a pair of lovers who died for love in 1217, the subject of many earlier ballads and plays. Hartzenbusch died at a good old age in 1885.

To the beautiful facsimile reproduction of the first editions of the two Parts, published under the auspices of Colonel Lopez Fabra (referred to above), there was appended a supplementary volume of 1633 notes by Hartzenbusch, almost entirely conjectures in emendation of the text. Some of these are new, and in some places the notes of 1843 have been omitted or corrected. There are very few of any real value, the commentator being more intent upon displaying his own ingenuity than in discovering the author's meaning.

There have been several editions of *Don Quixote* in Spain in recent years, mostly distinguished by "illustrations." The only professedly new edition is that of Ramon Leon Mainez, in five volumes, published at Cadiz in 1877. It is of small critical value, the editor's commentary being distinguished rather for enthusiasm than for judgment.

There is an edition of *Don Quixote* (Part First only) published at Palencia in 1884, by Feliciano Ortego Aguirrebeña, purporting to be based on an original manuscript supposed to be of Cervantes. The corrections, impudently claimed to be those made on the author's own proofs, are conjectural emendations by Señor Aguirrebeña himself, of no value whatever. It is one of the numerous outrages in that kind of which Cervantes has been made the victim in his own country.

TRANSLATIONS OF DON QUIXOTE

The editions of *Don Quixote* in foreign languages are infinite in number, and of every variety of merit. In this place I am

only able to speak of those which seem to me to be of literary or bibliographical value. Beginning with the English, as I have a right to do, seeing that the first translation made of *Don Quixote* was an English one, there is, first—

The History of the Valorous and Wittie Knight Errant Don Quixote of the Mancha. · Printed for Ed. Blount and W. Barret, 2 vols. small 4to, 1612-20.

The translator's name, as appears from the dedication to Lord Walden, is Thomas Shelton,—though who or what Shelton was has baffled all research. In his dedication, Shelton speaks of having translated, "some five or six years ago, the *History of Don Quixote* (meaning the First Part) out of the Spanish tongue in the space of forty days,"—which, if true, would sufficiently account for the slovenly character of his work. There has been much controversy over the First Part of Shelton, owing to the fact that what passes as the first edition of that First Part has never been seen with a printed title-page, with colophon and date. But I think I have made it clear that this supposed "first edition," so called in the British Museum catalogue and elsewhere, is but a reprint of the real First Part, issued to resemble Shelton's Second Part in 1620. The genuine first edition of Shelton's First Part, of which only one copy exists (that, in 1894, in the possession of Mr. Yates Thompson), has a printed title-page with date, 1612. It is a small quarto of 598 pages, the last four not numbered, printed within vertical and horizontal lines, not only differing in type and presswork from the reprint but with variations in the text, as *pastora* for shepherdess in the story of Chrysostom, etc. There is a heading to each page of "The Delightfull Historie of the Wittie Knight Don Quixote." The fact that only one copy of the real first edition survives, and that the printers Edward Blount and William Barret reprinted it in 1620 when they brought out Shelton's Second Part, is a proof of the extreme popularity of the book in England even at this early date. With the discovery of the dated real First Part there is no longer any necessity to refer to the collateral evidence furnished by the Registers of the

Stationers' Company to prove that Shelton published his *Don Quixote* in 1612. In regard to the date (1620) of the Second Part, there is also some confusion. The dedication is to the Duke of Buckingham, and it is signed, not by Shelton, but by Blount; and the entry in the Stationers' Register is under the name of Edward Blount, with the date 5th December, 1615, which was only a few months later than the date of the issue of the original Second Part at Madrid. The Second Part is far more loosely and hastily translated than the First, which has given rise to the belief that it was not the work of Shelton, but of some other hand. There is even some reason to doubt whether there was any Thomas Shelton other than Edward Blount himself. However this may be, it is a book which, in spite of its numerous and glaring faults, is worthy to be prized for its language alone as a treasure of quaint, delightful, rough English, in which the spirit of Cervantes survives better perhaps than in any of the more modern versions. A second edition of Shelton, in one folio volume, purporting to be "now newly corrected and amended," was published in 1652. But it is identical with the older edition. In 1706 Captain Stevens published a revised edition of Shelton, which has been several times reprinted.

The History of the most renowned Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, now made English according to the humour of our modern language. Folio. London, 1687.

This was by John Phillips, Milton's nephew—a poor, ribald piece of work, without a spark of the original humour, now deservedly forgotten.

The History of the renowned Don Quixote. Translated from the original by several hands, and published by Peter Motteux. 4 vols. 12mo. London, 1701.

This is Motteux's version, of which I have spoken fully elsewhere. It has been rated far too high by Lockhart, who brought out a new edition in 1822, with original notes (almost

wholly taken from Pellicer), and translations of the ballads. It is to be noted that Motteux's work clearly shows marks of the "several hands" employed, the language being by no means uniform, with some chapters better than others. The Second Part is generally closer to the text and more carefully executed than the First,—which is not usual in the translations of *Don Quixote*. There have been recent reprints of Motteux, of which the only merits are the handsome type and paper. The etchings in one of them by Los Rios are spirited and Spanish, but not Quixotesque or faithful to the text.

The Life and Exploits of the Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha. Translated by Charles Jarvis. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1742.

This was a posthumous work of the painter, Charles Jervas, the friend of Pope, elsewhere sufficiently characterised. It is the translation best known in commerce, holding its ground apparently to the present day—I am puzzled to know why, except that it is a commonplace and unhumorous production, with the few naughty words in the text softened for polite modern ears. There are numerous revised versions of Jarvis, in which his style is still further smoothened, conventionalised, and dulled.

The History and Adventures of Don Quixote. Translated from the Spanish by T. Smollett. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1755.

This was evidently an enterprise started by the booksellers in opposition to Jarvis. Smollett knew nothing of Spanish, and seems to have used a French original. It is very loose and vulgar and altogether worthless, save for some happy turns of English.

The History of Don Quixote. Illustrated with engravings after R. Smirke, R.A. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1818.

A translation made by the artist's sister, who seems to have had no more Spanish than her predecessors. The plates are strikingly unlike anything in the text.

The Ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha. A new translation by A. J. Duffield. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1851.

—With all the poetry, as appears from a recent republication of it, done by Mr. J. Y. Gibson.

The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha. By John Ormsby. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1885.

—Of which I may be excused from giving any opinion, other than is contained in my references to some of Mr. Ormsby's readings and theories.

FRENCH.

Le Valeureux Don Quixote de la Manche, etc. Traduit fidèlement de l'Espagnol, par Cesar Oudin. 8vo. Paris, 1616.

This, the first translation of the First Part only, is usually joined to F. Rosset's *Histoire du Redoubtable et Ingénieux Chevalier Don Quixote.* 8vo. Paris, 1618. Neither has any merit except for a certain *naïveté* and quaintness of expression, or any value save for the old language.

Histoire de l'admirable Don Quixote de la Manche. 4 vols. 12mo. Paris, 1677-78.

This is by Filleau de St. Martin, and, like nearly all the French versions, very unfaithful. None of the European translators have departed more widely from the spirit of Cervantes than the French, evidently under the idea that this was some barbarous genius who had to be trimmed and clipped to be made presentable to the polite world.

Florian published what he called a translation of *Don Quixote* in 1799, but it is a mere abridgment, adapted to the French genius, having nothing but a certain grace of style—as unlike the original grace of Cervantes as possible—to recommend it. There is no other French version worthy of mention till we come to—

L'Ingénieux Hidalgo Don Quichotte. Traduit et annoté par Louis Viardot. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1836.

—First published with the woodcuts of Tony Johannot, which are very spirited but very un-Spanish. M. Viardot's is by far the best of the French translations, in spite of the trenchant attack which was made upon it by Biedermann in *Don Quichotte et la tâche de ses traducteurs.* (Paris, 1837.) Viardot was a competent Spanish scholar, who had some knowledge of Spain and of the character of its people. He has a habit of shirking difficulties,—sometimes of omitting whole passages, which he cannot understand or is afraid to tackle,—but he has a good style of his own, and has Frenchified Cervantes with much success.

The more recent French versions are those of Damas-Hinard (1847), Furne (1858), and Lucien Biart (1878),—the last with a sympathetic preface by Prosper Merimée. I do not think any of them equal to Viardot, Biart's being professedly accommodated to the humour of the French.

Of the other European translations it is needless to give a detailed account. The oldest German version is of the date 1621, extending to only a portion of the First Part. The version of Tieck, so highly applauded by Heine, is lively and spirited, but by no means faithful. Of the other modern translations that of Braunfels the latest (4 vols. sm. 8vo. Stuttgart, 1884), is, by those competent to form an opinion, judged to be the best.

The earliest Italian version is that of Franciosini, of which the first complete edition is that of 1625. It seems to me more faithful to the letter of Cervantes than any of the early foreign versions; and it has this special value in the eyes of the students of Cervantes, that at the time it was written Spanish must have been a familiar language in Italy. I have myself found much assistance in Franciosini, in understanding words and phrases, now obsolete in Spanish and unexplained by any of the commentators. Franciosini's translation seems to hold its place to this day in Italy.

Of the Dutch, Russian, Polish, Danish, Swedish, Hungarian, Romaic, Servian, Guzerati (?), and other versions, I may perhaps be excused from speaking, feeling myself but indifferently well qualified to give an opinion. To the mass of my readers it will be sufficient to know that *Don Quixote* has been translated into all these languages, and is a popular book in every one of them, however badly translated.

The numerous abridgments, continuations, and imitations of *Don Quixote*, in English and in other tongues, need not occupy us long. They bear unconscious testimony to the unfailing charm of the book, and are a naïve acknowledgment that it ought to be longer, even when they dishonour the author by their corrections, mutilations, and clumsy attempts at improvement. Of Avellaneda and his malignant Second Part, designed to do injury to Cervantes and his work, I have sufficiently spoken. All the others—from the ribald paraphrase of Tom D'Urfey (1696) and the facetious version of Ned Ward (1712), whose Hudibrastic doggerel is not without a certain humour (though as unlike as possible to the humour of Cervantes), down to the latest boys' book, in which *Don Quixote* is brought into line with African adventure and South Sea scoundrelism—are not guilty of any outrage worse than the spoiling the text of Cervantes to accommodate it to the taste of the age. They are so far insensible to any humour, as while perpetrating this offence—an offence not so great against the author as against his readers—to adorn the story with embellishments of their own—even decorating the title with livelier epithets for greater attraction—calling it "the much esteemed"—"the most admirable and delightful" history, of the "ever-renowned" knight, with the humours of his "facetious" squire Sancho Panza. Some more fastidious have "divested the book of cumbrous matter," while others like "M. Jones," who produced a *Don Quixote* for ingenuous youth in 1871, profess to give the story "without the tediousness of the historian." But if even Walter Scott is not pure or plain enough for the modern British boy, how should Cervantes hope to escape the desolating hands of the adapter? Almost worse are those who have chosen *Don Quixote* as a field

for the popular artist—who have turned the story into a picture-book—the pictures being first and the text second—the artist not troubling himself about the author, and generally not caring to read the book which he illustrates. The most flagrant case of this is the illustrated *Don Quixote* of Doré, where the imagination of the author is entirely overwhelmed and obliterated by the extravagant fancies of the artist.

The imitations, from the earliest days, have been numerous —from Fielding's *Don Quixote* in England, which is a desperately dull play (in spite of the songs which are among the best of Fielding's), and Smollett's *Sir Lancelot Greaves* to Mrs. Lennox's *Female Quixote* and the *Spiritual Quixote* of "Geoffrey Wildgoose." The work of Cervantes has been from the beginning a rich mine of invention and adventure to the playwrights, balletists, and entertainment-mongers. Comedies, even in the author's lifetime, were made out of the episodes in his work, and not only Don Quixote and Sancho Panza but Cervantes himself were brought upon the stage. Even while I am writing this (1894) there is advertised the new ballet of *Don Quixote* in one of the London theatres. And, still more recently, the old Knight has been represented on the stage, by one of the newest creation, in two or three scenes taken from the story.

The books of criticism, explanation, and illustration form a library of their own, more diverting perhaps than curious or valuable. One of the earliest in the subject of *Don Quixote* is the Rev. John Bowle's *Letter to Dr. Percy*, in 1777, wherein is announced his design for "a new and classical edition." At that date, with the exception of certain tracts of the laborious and erudite Father Martin Sarmiento (who wrote about everything and published only one thing), on the subject of Cervantes and his birthplace, neither the man nor the book had won much attention from the learned in Spain. The publication of Pellicer's edition in 1797 marks the dawn of the period of revival, when *Don Quixote*, after having for a century and a half fallen into the class of a chap-book or book of drolleries, began to be regarded seriously as a work not unworthy of the attention of the critic, and calculated to confer honour on Spanish litera-

ture. From that time to this the apologists, expounders, commentators, analysts, and panegyrists have been very busy with the book. Among the earliest of this century was Eximeno, whose *Apologia de Miguel de Cervantes* (1806) was aimed at the refutation of the theories of Rios, who had taken the scheme of the story too seriously. In the same year was published Pellicer's defence of *Don Quixote* against one Nicolás Perez, who wrote *El Anti-Quixote* (1805). Biedermann's *Don Quichotte et la tâche de ses traducteurs* (1837) was aimed at Viardot's French version, but is profitable to all translators. F. A. Caballero in 1840 published his *Perícia Geográfica de Cervantes*, to prove the exceeding merits of the author of *Don Quixote* as a geographer. In 1848 Adolfo de Castro launched his squib—*El Buscapié*—pretending it to be a work of Cervantes, who wrote it with a view of stirring up the interest in *Don Quixote*. When challenged to produce the manuscript or proofs of his story, the merry Adolfo could only reply by defying his critics to single out any word in the *Buscapié* which had not been used by Cervantes—with which one may dismiss Señor De Castro as a wag who has benefited little by the humour of *Don Quixote*. Clemencin's elaborate and voluminous commentary gave rise to much controversy, the ablest defender of Cervantes against his critic appearing in Juan Calderon, whose *Cervantes Vindicado* (1854) cleared *Don Quixote* of misinterpretation in a hundred and fifteen passages. Señor Pardo de Figueroa, who chooses to masque his name in *Epistolas Droapinas* (1868), is an ingenious writer, who, if he had but bridled his inclination to frivolous and untimely jesting, might have done useful service as a Cervantista. Señor Diaz de Benjumea in his various enigmatical tracts, *El Correo de Alquife, La Estafeta de Urganda, El Mensage de Merlin* (1861-75) is too much on the other side, treating of the supposed mysteries in *Don Quixote* with a solemnity which is very trying to the devout Cervantist. In the discourse read before the Royal Academy by Juan Valera, *Sobre el Quixote* (1864), are much sound sense and acute analysis by the author of *La Pepita Ximena*. The journalist Tubino has written *Cervantes y el Quijote* (1876)—critical studies of unex-

ceptionable good sense. To Señor Asensio's valuable contributions, chiefly biographical, to the literature of *Don Quixote* I have referred fully elsewhere. The very latest of those who have flourished their names over Cervantes and his book belong chiefly to what Tacitus calls the *pessimum inimicorum genus, laudantes*, whose immoderate and uncouth raptures over the *Principe de los Ingenios* and his works are calculated to bring ridicule on the true faith and its sincere professors.

III. NOVELAS EXEMPLARES.

Novelas Exemplares de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Madrid: Juan de Cuesta. 1613.

A quarto of 274 pages of text, with 12 pages preliminary, of excessive rarity. Sancha, who reprinted the *Novelas* in 1783, was never able to see a copy of this first edition, with all his enquiries and researches. The *Novelas* were reprinted in the following year, at Madrid and at Brussels, and at Milan in 1615. The book was frequently reprinted in Spain, in Flanders, and in Italy during the seventeenth century.

Novelas Exemplares, etc. Dirigida á la Excelentissima Señora Condesa de Westmorland. En Haya: J. Neaulme. 1739. 2 vols. 8vo.

This edition, dedicated to the Countess of Westmorland, was brought out under the care of Pedro de Pineda, a teacher of Spanish in London, to whose zeal (untempered by judgment) we are indebted for several reprints of books in that language. The two volumes are well printed and adorned with twelve copper-plates after designs by Folkema. It is further curious for giving in the frontispiece Kent's portrait of Cervantes, reproduced from the print in the *Don Quixote* of 1738.

With the *Novelas* is frequently included, in the later editions, as in the sumptuous one forming part of Rivadeneyra's complete re-issue of Cervantes' works (1863-65) *La Tia Fingida*, which I have elsewhere given reasons for not admitting among the

works of Cervantes. *La Tía Fingida* first appeared in a mutilated form in *El Espiritu de Miguel de Cervantes*, by Arrieta (1814). It was published complete, after a manuscript collated by Navarrete, at Berlin in 1818, with a preface in German by F. A. Wolff. It should not be in any collection of Cervantes' works.

The first English translation appeared in 1640 under the title of *Exemplarie Novells*, by Don Diego Puede-Ser, which is a punning translation of James Mabbe. Only six novels are translated out of the twelve. Another partial translation, in 1742, purports to be by "T. Shelton." Separate novels by different hands appeared in English in various collections. The first and only complete translation of the twelve Novels was that which appeared in Bohn's *Standard Library* in 1881, under the name of W. K. Kelly. The same translator, in a previous issue in 1855, of Bohn's Extra Volume Series, had included the *Pretended Aunt* and the *Buscapié*—for greater attraction.

In French there is an old translation by Rousset (1640), including two stories not by Cervantes, and a modern and very agreeable version by Viardot, of 1838.

IV. VIAJE DEL PARNASO.

Viaje del Parnaso. Compuesto por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Madrid, 1614. 8vo.

Eighty leaves, with 8 preliminary. The first impression has a sonnet prefixed—"The Author to his Pen"—which was omitted in the second, of the same date and otherwise identical. The *Viaje* was not printed again in Cervantes' lifetime. There is an edition of Milan, 1624, 12mo, with a different dedication and without the author's Prologue, but with his sonnet. It was reprinted by Sancha in one volume, together with *La Numancia* and *El Trato de Argel*, two of Cervantes' early plays, then for the first time published.

There is an English translation by G. W. J. Gyll in 1870,

who also translated *Numancia* and *El Trato de Argel*. *The Voyage to Parnassus* was also translated by Mr. J. Y. Gibson in 1883, with the addition of Cervantes' rhymed letter to Mateo Vasquez. In this volume the Spanish text is given side by side with the English version. To Mr. Gibson, the best of Cervantes' translators in verse, we are further indebted for a very spirited version of the *Numancia*, published in 1885.

A French translation of the *Voyage to Parnassus*, by M. Guardia, appeared in 1864, with an elaborate biographical notice of all the poets named. A French translation of *Numancia* and the later plays was published in 1862, by Alphonse Royer.

V. PLAYS AND FARCES.

Ocho Comedias y Ocho Entremeses Nuevos, nunca representados. Compuestos por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Madrid, 1615.

This was published but a few months before the author's death, and contains 257 pages, with 4 of introduction.

These plays were re-published by Blas de Nasarre in two volumes 4to in 1749; with a preface having for its object to prove that Cervantes wrote these comedies in ridicule of Lope de Vega, just as he had written *Don Quixote* in ridicule of the Books of Chivalries. I have spoken elsewhere of Blas de Nasarre, who may reasonably be suspected of a treachery equal to his folly.

VI. PERSILES AND SIGISMUNDA.

Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda, Historia Septentrional. Por Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Madrid: 1617. 8vo.

This was published by Cervantes' widow the year after his death. The printer is Juan de la Cuesta, who printed *Don Quixote*. It is a volume of 226 pages and 6 preliminary, with Cuesta's shield and device, and the epitaph by Francisco de Urbina. A counterfeit edition of *Persiles* was issued in the

same year, in a quarto form, of 186 pages, in two columns. Another edition was brought out by Cuesta of 524 pages, and in the same year appeared editions at Pamplona, Barcelona, Valencia, Paris, and Lisbon, followed by one at Brussels in 1618, and one, if not more, at Madrid in 1619.

Persiles and Sigismunda was twice reprinted by Sancha in 1781 and in 1782; and of modern editions there are more than of any of Cervantes' works, excepting *Don Quixote*.

The Travels of Persiles and Sigismunda were first translated into English, said to be from the French, in 1619. An English version by L. D. S. (Louisa Dorothea Stanley), with a monstrous caricature in the frontispiece claiming to be a "portrait of Cervantes," appeared in 1854. The translator confesses that she has "taken some few liberties, omitted some pages and occasionally altered a sentence." There is a German version by Ludwig von Tieck (Leipzig, 1837).

VII. COMPLETE WORKS.

Obras de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Madrid: 16 vols. 1803-5. 8vo.

An edition printed by Ibarra, not including some minor pieces.

Obras Escogidas de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Nueva edicion clásica. Por Don Augustin Garcia de Arrieta. Paris: 1827. 10 vols. 16mo.

This edition includes the Life by Navarrete (without the useful *Ilustraciones y Documentos*), the Analysis of *Don Quixote* by Vicente de los Rios, the *Numancia*, and two of the *Interludes*, but not the *Persiles*.

Obras de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Madrid: Rivadeneyra. 1852. Imp. 8vo.

This is the most useful edition of the collected works of Cervantes, with an excellent *Life* by Aribau, forming the first

volume of the *Biblioteca de Autores Españoles*. It contains, besides *Don Quixote*, the *Novelas Exemplares*, *Galatea*, the *Viaje del Parnaso*, and *Persiles and Sigismunda*—in small type of double columns, on indifferent paper and in an awkward size.

A complete edition of all the works of Cervantes, edited in a manner worthy of the fame of the author, is up to the present time a desideratum. There is no edition containing all his writings which can be said to be satisfactory. The truth is, that the fame and popularity of *Don Quixote* are so great as to overpower and oppress the children of the same family, some of whom suffer undeserved neglect from the exclusive attention which is bestowed on the favourite. None of the minor works, in prose or poetry, have received any care or attention. They are reproduced mechanically, because they are the works of Cervantes, but they have never been edited, even in that partial and imperfect way in which *Don Quixote* has been edited. The best, because the fullest and most complete, edition of the *Opera Omnia* of Cervantes is undoubtedly that which was produced under the joint editorship of Rosell and Hartzenbusch, in twelve handsome volumes, of which the *Don Quixote* forms four, printed at Argamasilla and at Madrid in 1863-65. This, in all externals, in beauty of type and paper and in splendour of presswork, is worthy of Cervantes. But it includes several pieces which can on no sufficient evidence be proved to be his, while, except the volumes containing the *Don Quixote*, it does not appear to have received much critical revision. As for the *Don Quixote* in this edition, unhappily it has been treated on Hartzenbusch's method,—the text being arbitrarily altered in many places to suit that editor's ideas of what Cervantes ought to have written, without regard to the author's own words. This wanton and ungodly desecration of the text must ever deprive Hartzenbusch's edition of any claim to be recognised as final or sufficient.

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